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Elvis Costello: This year's model. P37.

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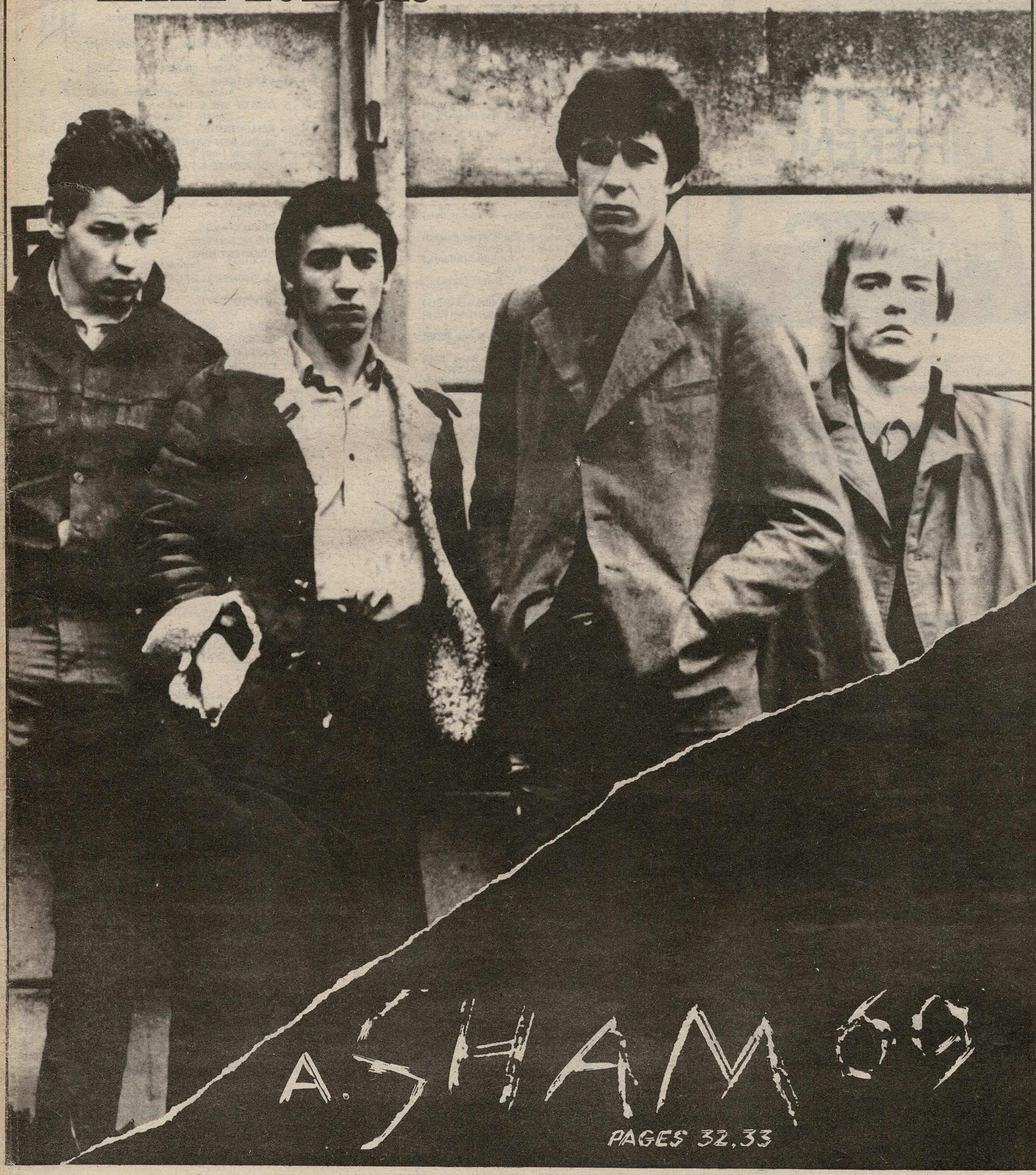

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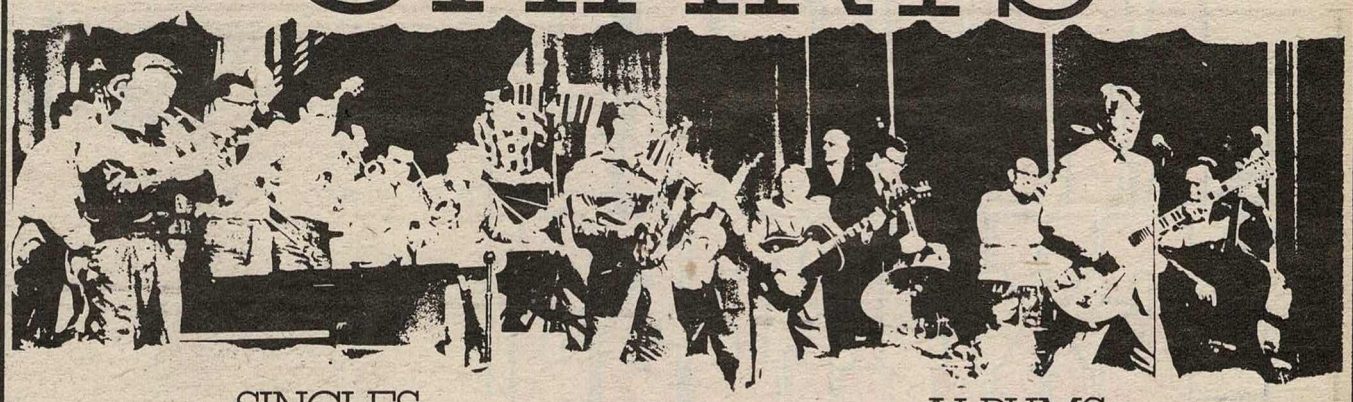


SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Week ending March 11, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(4)	**WUTHERING HEIGHTS** Kate Bush (EMI)	4	1
2	(2)	**WISHING ON A STAR** Rose Royce (Warner Bros)	6	2
3	(1)	**TAKE A CHANCE ON ME** Abba (Epic)	6	1
4	(17)	**DENIS** ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	4
5	(6)	**STAYIN' ALIVE** ..... Bee Gees (RSO)	5	5
6	(3)	**COME BACK MY LOVE** Darts (Magnet)	6	2
7	(5)	**MR BLUE SKY** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	7	5
8	(10)	**ALRIGHT NOW (EP)** ..... Free (Island)	4	8
9	(7)	**JUST ONE MORE NIGHT** Yellow Dog (Virgin)	5	7
10	(13)	**BAKER STREET** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	3	10
11	(15)	**IS THIS LOVE** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	3	11
12	(23)	**I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN** Eruption (Atlantic)	3	12
13	(11)	**LOVE IS LIKE OXYGEN** Sweet (Polydor)	6	8
14	(17)	**EMOTIONS** Samantha Sang (Private Stock)	5	14
15	(8)	**FIGARO** ..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)	8	2
16	(20)	**FANTASY** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	4	16
17	(19)	**RISING FREE (EP)** Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	3	17
18	(9)	**HOT LEGS/I WAS ONLY JOKING** Rod Stewart (Riva)	6	7
19	(14)	**IF I HAD WORDS** ..... Scott Fitzgerald & Yvonne Keely (Pepper)	8	2
20	(27)	**CLASH CITY ROCKERS** ..... Clash (CBS)	2	20
20	(12)	**5 MINUTES** Stranglers (United Artists)	5	12
22	(24)	**JUST THE WAY YOU ARE** Billy Joel (CBS)	4	22
24	(28)	**RUMOUR HAS IT** Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	24
25	(—)	**EVERY ONES A WINNER** Hot Chocolate (RAK)	1	25
26	(—)	**WORDS** ..... Rita Coolidge (A & M)	1	26
27	(—)	**BIG BLOW** ..... Manu Dibango (Decca)	1	27
28	(—)	**WHENEVER YOU WANT MY LOVE** Real Thing (Pye)	1	28
29	(21)	**DRUMMER MAN** ..... Tonight (TDS)	4	15
30	(—)	**WALK IN LOVE** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	29

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
I LOVE THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS — Nick Lowe (Radar); FOLLOW YOU, FOLLOW ME — Genesis (Charisma); MATCHSTALK MEN AND MATCHSTALK CATS AND DOGS — Brian and Michael (Pye); I DON'T WANT TO GO TO CHELSEA — Elvis Costello and the Attractions (Radar).

ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Week ending March 11, 1978	Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**ABBA THE ALBUM** ..... Abba (Epic)	7	1
2	(2)	**RUMOURS** Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	54	1
3	(3)	**VARIATIONS** Andrew Lloyd Webber (MCA)	6	3
4	(5)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	18	3
5	(6)	**REFLECTIONS** ..... Andy Williams (CBS)	6	5
6	(10)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS** Buddy Holly & The Crickets (MCA)	2	6
7	(7)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE** Rod Stewart (Riva)	17	2
8	(8)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES** Ian Dury (Stiff)	6	7
9	(13)	**DARTS** ..... Darts (Magnet)	2	9
10	(11)	**DISCO STARS** ..... Various (K-Tel)	5	10
11	(17)	**THE KICK INSIDE** ..... Kate Bush (EMI)	2	11
12	(4)	**GREATEST HITS** Donna Summer (GTO)	9	3
13	(—)	**25 THUMPING GREAT HITS** Dave Clark Five (Polydor)	1	13
14	(28)	**CITY TO CITY** Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	2	14
15	(9)	**SOUND OF BREAD** ..... Bread (WEA)	18	1
16	(—)	**BOOGIE NIGHTS** ..... Various (Ronco)	1	16
17	(—)	**ARRIVAL** ..... Abba (Epic)	58	1
18	(15)	**EXODUS** Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	28	5
19	(14)	**ALL 'N' ALL** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	8	14
20	(12)	**ABBA'S GREATEST HITS** .. Abba (Epic)	88	1
21	(29)	**MUPPET SHOW 2** ..... Muppets (Pye)	4	21
22	(24)	**IN FULL BLOOM** Rose Royce (Warner Brothers)	3	22
23	(23)	**THE BEATLES LOVE SONGS** Beatles (Parlophone)	7	12
24	(—)	**PLASTIC LETTERS** .. Blondie (Chysalis)	1	24
25	(—)	**WAITING FOR COLUMBUS** Little Feat (Warner Bros)	1	25
26	(26)	**STAR WARS** Soundtrack (20th Century)	4	25
27	(—)	**JESUS OF COOL** ..... Nick Lowe (Radar)	1	27
28	(30)	**BEST FRIENDS** Cleo Laine & John Williams (RCA)	4	25
29	(18)	**DRASTIC PLASTIC** Be-Bop Deluxe (EMI)	2	18
30	(20)	**PASTICHE** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)	2	20

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
FONZIE FAVOURITES — Various (Warwick); WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM LIVE — Tubes (A & M); SMALL CORNERS — Cliff Richard (EMI); STAINED GLASS — Judas Priest (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(2)	**EMOTION** ..... Samantha Sang
2	(1)	**(LOVE IS) THICKER THAN WATER** ... Andy Gibb
3	(3)	**STAYIN' ALIVE** ..... Bee Gees
4	(6)	**NIGHT FEVER** ..... Bee Gees
5	(5)	**SOMETIMES WHEN WE TOUCH** ..... Dan Hill
6	(9)	**LAY DOWN SALLY** ..... Eric Clapton
7	(7)	**WHAT'S YOUR NAME** ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd
8	(8)	**PEG** ..... Steely Dan
9	(4)	**JUST THE WAY YOU ARE** ..... Billy Joel
10	(12)	**I GO CRAZY** ..... Paul Davis
11	(17)	**CAN'T SMILE WITHOUT YOU** ... Barry Manilow
12	(13)	**FALLING** ..... LeBlanc & Carr
13	(14)	**(THEME FROM) CLOSE ENCOUNTERS** John Williams
14	(16)	**THUNDER ISLAND** ..... Jay Ferguson
15	(11)	**DANCE, DANCE, DANCE** ..... Chic
16	(18)	**WONDERFUL WORLD** ..... Art Garfunkel with James Taylor and Paul Simon
17	(21)	**JACK AND JILL** ..... Raydio
18	(19)	**THE NAME OF THE GAME** ..... Abba
19	(20)	**THE WAY YOU DO THE THINGS YOU DO** Rita Coolidge
20	(22)	**ALWAYS AND FOREVER** ..... Heatwave
21	(23)	**DUST IN THE WIND** ..... Kansas
22	(24)	**HAPPY ANNIVERSARY** ..... Little River Band
23	(25)	**GOODBYE GIRL** ..... David Gader
24	(26)	**OUR LOVE** ..... Natalie Cole
25	(27)	**EBONY EYES** ..... Bob Welch
26	(—)	**IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU** ..... Yvonne Elliman
27	(29)	**POOR, POOR PITIFUL ME** ..... Linda Ronstadt
28	(10)	**SHORT PEOPLE** ..... Randy Newman
29	(—)	**BEFORE MY HEART FINDS OUT** ... Gene Cotton
30	(—)	**WHICH WAY IS UP** ..... Stargaard

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 11, 1978

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER** Bee Gees & Various Artists
2	(2)	**THE STRANGER** ..... Billy Joel
3	(3)	**NEWS OF THE WORLD** ..... Queen
4	(4)	**RUNNING ON EMPTY** ..... Jackson Browne
5	(6)	**AJA** ..... Steely Dan
6	(7)	**SLOWHAND** ..... Eric Clapton
7	(8)	**THE GRAND ILLUSION** ..... Styx
8	(10)	**POINT OF KNOW RETURN** ..... Kansas
9	(5)	**RUMOURS** ..... Fleetwood Mac
10	(13)	**DOUBLE LIVE GONZO** ..... Ted Nugent
11	(12)	**WATERMARK** ..... Art Garfunkel
12	(11)	**FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE** ..... Rod Stewart
13	(16)	**WEEKEND IN L.A.** ..... George Benson
14	(9)	**ALL 'N' ALL** ..... Earth Wind & Fire
15	(28)	**EVEN NOW** ..... Barry Manilow
16	(14)	**SIMPLE DREAMS** ..... Linda Ronstadt
17	(17)	**LONGER FUSE** ..... Dan Hill
18	(19)	**STREET SURVIVORS** ..... Lynyrd Skynyrd
19	(15)	**OUT OF THE BLUE** ..... Electric Light Orchestra
20	(25)	**WAYLON & WILLIE** Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
21	(18)	**FUNKENTELECHY VS. THE PLACEBO SYNDROME** ..... Parliament
22	(23)	**FRENCH KISS** ..... Bob Welch
23	(27)	**BLUE LIGHTS IN THE BASEMENT** Roberta Flack
24	(24)	**LIVE AT THE BIJOU** ..... Grover Washington Jr.
25	(20)	**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND** Soundtrack
26	(30)	**ENDLESS WIRE** ..... Gordon Lightfoot
27	(21)	**ALIVE II** ..... Kiss
28	(—)	**STREET PLAYER** ..... Rufus and Chaka Khan
29	(29)	**THANKFUL** ..... Natalie Cole
30	(26)	**DOWN TWO THEN LEFT** ..... Boz Scaggs

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 10, 1973

Last Week	This Week	
13	1	**CUM ON FEEL THE NOIZE** ..... Slade (Polydor)
3	2	**CINDY INCIDENTALLY** ..... Faces (Warner Brothers)
1	3	**PART OF THE UNION** ..... Strawbs (A & M)
14	4	**FEEL THE NEED IN ME** ..... Detroit Emeralds (Janus)
4	5	**SYLVIA** ..... Focus (Polydor)
-	6	**20th CENTURY BOY** ..... T. Rex (T. Rex)
12	7	**HELLO HURRAY** ..... Alice Cooper (Warner Brothers)
2	8	**BLOCKBUSTER** ..... Sweet (RCA)
16	9	**KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG** ..... Roberta Flack (Atlantic)
6	10	**WHISKY IN THE JAR** ..... Thin Lizzy (Decca)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 8, 1968

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	**CINDERELLA ROCKERFELLA** ..... Esther and Abi Ofarim (Phillips)
3	2	**LEGEND OF XANADU** Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
5	3	**FIRE BRIGADE** ..... Move (Regal Zonophone)
2	4	**MIGHTY QUINN** ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
10	5	**ROSIE** ..... Don Partridge (Columbia)
4	6	**SHE WEARS MY RING** ..... Solomon King (Columbia)
13	7	**JENIFER JUNIPER** ..... Donovan (Pye)
6	8	**PICTURES OF MATCHSTICK MEN** ..... Status Quo (Pye)
15	9	**GREEN TAMBOURINE** ..... Lemon Pipers (Pye Int.)
21	10	**DELILAH** ..... Tom Jones (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 9, 1963

Last Week	This Week	
4	1	**SUMMER HOLIDAY** ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
1	2	**PLEASE PLEASE ME** ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
6	3	**THAT'S WHAT LOVE WILL DO** ..... Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
3	4	**THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES** ..... Bobby Vee (Liberty)
9	5	**LIKE I'VE NEVER BEEN GONE** ..... Billy Fury (Decca)
2	6	**THE WAYWARD WIND** ..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
5	7	**LOOP DE LOOP** ..... Frankie Vaughan (Philips)
19	8	**ONE BROKEN HEART FOR SALE** ..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
8	9	**ISLAND OF DREAMS** ..... Springfields (Philips)
7	10	**DIAMONDS** ..... Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

TV SPECIAL TOMORROW

Bread due here soon

BREAD are at last confirmed for a major British concert tour in June. It will be their first tour here since they re-formed 18 months ago. Dates and venues have not yet been announced, but a spokesman told NME: "They're not just coming in for a couple of London shows — this will be a full nationwide tour." The band last appeared here in 1971, and were scheduled for another visit in 1973 which had to be cancelled when they disbanded.

The upcoming tour was signed and sealed when they slipped into London last month. They came over primarily to film a TV showcase for producer Stewart Morris, which is being screened this Friday by BBC–2 at 9.30 pm under the title of "The Bread Special", returning to the States immediately afterwards.

Interest in the band has peaked in recent months due to the success of their "Sound of Bread" album, now in its 18th chart week, including five weeks at No 1. WEA revealed this week that the LP has now gone Double Platinum in Britain, which means sales to the value of £2 million. One of the tracks in the album "Diary", is released as a single on March 17 on the Elektra label.

DAVID GATES of Bread

Scotland's top venue looks set for bingo!

APOLLO CLOSURE THREAT

THE FUTURE of Scotland's principal rock venue, the Apollo Centre in Glasgow, is in jeopardy and there's a very real threat that it may have to close in the summer — leaving the city (and, indeed, the whole of Scotland) without a major venue for top international rock acts.

It's understood that the Mecca Organisation wants to take over the theatre as a bingo hall, and — under statutory regulations — it has already advertised this fact in the local Press and slapped a notice on the building. The company's application for a bingo licence will be heard by the licensing committee of the Glasgow District Council in May.

This situation arises because the Apollo's lease expires on July 15. The venue formerly operated as a ballroom under the name of Green's Playhouse, but was leased to Carnivals Ltd. four years ago, and they have been running it as the Apollo rock centre. They are anxious to re-new their lease and to continue in their present role, but the prospects look distinctly grim.

It seems that the owners are keen to sell the property to Mecca once Carnival's lease is up. And although there has already been considerable local opposition to it being converted to a bingo hall, it's believed the owners would still sell the theatre — perhaps even to a property developer — if Mecca fails in its application.

At present, the last official booking at the Apollo is David Bowie's four concerts in June, No more bookings will be taken by the 3,500-capacity venue after that until the position is clarified — and that won't be until the licensing committee meets in May.

Members of the public could possibly help the situation by writing to the Glasgow Council to protest at the threatened closure. Of course, the council cannot order the owners not to sell the theatre, but they could refuse to grant a licence for use as a bingo hall.

Blondie set return visit

DEBBIE HARRY and Blondie will be back in the autumn. Picture by Chris Stein.

BLONDIE, who completed their highly successful British tour this week, will be returning to this country in the autumn. Dates are already being lined up for their next visit in October and, on that occasion, they'll be appearing at leading concert halls — including at least two shows at a major London venue.

Most of the band's gigs during the last fortnight have been overcrowded with many people unable to get in. A spokesman commented: "We apologise to those who suffered, but when the dates were set up three months ago, the possibility of a hit album and single seemed remote. We shall rectify that in the autumn by switching to bigger-capacity venues."

Blondie's first task on returning to the States is to record their third album. Then they set out on a major coast-to-coast tour, in the hope of establishing themselves as effectively in America as they have already done in Britain.

GENERATION X LONDON SHOW

GENERATION X have now confirmed the major London date, which climaxes their extensive British tour, reported last week — it's at Chalk Farm, Roundhouse on Sunday April 9. And they've added another gig to their itinerary — at Oxford Elm Court on March 21.

Dead not disbanding

DESPITE reports to the contrary, The Dead told NME this week that they are not disbanding, following the death of their singer Tone Deaf in a Paris hit-and-run accident in January. They are still looking for a new singer and, as soon as they find one, they'll be lining up a British tour. Meanwhile their single "Mystery Girl", penned by the band's Brian Smith and Nicky Welsh, is released on their own Angry Records label on April 7.

Siouxsie at the Pally

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES make a special one-off appearance on Thursday, March 16, at the Palm Court in London's Alexandra Palace, supported by Reggae Regular and The Unwanted. The event is promoted by Hornsey College of Art, and tickets will be available to the public on the doors.

Vibrators: another 13 dates set

THE VIBRATORS, who've been touring extensively throughout February, have now confirmed 13 more dates for this month — including an Easter Sunday show at London Roundhouse. These extra gigs are at Redcar Coatham Bowl (this Saturday), Sheffield Top Rank (Sunday), Reading Bones Club (March 14), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (15), Nottingham Sandpiper (16), Brighton New Regent (17), Redditch Tracey's (18), Croydon Greyhound (19), Swansea Circles Club (20), Colwyn Bay Dixieland Showbar (21), Leeds Roots Club (23), Northampton County Ground (25) and London Chalk Farm Roundhouse (26).

Lizzy gig for filming

THIN LIZZY are to play a special one-off London date later this month. Details of the date and venue are still being finalised and will be announced next week. Object of the exercise is to enable camera crews to film them for an upcoming TV special. The gig will tie in with the release by Phonogram of their live album "Live And Dangerous", from which the single "Rosalie"/"Cow Girl Song" will be extracted.

Lizzy's PHIL LYNOTT

FOUNDER MEMBER REJOINS LURKERS

THE LURKERS have replaced bassist Kim Bradshaw in their line-up with original founder member Nigel Moore, who re-joins the band from Swank. Currently rehearsing for their upcoming album, they take time out to play five gigs during the coming week — at Swansea University (tomorrow, Friday), London Stoke Newington Rochester Castle (Saturday), Leeds Roots Club (March 13), Newcastle University (14) and Whitley Bay Rex Hotel (15). They'll be going out on a full nationwide tour in the late spring, to coincide with the album's release.

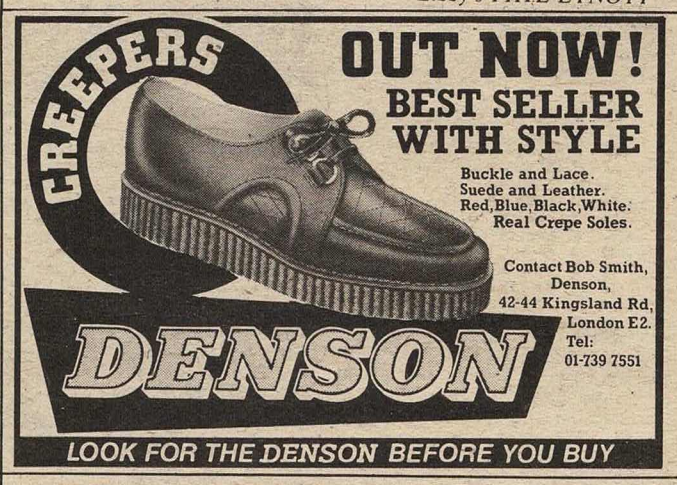
Violence on the campus

VIOLENCE is now rearing its ugly head on the campus, according to The Enid, who have experienced three unsavoury incidents recently — and as a result, they say they won't be playing any more gigs on the college circuit.

Trouble occurred at Ewell, where the band's sound mixer had face stitches after a scuffle, and two members of the audience were taken to hospital; at Basingstoke, where there was a knifing in the audience; and at Kingston, where a spectator was rushed to hospital with a suspected fractured skull.

A spokesman for The Enid commented: "This new trend in colleges is very worrying to us, specially as we regard ourselves as a fun band. We can only think it's a punk backlash, enflamed by the current violent environment."

The band's agent Terry King told NME: "We're not saying that students are necessarily to blame, because most of these gigs are open to the public. The trouble is that many of the smaller colleges have a security problem and are not very well organised. So in future, we shall stick to the larger universities, where the security and other facilities are much better."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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

CARL PERKINS playing a surprise gig at the Nashville last month

Perkins and Diddley gigs

TWO OF THE key figures in the history of rock'n'roll, Carl Perkins and Bo Diddley, co-headline a string of ten British concerts next month.

They play Inverness Eden Court Theatre (April 12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Glasgow Apollo (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Birmingham Odeon (16), Chatham Central Hall (19), London Southgate Royalty (20), London Lewisham Odeon (21), Weymouth Pavilion (22) and Bournemouth Winter Gardens (23).

Perkins, who is already here to promote his new Jet Records album "Old Blue Suede's Back", takes part in the Country Music Festival at Wembley during Easter. He is the fifth artist appearing in this event to be named for a subsequent tour — as already reported, Don Everly and Marty Robbins are touring together, and so are Merle Haggard and Joe Ely. Bo Diddley flies in specially for the dates with Perkins and is not in the Wembley festival.

COSTELLO: A FREEBIE

A FREE Elvis Costello single will be given away to the first 50,000 purchasers of his new album "This Year's Model" which, as already reported, is released by Radar on March 17. Titles are "Stranger In The House" and a live version of The Damned's "Neat, Neat, Neat".

BEE GEES: U.S. FEVER

THE BEE GEES are currently having a field day in the U.S charts, thanks in no small measure to the success of the "Saturday Night Fever" soundtrack album (at No. 1 this week), for which they wrote all the music. Their "Night Fever" track from the film is at No. 4 and other songs from the movie are K.C. & the Sunshine Band's "Boogie Shoes" (No. 64), Trammps' "Disco Inferno" (70) and Tavares' "More Than A Woman" (91). Additionally, the group figure at No. 3 with "Stayin' Alive" and No. 31 with "How Deep Is Your Love", and they wrote and produced Samantha Sang's current No. 1 single "Emotions". To cap it all, brother Andy Gibb is at No. 2 with "Love Is Thicker Than Water".

RECORD NEWS

● **Radio Stars** have signed a new two-year pact with Chiswick Records, so squashing rumours that they were about to clinch a deal with another company. The band's Martin Gordon, on his only day off from the band's current tour with Eddie and the Hot Rods, spent last Thursday producing tracks by **The Boyfriends**.

● **Clayson & The Argonauts** are in the studios this week with producer Hugh Murphy, who was responsible for Gerry Rafferty's current single and album. They are recording their debut single for Virgin, titled "The Taster", as well as laying down self-penned tracks for a future album.

● To coincide with his British debut at the New London Theatre on March 26, reported last week, New Orleans blues pianist **Professor Longhair** has his album "Live At The Queen Mary" issued by Harvest on March 23. It was recorded on board the former British liner, now anchored off California, at a party hosted by Paul McCartney.

● Xciting Plastic is a new label which makes its bow at the end of this month with a single by **The Outsiders** titled "Vital Hours".

● Out this week on Mountain is a single by Nazareth front man **Dan McCafferty** — it's his version of the standard "Stay With Me Baby" and is taken from his solo album, issued some time ago.

Television's TOM VERLAINE

Television new elpee

TELEVISION have their second Elektra album confirmed for release on April 7, titled "Adventure". All eight tracks were penned by lead singer and guitarist Tom Verlaine, though one was co-written with lead guitarist Richard Lloyd. Verlaine also co-produced the set with John Jansen. Titles are "Glory", "Days", "Foxhole", "Careful", "Carried Away", "The Fire", "Ain't That Nothin'" and "The Dream's Dream", with a total running time of 37 minutes. Unfortunately there are as yet no plans for a return British tour by the band.

● A **Todd Rundgren** solo album titled "Hermit Of Mink Hollow" is issued by Bearsville on April 7. The 12-track set is his first solo release since "Faithful" two years ago, but it is stressed that it's a one-off project, and that Rundgren remains a member of Utopia.

● MCA launch a new series called "MCA Disco" on March 31 with 12-inch limited edition singles by **War** and **Stargard**. The War release is "Hey Senorita" coupled with a special disco-mix of "Galaxy", which is different from both the existing single and album. Stargard's is "Love Is So Easy", again coupled with a disco-mix of their current single "Which Way Is Up". Both releases revert to seven-inch after the initial 15,000 pressings.

● RCA are rushing out as soon as possible a live **Iggy Pop** single titled "I Gotta Right", recorded during his tour with David Bowie last year.

● **Camel's** live album, issued by Decca on March 17, has the inspired title "A Live Record". It's virtually a history of the band since 1973, and includes tracks recorded at the Marquee and Hammersmith Odeon, as well as their "Snow Goose" concert at the Albert Hall. One previously unreleased title in the set is "Ligging At Louis's".

The Band ALL-STAR FAREWELL

THE THREE-LP set of The Band's farewell concert at San Francisco Winterland last year, featuring a host of big-name guest stars, is set for April 7 release by Warner Brothers. Title is "The Last Waltz". and the film of the event, produced by United Artists, is scheduled for June screening in Britain. Track listing is as follows:

THE BAND "Theme From The Last Waltz", "Up On Cripple Creek", "Stagefright", "It Makes No Difference", "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", "Shape I'm In", "Ophelia" and "Life Is A Carnival"; **RONNIE HAWKINS** "Who Do You Love"; **NEIL YOUNG & JONI MITCHELL** "Helpless"; **DR. JOHN** "Coyote"; **NEIL DIAMOND** "Dry Your Eyes"; **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** "Mystery Train"; **MUDDY WATERS & PAUL BUTTERFIELD** "Mannish Boy"; **ERIC CLAPTON & ROBBIE ROBERTSON** "Further On Up The Road"; **BOBBY CHARLES & DR. JOHN** "Down South In New Orleans"; **VAN MORRISON** "Tura Lura Lura" and "Caravan"; **BOB DYLAN** "Baby Let Me Follow You Down", "I Don't Believe You" and "Forever Young", plus "I Shall Be Released" with back-up vocals by Neil Young, Joni Mitchell, Neil Diamond, Dr. John, Eric Clapton and Van Morrison, plus **Ringo Starr** (drums) and **Ron Wood** (guitar). Final track is "The Last Waltz Suite" in which The Band are joined by **Emmylou Harris** and **The Staples**.

and Farewell to the Roxy

APRIL 7 is the official release date of the Lightning Records album "Farewell To The Roxy". The 14-track set was recorded live at London Covent Garden Roxy during three days over New Year weekend, and it features:

Blitz "Strange Boy"; **Acme Sewage Co.** "Smile And Wave Goodbye"; **Billy Karloff & The Goats** "Relics From The Past"; **U.K. Subs** "I Live In A Car" and "Telephone Numbers; **The Tickets** "Get Yourself Killed"; **The Red Lights** "Never Wanna Leave"; **XL5** "Here Comes The Knife"; **The Jets** "T.V. Drink"; **The Streets** "Sniper"; **Plastix** "Tough On You"; **The Bears** "Fun Fun Fun"; **Open Sore** "Vertigo"; and **The Crabs** "Lullabies Lie".

● Albion Music, who handle The Stranglers and 999 among other acts, are launching their own label. It will be known as Albion Records and British distribution is by United Artists. First release is the debut single by former Brinsley Schwarz singer and guitarist **Ian Gomm**, titled "Come On".

● **Carlene Carter** — a member of country music specialists The Carter Family, whose step-father is Johnny Cash — is in London recording her debut album and single for Warners. She's working with The Rumour and guest musicians Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe and Graham Parker. Her debut single "Never Again" comes out on March 31, with the LP following later in the spring.

● The new **Brian Auger & Julie Tippetts** album "Encore" is released by Warner Brothers on April 7. It was recorded in San Francisco last autumn, and marks a reunion of the partnership which — as the Brian Auger Trinity with Julie Driscoll — had a smash hit a decade ago with "This Wheel's On Fire".

Wilko is a Virgin!

WILKO JOHNSON BAND have signed an exclusive long-term deal with Virgin Records. Their first single is nearly ready and will be issued shortly, while material for their debut LP is in preparation. One-nighters are being booked by the band, to be followed by a full British tour starting in late April. The band's line-up, from left to right, is STEVIE LEWINS (bass), ALAN PLATT (drums), WILKO (guitar and vocals) and JOHN POTTER (piano and vocals).

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Commodores for Britain

THE COMMODORES — currently one of the hottest attractions in the States, where they've just broken the Beatles' long-standing house record at Los Angeles Forum — play nine concerts in Britain in mid-April, as part of a European tour. They play Bristol Colston Hall (April 13), Brighton Dome (14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Newcastle City Hall (17), Edinburgh Odeon (18), Glasgow Apollo (19), Manchester Free Trade Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (22 and 23).

They are bringing their full U.S. show which features girl trio Three Ounces Of Love, who will perform their own act, and their four-piece brass section The Mean Machine. Tickets are priced £3.50, £3, £2.50 and £2 in London; and £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50 at all other venues. They are already on sale in London, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Birmingham, but are available by post only for the Bristol, Brighton and Newcastle gigs. Promoters are Straight Music in conjunction with Marshall Arts.

The band's newly-released single is "Too Hot Ta Trot", and is the first 12-inch to be issued by the Motown label. One of the top funk outfits on the current music scene, the Commodores have won six Gold Albums and three Gold Singles in the States, and initial enquiries suggest that their British tour is likely to be a sell-out.

Ms. Dickson for Palladium

BARBARA DICKSON and her band headline in concert at the London Palladium on Sunday, April 2, supported by Rab Noakes. It's promoted by John Martin in association with Capital Radio, for subsequent broadcast in their "Sundays At The Palladium" series. Tickets are on sale now priced £3.50, £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. More Sunday gigs at the venue are being set for the spring.

COYNE'S OUTING

KEVIN COYNE returns from a European tour to play a short series of British dates. They are billed as "One Man Show", although Zoot Money is also involved. The gigs, which coincide with the release this week of Coyne's new Virgin album "Dynamite Daze", are at London Oxford St. 100 Club (March 28), London Kensington Nashville (30), Manchester Rafters (31), Birmingham Barbarella's (April 1), Blackpool Jenkinson's Bar (3), London Marquee (4), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (5 and 6) and Burton 76 Club (7).

CANCELLATION CORNER

Tuna, Scraggs, Fatbacks off

HOT TUNA have cancelled their British visit at the end of this month, which was to have taken in three gigs — Bristol Colston Hall (March 31), London Hammersmith Odeon (April 2) and Birmingham Town Hall (3). Box-offices hadn't opened at any of the venues, but postal applications had been invited and these are now being returned. The European leg of Tuna's tour is also off, but the reason for the cancellation isn't yet clear, though it's believed they have contractual difficulties in the States.

● FRANK ZAPPA was forced to call off his two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on Wednesday of last week, because he was suffering from a virus infection, which exhaustion after six weeks on the road caused him to pick up. He played the venue the previous night, but had to leave the stage very abruptly at the end of his act! It's understood there's a possibility of Zappa returning to Britain later in the year, though early 1979 seems more likely.

● BOZ SCAGGS has cancelled the spring concert tour which was in the process of being lined up for him, due to the illness of his wife.

● THE FATBACK BAND have pulled out of their British visit next month, for which the only announced date was London Harlesden Roxy Theatre on April 7.

● ROY WOOD's Wizzo Band have been forced to cancel their month-long tour, which should have started last weekend, due to illness. These would have been Wood's first British dates for two years, but now the tour is being re-scheduled for later in the year.

TAPPER ZUKIE'S VENUES

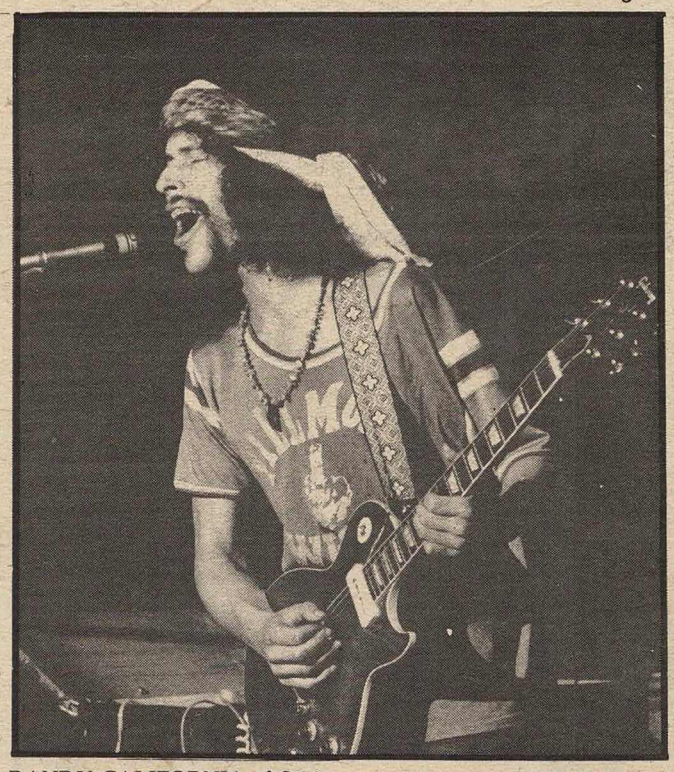
JAMAICAN talk-over specialist Tapper Zukie and his band arrive in Britain later this month for a three week tour. Dates so far confirmed are London Peckham Bouncing Ball (March 25), Edinburgh Tiffany's (27), Galsgow Satellite City (28), London Southgate Royalty (29), London Oxford St 100 Club (30), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (31), Liverpool Eric's (April 3), London Camden Music Machine (5), London Harlesden Roxy Theatre (7) and Manchester Russell Club (8). More are being finalised.

The concert at London Roxy replaces the show originally scheduled for the Fatback Band and now cancelled (see separate story). Their arrival coincides with the launch of a new reggae label, instigated by Zukie, called New Star Records. First releases out this week are the seven-inch "New Star" and the 12 inch "What's Yours", both by Zukie.

Corea returning

CHICK COREA, who played a one-off London concert on February 19 with Herbie Hancock, returns at the end of this month for two more London shows — at the Rainbow on March 30 and 31. But on this occasion he's bringing a full 13-piece backing band, including five brass and a five-piece string section. The concerts are part of a European tour, and Polydor are releasing the new Corea album "The Mad Hatter" to coincide. Tickets are on sale now priced from £1.75 to £4.

The Corea gigs are the first to be promoted by the new I.T.B. company formed by Rod McSween and Barry Dickins. Top promoter Dickins left the M.A.M. Organisation last weekend, after 12 years, to co-head the new firm which is working out of 4, Tilney Street, London W.1. They are already lining up several major tours from spring onwards, details to be announced when Dickins returns from his current U.S. visit.



RANDY CALIFORNIA of Spirit

Spirit here this week

NEAR-LEGENDARY West Coast band Spirit fly into Britain at short notice this weekend and play three hastily-arranged gigs — at Colchester Essex University (tomorrow, Friday), London Rainbow (Saturday) and Bristol Locarno (Sunday). At press-time, two venues had confirmed ticket prices — at the Rainbow they are £3.50, £2.50 and £1.75; and at Bristol £2.50 on the doors, and £2 in advance.

The band are coming over with the same three-piece line-up that played here on their last visit four years ago — Randy California (guitar and vocals), Ed Cassidy (drums) and Larry Knight (bass). In the interim period, Knight left Spirit — and was replaced by the Andes brothers, Matt (guitar) and Mark (bass) — but these two have now departed, and Knight is back in the line-up.

Support acts are Alternative TV and The Police, except at Bristol where local band Gardez Darkx take over from Alternative TV.

Spirit haven't had any record product issued in Britain since their Mercury album "Future Games" a year ago. But both the main support acts have new singles out on March 31 — Alternative TV's is "Life After Life" on the Deptford Fun City label, while The Police have "Roxanne" in a one-off deal with A & M.

Sabbath add two

FOLLOWING their five extra gigs reported last week, Black Sabbath have added another two concerts at Manchester Ardwick Appollo on June 14 and 15. Their first date at this venue on May 22 sold out within three hours of the box-office opening, after hundreds had queued through the night.

A spokesman for the band said: "All their originally announced dates are now a complete sell-out. And because of the huge ticket demand, which has surprised even Sabbath, still more gigs will be slotted into their tour itinerary during the next week or two."

ON THE ROAD

TOM ROBINSON BAND's provisional date at **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens on March 21 is now confirmed, and they have switched their venue on March 23 from **Bridlington** Spa Hall to **Bradford** St George's Hall.

MANHATTAN TRANSFER have added a second night at **Manchester Ardwick** Apollo to their provincial tour next month. It's on April 24, the day after their original gig there.

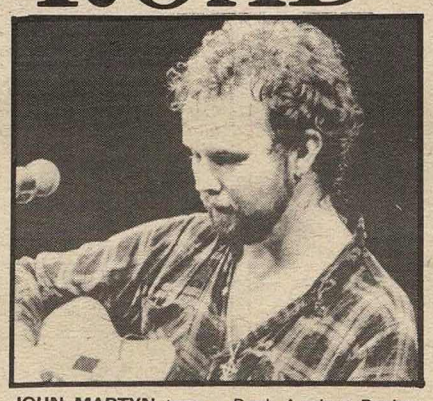
HOT CHOCOLATE have added yet another performance at **Ipswich** Gaumont to their current tour itinerary — on Wednesday, April 5.

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA, newly signed by CBS, play **Eastbourne** Congress (tomorrow, Friday) and **Sunderland** Empire (Sunday). Then after recording sessions for their new album, they have April dates at **Malvern** Festival Theatre (13), **Canterbury** Marlowe Theatre (15), **Coventry** Belgrade Theatre (16), **Stevenage** Gordon Graig Centre (18), **Reading** The Hexagon (19), **Lincoln** Theatre Royal (26), **Loughborough** Town Hall (28), **Newark** Palace (29) and **York** Theatre Royal (30).

THE MOVIES go back on the road after finishing their new LP for GTO Records. They play **Scarborough** Penthouse (tomorrow, Friday), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (March 15), **Aberdeen** Fusion (16), **Edinburgh** Heriot Watt University (17), **Harrogate** P.G.'s Club (18), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (19), **Retford** Porterhouse (25), **Manchester** Rafters (27) and **Kirklevington** Country Club (31).

ZAL, the band formed by Zal Cleminson following the break-up of the SAHB, have added **London** Marquee on March 22 to their current debut tour. And they are now planning another tour in May which, on that occasion, will take in the larger halls and most of the principal concert centres.

DEAF SCHOOL extend their tour through March with confirmed gigs at **Guildford** Surrey University (tomorrow, Friday), **Canterbury** Kent University (Saturday), **Leicester** University (13), **Preston** Clouds (14), **Bradford** University (15), **Scarborough** Penthouse (16), **Egham** Royal Holloway College (17), **St Albans** City Hall (18), **Doncaster** outlook (20), **Cardiff** Top Rank (21), **Plymouth** Castaways (22), **Torquay** 400 Club (25), **London Camden** Music Machine (31) and **Liverpool** Empire (April 1).



JOHN MARTYN tops a Rock Against Racism concert at the **North London** Polytechnic, Holloway Road, next Monday (13). Also appearing are Martyn Carthy and Bob Davenport. Advance tickets at £1.50 are obtainable from Honky Tonk Records, 235 Kentish Town Road. It's Martyn's last London gig before he tours Europe and America.

REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD play **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (March 17), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (18), **Guildford** Wooden Bridge Hotel (22), **London Fulham** Golden Lion (23), **Margate** Dreamland (25) and **London Wardour St.** Crackers (30).

NEW HEARTS have added another gig to their date sheet, listed last week — it's at **London Wardour St.** Vortex next Monday (13), supported by Speedometers. The same venue has Eater, Menace and Blitzkrieg Bop the following night (14).

SPITERI have **London** gigs at the London School of Economics (this Saturday and March 15), Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's (24, 25 and 27), Covent Garden Community Centre (April 7) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), plus a Monday night residency during March at Holborn Blitz Bar. A provincial tour begins in late April.

TRAPEZE have set extra dates at **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (this Saturday), **Thanet** College (March 15) and **Sutton-in-Ashfield** Golden Diamond (28). Their gig at **Peterborough** ABC is now on March 16, a day earlier than previously planned.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND have made a few changes in their upcoming tour itinerary. Their **Glasgow** Apollo gig is moved from April 10 to 8, replacing **Edinbrugh** Usher Hall which is now cancelled. An extra date is slotted in on April 20 at **Hanley** Victoria Hall. And their **Manchester** concert on April 21 switches from the Free Trade Hall to the Palace Theatre.

BERT JANSCH does the rounds this month at **Peterborough** Folk Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Liverpool** St. Catherine's College (Saturday), **Portsmouth** Centre Hotel (Sunday), **Coventry** Mercer's Arms (14), **Poynton** Folk Centre (16), **Sheffield** Highgate Hotel (18), **Chesterfield** A.D.C. Club (19), **London Putney** Half Moon (20), **Glasgow** Patrick Burgh Hall (24), **Ardishaig** Town Hall (25), **Oban** Gathering Hall (26), **Ambleside** Folk Club (28), **Newcastle** Apollo Centre (29), **Kendal** Brewery Arts Centre (30) and **Bath** Brillig Centre (31).

GENE PITNEY returns to Britain for a spring cabaret tour. He visits **Dublin** Stardust Club (March 26 week), **Farnworth** Blighty's (April 4-8), **Porthcawl** Stoneleigh Club (9 week), **Luton** Cesar's (16 week), **Wakefield** Theatre Club (May 14 week), **Cleethorpes** Bunnies Club (22-23), **Stoke** Jollees (24-27), **Birmingham** Night Out (29 week) and **Usk** Stardust Club (June 4 week). Other dates are being finalised.

FIVE HAND REEL have a handful of gigs this month — at **Dundee** Technical College (tomorrow, Friday), **Durham** University (Saturday), **London Putney** Star & Garter (23), **Southport** Dixieland Showbar (25) and **Barnsley** Civic Hall (26). The Putney show is a special Easter gig, also featuring Noel Murphy and Biggles Wartime Band.

DENNIS WATERMAN, of "The Sweeney" fame, headlines a short concert tour starting later this month. He plays **Birmingham** Odeon (March 18), **Coventry** Theatre (19), **Ipswich** Odeon (25), **Bristol** Hippodrome (26), **Sheffield** City Hall (April 2), **Swindon** Oasis (8), **Southampton** Odeon (9) and **London Lewisham** Odeon (16).

JOHN RENBOURN, Stefan Grossman, Davey Graham and Duck Baker comprise this year's "Kicking Mule" Guitar Festival. Confirmed dates are **Hatfield** Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **Wye** College (Saturday), **London Bounds Green** Folk Club (Sunday), **London Woolwich** Tramshed (March 13), **Sheffield** Hallamshire Hotel (15), **Liverpool** University (16), **Bristol** University (17), **London Putney** Star & Garter (18 and 19) and **London** Alexandra Palace (25).

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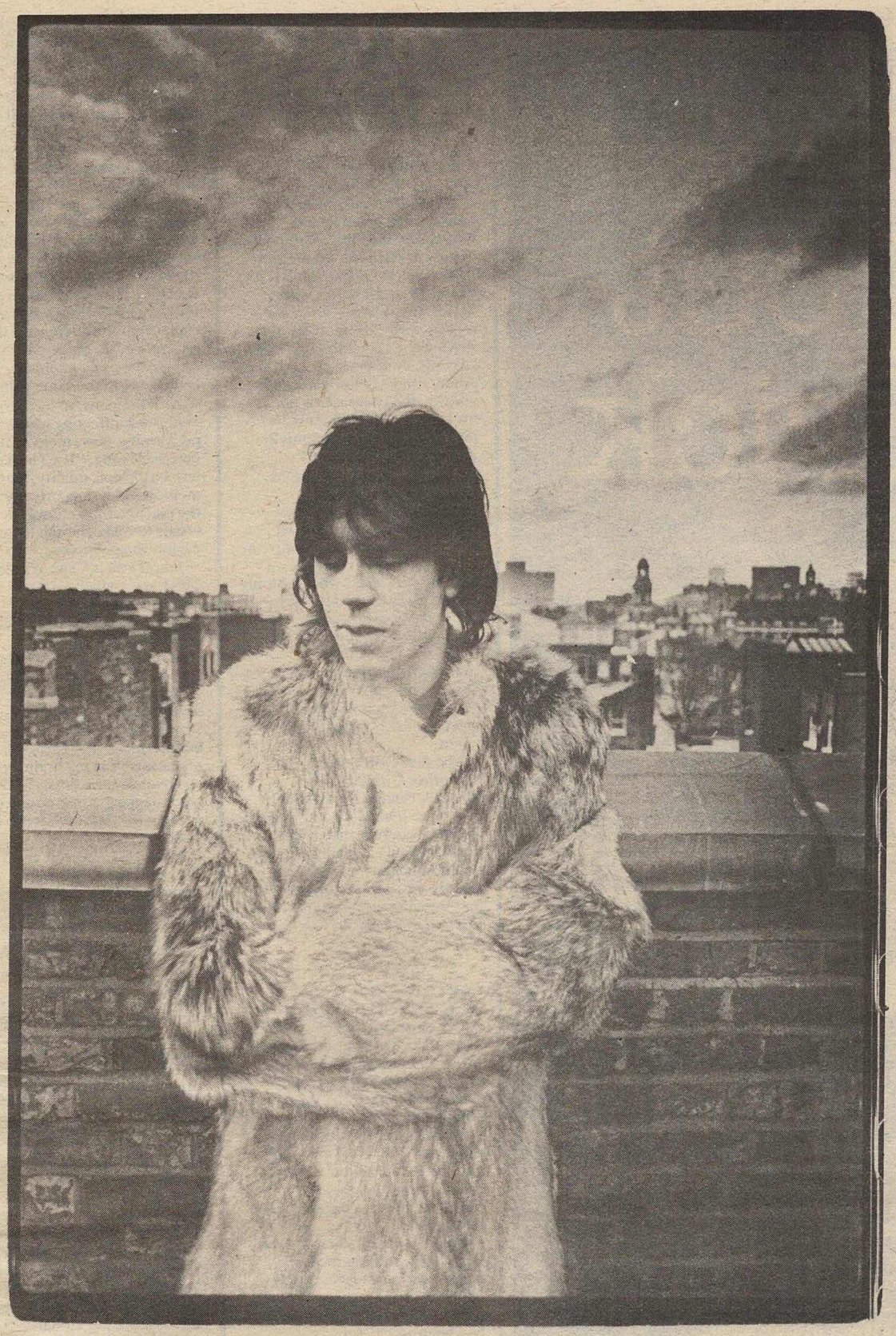

PETER PERRETT. Pic PENNIE SMITH

The perversities of Peter Perrett

Push off punk and powerpop! The poker player's picked his pack.

THE ONLY ONES. Pic JOHN TYGIER

Non-alliterative Ed's note: A feature on THE ONLY ONES by NICK KENT.

IT WAS AN EVENT of no great consequence. In a swoop on EMI's press department back in spring 1974, intent only on plundering as much vinyl as I could decently get away with, I was sidetracked into listening to a tape that one of the house PRs, smirking somewhat, informed me was a rare unreleased set of Lou Reed tracks.

I was still quite taken by Lou Reed at this point and needed no further persuasion. I listened reverently to a couple of tracks, and sure enough there were all those really arch, Velvets-like characteristics spurting up all over the place. The teasingly doomy monotony of the backing track, that early Reed patented anti-melody song structure and, of course, slicing through the endless sleep of a song, that cold sardonic drawl, the very epitome of all things 'mondo'.

As a V.U. archetype it was almost perfect. Just occasionally, though, minor discrepancies could be noted. The lyrics, for example, seemed at first hearing to be wrought strictly from the mould that oozed forth such hair-brained gobblegook as "Transformer"s brainless "Andy's Chest", but then there were clearly idiosyncratic little couplets that completely thew one off that scent. Couplets like. . .well, *"Two men from Poland keeping us apart/We're poles (sic) apart"*. Lines that were both very silly but effectively witty in that peculiar fashion that only idiosyncratic songwriters of the Barrett/Ayers ilk seem able to light upon.

After the tape had run its course the smirking PR decided to come clean. The tapes were not the work of L. Reed but of some likely unknown quantity and his band. No, EMI itself wasn't interested in signing them, but the people in the press office were taken with the band's quirkily nascent charm enough to play them privately to visiting journalists as a sort of party-piece.

I muttered something like, "Oh I'll keep an eye out for them", and promptly forgot their name altogether.

UNTIL THAT IS, three years later when the walls of reactionary, music-biz Jericho had been trumpeted down by the Brave New Wave. Things were happening for the first time in this whole mealy-mouthed decade, and new bands were popping up all over the shop. It was in a *Sounds* round-up of all native new wavers circa early '77 that I first came across the name — The Only Ones.

It was our own Max Bell — a man of pristine discriminating suss — who really lit the fuse however, when he chose to pen a laudatory *Thrills* article on The Only Ones during the same season, in particular singling out leading-light Peter Perrett's talents as a songwriter which lifted him above the morass of punk 'new order' merchants.

Swiftly following Max's piece came an Only Ones single — the intriguing "Lover Of Today" coupled with "Peter And The Pets" — and finally the connection was lit. For, upon listening to the "Pets" B-side, I duly made that dim association from three years back with the EMI tape.

It was only the recurring "Pole"-pun couplet that did it, mind — otherwise I would never have recognised it as the same song and singer. Gone was the earnest Reedesque monotone — Perrett himself refers semi-embarrassedly to it now as his "Mid-Atlantic" vocal style — to be replaced by a most disconcerting angular Home Counties whine so extreme in its sense of pitching that at first it was cited as the principal draw-back to the whole Only Ones enterprise.

A number of different record company A&R folk, claims Perrett, found his vocals so disorientating that they used this as the reason for turning the band down.

Even Dan Loggins CBS's A&R chief, had severe misgivings initially when confronted by Perrett's voice. Loggins apparently hated the band the first few times he heard them live, until he noted some perverse gem-like quality lurking somewhere beyond the realms of his initial loathing and, after a period of negotiation, he signed them up.

The "Peter And The Pets" archetype that first teased my ears back in '74, by the way, was performed by Perrett's first-ever group, then known as England's Glory. The band itself suffered from all the habitual draw-backs of functioning out in outer suburbia, while the demo-tapes never caught the right measure of attention needed to provide further impetus for continued solidarity.

By mid-'74, England's Glory were no more. Perrett, disillusioned and diffident, retired to pursue what had long become characterised as a fairly indolent, vicarious existence — living off girls in relationships that were often noted for their illogical, obsessive and polygamous traits while earning a modest income from his prowess as a poker player.

PERRETT HIMSELF is an intriguing guy in many respects, most of them vastly removed from the more common personality stereotypes perpetuated by others of his composing bent.

Blessed with very good looks moulded firmly in the 'romantic aesthetic' style, perfect for playing up the 'sensitive poet' slant, Perrett could easily give Billy Idol heavy competition on the teeny-bop pin-up stakes were he to shave more often, lose the somewhat wasted look that continually bleaches his features a pale chalkey colour, and remove the hash burns from his ratty old furcoat.

Perrett, however, is not in the least interested in the latter market — for beneath an almost impenetrable veneer of diffidence and an almost ghost-like lack of presence, hides the soul of an obsessive.

Indeed, the only time that Perrett becomes animated is when he talks about his songs, the way he wants them presented, the exactness of mood and arrangement needed.

He has even worked out the finished order of track sequences for the first CBS album, though a goodly proportion of said-tracks haven't even been recorded, and already he's meticulously chosen the A and B sides for the next four (no less) singles.

The extent of his fanaticism regarding the marketing of his songs was displayed at full force when Perrett blew a fuse upon being informed that The Only Ones' contribution to the WEA "Hope & Anchor" live set had been pressed bearing the words "Creatures Of Doom" as opposed to the intended, singular *creature*. It was too late to make the vital alteration but this didn't stop Perrett from instigating numerous harangues by telephone in an effort to vent his spleen.

As to details of Perrett's writing career, the facts follow a fairly logical sequence. Apparently a schoolboy prodigy in mathematics (from whence comes his supposedly incredible abilities as a poker hand), his early teenage years drew him away from pursuing the latter course, instead motivating him towards writing poetry and embarking upon more romantically-inclined pursuits.

By the time he was 17, Perrett had talked his father into buying him a cheap guitar with the single-minded intention of using the instrument solely to compose songs. He was besotted by Bob Dylan, the only true musical idol he cares to admit to. . .

The Lou Reed affectations were a phase now over, he says — an example of using influences at an early stage before a personal style had been fully evolved.

As for Dylan — well, Perrett reckons that "Blood On The Tracks" surpassed even "Blonde On Blonde". Dylan's is the only music he still listens to regularly. Perrett, in fact, slumps back into his diffident manner when the question of other influences is explored.

From the few times I'd seen The Only Ones live, I'd noted down Perrett's voice and quirkier song structures as being far too coincidentally redolent of Syd Barrett's work both during and after the Pink Floyd sojourn.

Also there were comparisons with that other idiosyncratist, Kevin Ayers (not to mention the undeniable fact that Perrett and Ayers look very similar).

Perrett, however, doesn't see it at all. More to the point: "I'd never really heard them. . .well, I'd liked the Pink Floyd when Barrett played with them — down at the Middle Earth — but I'd never followed him on to even bother to listen to his solo stuff. Kevin Ayers, too. In fact "(he laughs lightly) "I did recently hear an album of each of them. This guy lent them to me, after he'd noted the same thing as you. He was from the music papers, too."

Continues over

This ad is nothing but a Cheap Trick

ROBIN ZANDER
Lead vocals, rhythm guitar

TOM PETERSSON
Bass guitar, vocals

BUN. E. CARLOS
Drums

RICK NIELSEN
Lead guitars, vocals

It's cunningly designed to lead you into reading about 'Cheap Trick', an American rock band that can really boogie. You may have read about them – if not, try these quotes for starters:

"Cheap Trick? Who are they? They're one of the finest new outfits to have emerged in America over the last couple of years".
Ian Birch Melody Maker. 11.2.78

"...basically, we're a good playing band, musically a great band I think. We're tight, we rock like nuts and I love it".
Rick Nielsen

"...ultimately, your gaze rests on Nielsen, who leaps, gyrates, hops, skips, leaps, spins, jumps, skips, shuffles, kicks and leaps continuously".
Geoff Barton Sounds. 11.2.78

To see Cheap Trick for the first time is to be puzzled. To watch them perform is to be impressed. To know their new album is to join the ever expanding universe of Cheap Trick fanatics.

SEE THE TRICKSTERS ON THEIR DEBUT UK TOUR.

Mon 27th March	**– Apollo Manchester (with Kansas)**
Wed 27th March	**– Metro Plymouth**
Thur 30th March	**– Town Hall Birmingham**
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Cheap Trick new album 'In Colour' featuring 'I Want You To Want Me', Better than TV.

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ONLY ONES

From previous page

The Barrett parallel will however, be given added impetus by the aforementioned "Hope & Anchor" double-set. "Creature(s) Of Doom" is not one of Perrett's better works.

Boasting a herky-jerky coda replete with extremely strange rhythms, it's actually similar in structure to Barrett's "Apples And Oranges". Lyrically and vocally, the composer is not at his best — the sentiments highlight the more potentially irksome side of Perrett's particular vision. . .the poet facing the kiss of death, grappling with doom-slaked destiny and all that while his voice, which is either effective or extremely nerve-jangling, becomes the latter when whining over the juxtaposed rhythm.

But if "Creature(s) Of Doom" displays Perrett and The Only Ones' less appealing characteristics there are plenty of songs that even in fledgling demo forms denote a striking and potentially devastating talent.

The first CBS single, "Another Girl, Another Planet", catches them in their corporate ascendant, showcasing a style of rock so alien to the norm and yet so deadly effective that it knocked me back with exactly the same sensation of mesmerizing disorientation that I felt on first hearing Roxy Music.

A DISPARATE crew of individuals The Only Ones are too. No skifflers here, mark you, but musicians of proven calibre who, the way Perrett tells it, fell together in the most haphazard fashion imaginable.

Perrett, see, by the twilight months of 1976, had gathered enough self-confidence and general single-minded purposefulness to start a band once more.

First appeared guitarist John Perry, who, the songwriter claims, veers desconcertingly from the sublime to the hideous, whose only prior claim to fame had been an almost-but-not-quite alliance with Grateful Dead lyricist Robert Hunter when the latter was looking for a back-up band to work on his second album.

Both bassist Alan and former Spooky Tooth drummer Mike Kellie metamorphosised out of nowhere during various auditions, simply walking in unannounced, listening quietly and then consequently informing Perrett that he was the man for the job.

Mike Kellie's career and the reason he's now playing with The Only Ones provides some interesting insights, by the way. In a long career that dates back to R&B bands in the mid '60s he made his mark primarily in Spooky Tooth who, along with Traffic, provided the Island label with its initial white-rock back-bone.

Kellie also gained a solid reputation as a session drummer, and was heavily in demand well into the early '70s, playing with Peter Frampton at one point.

However, for reasons that no-one seems too keen to elaborate upon, he acquired a reputation for being a loser — unreliable and all — causing him to lay low, garnering nothing more than the occasional "Whatever happened to. . . ?" mention in conversation.

Kellie's link up with The Only Ones forced him to make more than mere professional commitments. As a direct consequence of the decision, he left his wife, while, at the same time, many of his old friends and musical contemporaries were actively alienated by his choice of musical vocation.

Extremes, it appears, have consistently fuelled and afflicted the band on every level imaginable. When The Only Ones started gigging regularly, for example, they were faced with the gruelling extreme of either disorientating the blase habituees of the Speakeasy or else facing a barrage of gob and heckling from the massed headbangers when it became immediately apparent that their chosen musical perspective was rather more adventurous and varied than the old "1-2-3-4" amphetamine shriek.

Indeed, Perrett claims the band would literally take their life in their hands when choosing to play an actual ballad. A torrent of. . .uh, *disapproval* would be inevitably hailed down upon them — though Perrett claims that the audiences' sheer negative gusto only made him more perversely intent on continuing in the same vein.

As it happens, to me Perrett is at his most affecting when performing slow, melodic items. One such song, "It's The Truth" has a truly epic quality, mating melody and lyrics perfectly while the placid tempo allows his vocals to relax enough to achieve a haunting poignancy.

Better still is "The Whole Of The Law", which captures perfectly that ethereally hypnotic texture so graphically achieved on Syd Barrett's "Terrapin" while at the same time fashioning within this subterranean mode a quite disarmingly beautiful love song. Simple, direct and quite mesmerizing, the main coda repeats itself in my brain over and over as relentlessly as that other nagging contemporary masterwork, Elvis Costello's "Chelsea".

Meanwhile, Perrett and The Only Ones are readying themselves for the oncoming grand assault. The time is as right as it'll ever be, what with no real incendiary trends on the ascendent to brow-beat the sheep out of their one dimensional stupor (the current spate of punk cliches now sound as drearily dated as yesterday's trends invariably do, while powerpop is just too facile a concept to be taken half-way serious).

That's nothing to crow about, however — in fact, it's been such a bracing and perplexing year or so that we all need a brusque armistice to get a proper perspective on the music before the next wave crashes in.

Meanwhile, former minor cult artists like Ian Dury and Elvis Costello are suddenly climbing into the Top Ten and it looks at least as if the individual with-his-vision-and-his-talent can overcome the curse of cult status to embrace a larger audience.

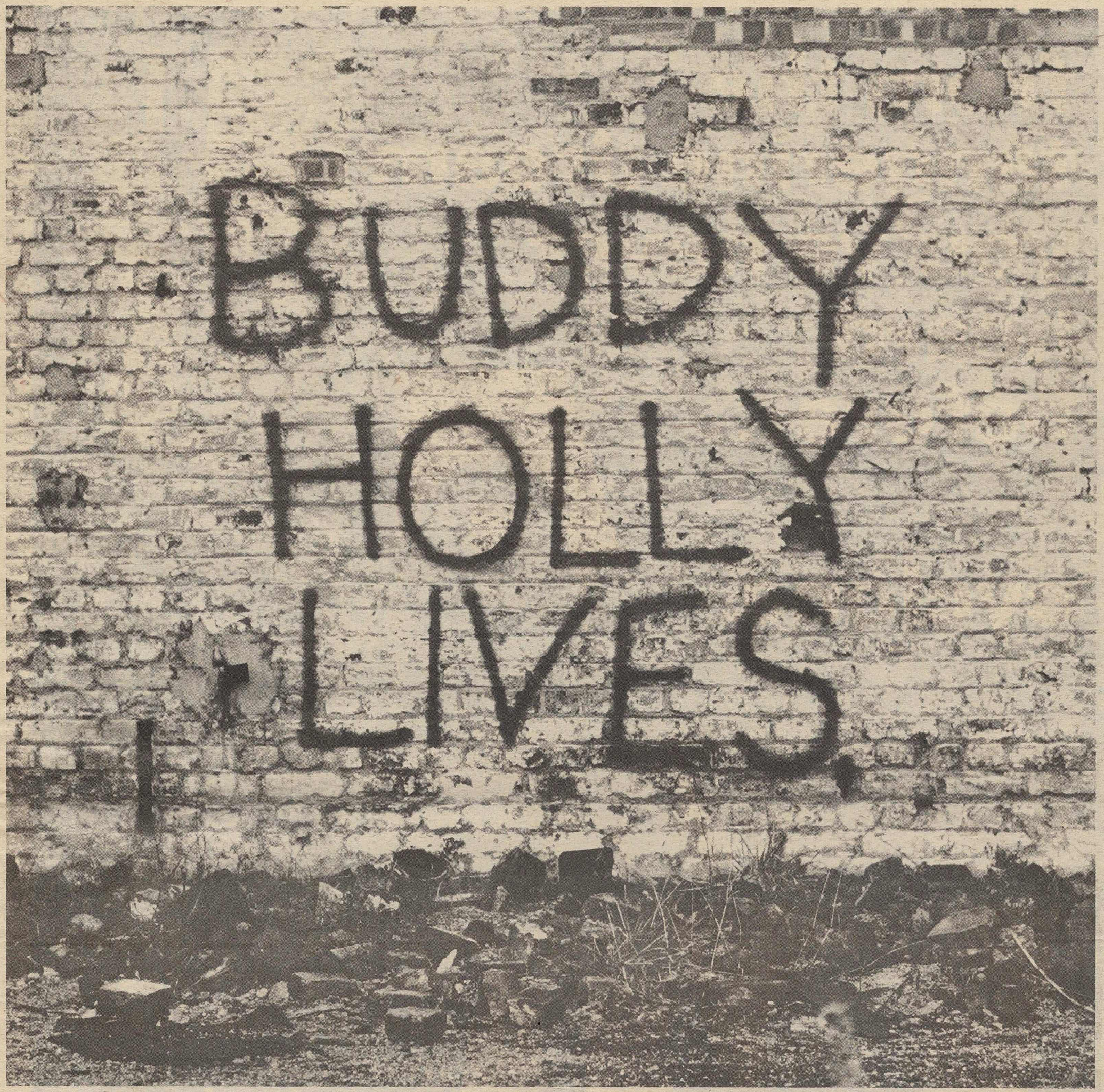
Which is one long-winded way of saying that '78 is going to be the vital year for The Only Ones and Perrett in particular. He has the vision, the talent in abundance, a strong image certainly and yet there's a difference: the irresponsible nature at work, not to mention all those character quirks and bouts of brooding self-obsession that could so easily up-turn the whole jig on its head, sending the composer sloping back disgustedly to a vicariously-lived anonymity. But then, it's also precisely those characteristics that fuel his inspiration.

Perrett, when directly faced with the question, maintains adamantly that nothing will defuse his current vocation and path of progress. And then again he's lucky in that not only has he a perfect band (though he intends adding a fifth member on "when the right one comes along") but also the perfect manager in Zena, whose prowess as a business-woman is quite awesome.

Meanwhile, one fact at least remains clear to stand above all other mooted contentioneering. The Only Ones' album will be a scorcher. Having dispensed with a short-list of producers (including Bob Ezrin, Matthew "King" Kaufman and Chris Blackwell), the band are producing themselves. The tracks I've heard are uniformly superb.

As a live unit The Only Ones are still deliberating over a proper strategy for gigging and general exposure. When they do step out (after the album's competion), I'll wager that the spit and cat-calls will be a thing of the past, replaced instead by appreciative ears.

Whichever way it turns out, you'd be a fool to miss it.



Buddy Holly was ahead of his time. He died before his time. His music lives on.

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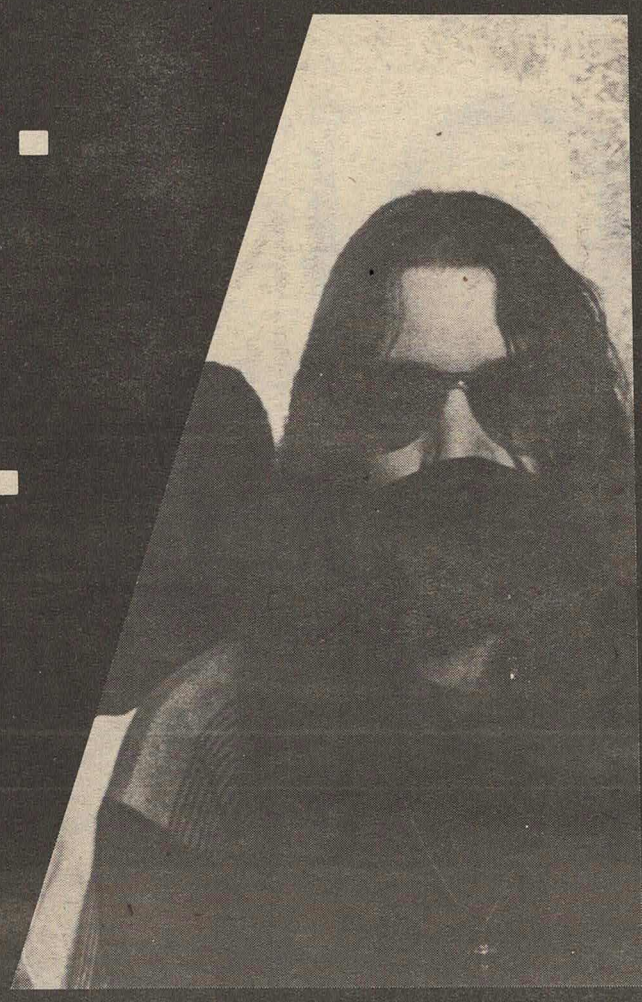
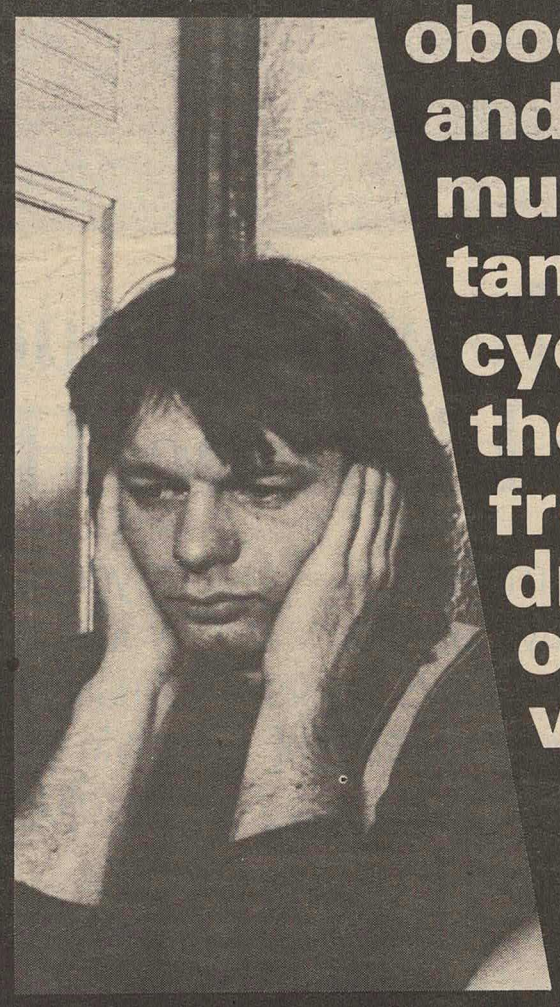
from the tangerine dream you've never heard before...



cyclone.

there are voices and drums, oboes and flutes, and the words and music of tangerine dream. cyclone. the new album from tangerine dream. out now on virgin records.



V2097

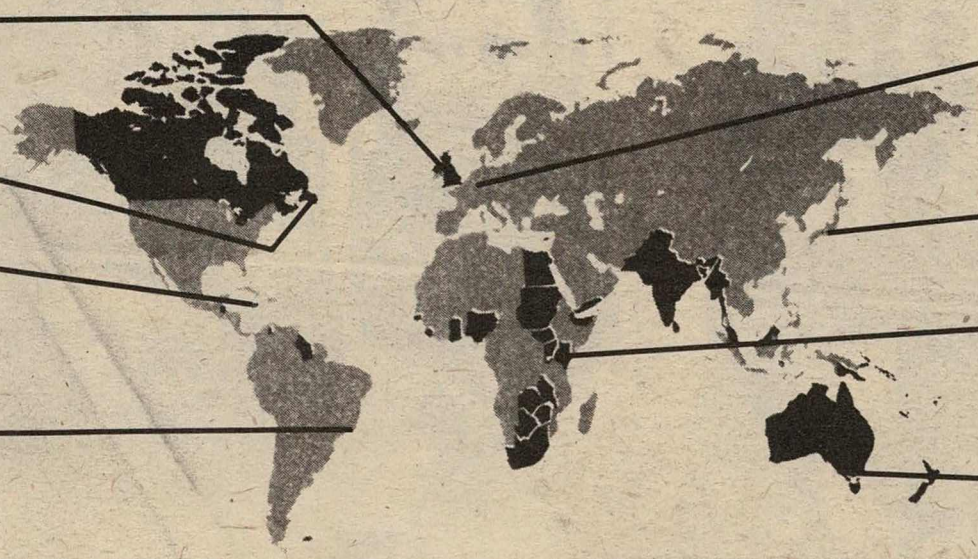
THRILLS

MANCHESTER:—
Do the silly smirk with the latest fave rave idiot combo, The Smirks! Page 12.

NEWFOUNDLAND:—
Seal bashing in the frozen wastes. Page 16.

JAMAICA:—
Peace breaks out in Kingston as the warring political gangs lay down their guns — and a few new dubs to celebrate. Page 18.

RIO DE JANEIRO:—
Paul Cook returns from his holiday in the sun to enthuse about his new-found father figure — Ronald Biggs. Page 20.



HAMBURG:—
Out of the licentious bierkellers of Germany and the beat cellars of Liverpool come the Next Big Thing — The Rutles! Page 14.

TOKYO:—
Bob Dylan plays gigs, plays tourist, plays possum, Playboy. This page.

KENYA:—
The rhino hunters have less than a week to kill the last few remaining specimens before the curio trade is outlawed. Page 16.

AUSTRALIA:—
The ideal place for it, 'cause it's dead bo-o-oring, but punk's about as welcome as a school of killer sharks in the prosperous environs of Sydney. Page 23.

DYLAN IN LAND OF RISING SUN

Information:
HARUKO MINAKAMI

Translation:
BERT TANIMOTO

Regurgitation:
PHIL McNEILL

ONE OF THE FIRST statements Bob Dylan made on his just completed tour of Japan was this: "I am not a god."

Nevertheless, he still found time to trip out to Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, to visit such tourist spots as the Temple of the Golden Pavilion and the rock gardens of the Ryoan Temple, where, according to one's interpretation, he either sat by a lake meditating or maybe just sat . . .

In godlike repose.

Or maybe he was wondering where the mountain people were!

Dylan's one confrontation with the Japanese press, see, was a press conference held at Haneda International Airport on his arrival in Tokyo from Los Angeles. Apart from reassuring the throng of a hundred journalists, a hundred photographers and five TV stations of his mortality, he was also at pains to tell them why he'd come to Japan: to see the mountain people.

In the process, over 100,000 Japanese got to see *him* at a total of eleven concerts — eight in Tokyo, three in Osaka, all sell-outs.

Springtime in Tokyo, and Bob Dylan's in town. Actually, 'ol Bob didn't really get about much — spent most of his time practising songs in his hotel room. When he did get out, he went shopping for traditional Japanese woodblock prints and parcels, caught a Kabuki play (traditional Japanese theatre in which all the parts are played by men), went to see ELO after they'd been to see him, and hopped the "bullet train" — reputedly the fastest in the world — en route from Tokyo to Osaka.

Meanwhile his backing band turned up at a local country'n'western club and jammed on a version of "Heartbreak Hotel".

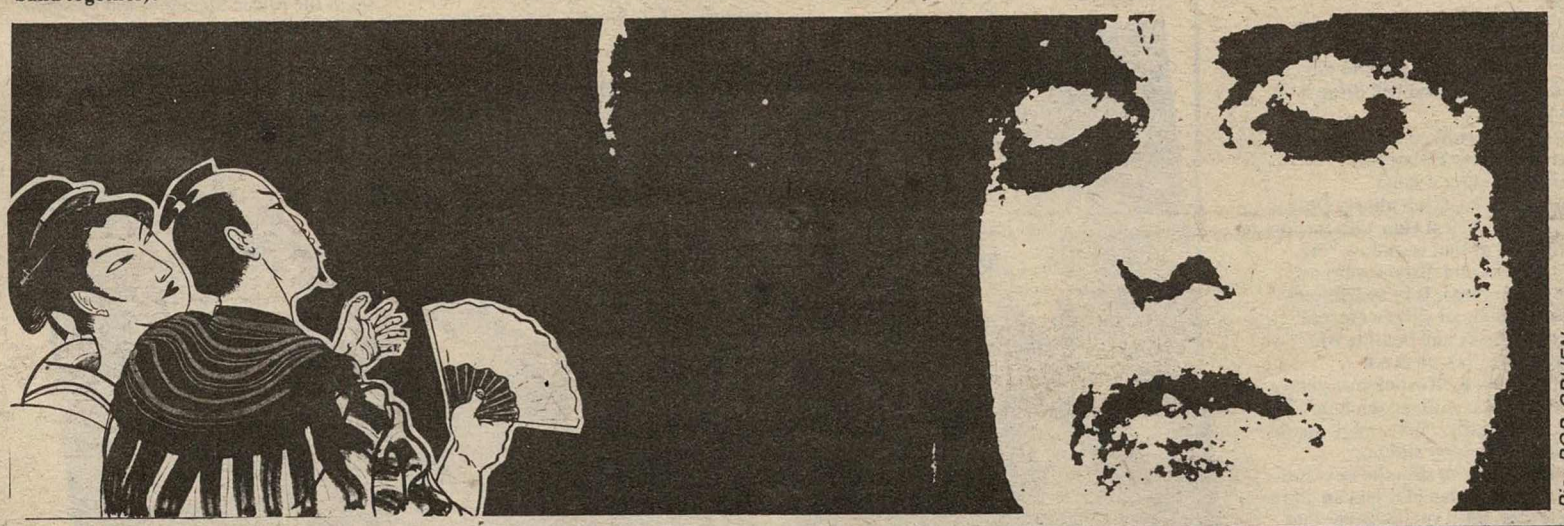
Despite all this "working out", however, it seems there were still a few loose ends to tie up at gig time. Riding a 12-piece band — that's right, a 12-piece! — Dylan apologised for any mistakes, explaining that they'd only been rehearsing for a week. (This tends to confirm rumours printed in *T-zers* in January that Dylan was having difficulty putting a band together).

The motley crew featured ex-Rolling Thunder stalwart Rob Stoner on bass, along with two blokes out of Stoner's off-duty combo, Topaz — lead guitarist Billy Cross and keyboard player Alan Tasqua; Alpha Band members Steven Sole (rhythm guitar) and David Mansfield (violin, mandolin, dobro, pedal steel, boy genius); former King Crimson drummer Ian Wallace, ex-Phil Spector saxist Steve Douglas, and former Motown lady percussionist Bobby Hall; all topped off with a vocal trio consisting of Debbi Douglas, Joanne Harris and Helena Springs. Oh, and Bob makes 12.

It was a flexible show, though Dylan — or rather the band — always opened up with (wait for it) an *instrumental* version of "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall". Then on would mosey the maestro, in white face and very relaxed, to run through a "strictly rock'n'roll" show including huge chunks of his best loved material — "Blowin' In The Wind", "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" (Clapton reggae style), "I Want You", "Don't Think Twice", "Like A Rolling Stone", "I Shall Be Released" (very excellent), "Maggie's Farm", "Just Like A Woman", "Rita May", "One More Cup Of Coffee", "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)", "All Along The Watchtower", "Girl From The North Country", "I Don't Believe You", "Love Minus Zero", "I Threw It All Away" . . .

True to form, many of them were rearranged, Dylan keeping pretty low profile between songs except to mumble an occasional "thank you" and, on the last gig, to promise that he would return to the land of the rising yen one day.

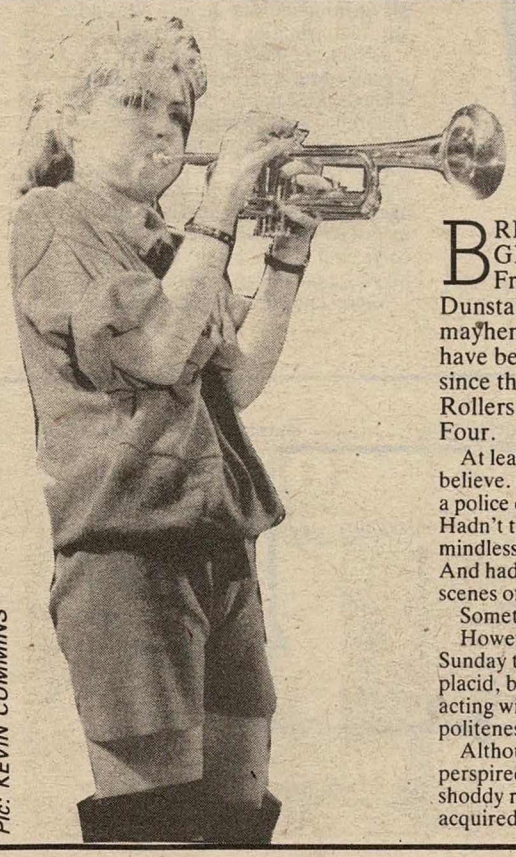
● *Next page*



Pic: BOB GRUEN

● *Ms Minakami is Editor-in-Chief of Japan's leading rock magazine, Music Life.*

GOT BLONDIEMANIA YET?



Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

BRITAIN IS IN THE GRIP of Blondiemania! From Glasgow to Dunstable, the scenes of mayhem, chaos and controversy have been unrivalled by any band since the halcyon days of the Rollers and, previously, the Fab Four.

At least, so we'd been led to believe. After all, hadn't they needed a police escort in and out of one gig? Hadn't the band witnessed scenes of mindless violence in the audience? And hadn't the audience witnessed scenes of equal violence onstage?

Something was happening.

However, at the Roundhouse on Sunday the whole affair was positively placid, both the audience and band acting with reserve and, God forbid, politeness.

Although a small number of youths perspired excitedly under their shoddy raincoats, presumably acquired especially for Debbie Harry's benefit, they were disgustingly orderly in their appreciation of seeing her in the, ahem, flesh. In fact it was a series of prostrate teen nubiles that the ambulance people dragged away from the front stage area.

This was nothing compared to the fans' reaction at previous gigs.

The 1,500 tickets for Blondie's – appearance at Glasgow's Strathclyde University on February 25 were cleared out within two hours of going on sale, and there were that many disappointed aficionados outside the hall that the police guarded the band's entry and exit. Those inside were so enthusiastic that roadies had to lie on the stage holding the hardware fast in case it was uprooted.

The concert at Dunstable's Queensway Hall last Thursday turned into a violent affray early in Blondie's set. According to eye-witness Michael Johnson, a "bunch of drunks and maniacs" precipitated the bovver. And he claims that at the end of show police dogs were brought in to control the crowd.

Another eye-witness, Neil Setchfield, says that "three thugs" trying to get on the stage led to a "full scale battle at the front which spread throughout the hall.

"Debbie went mad. 'Turn on the houselights,' she screamed. 'Turn on the fucking houselights!' "

They did, and she and the group left the stage for 15 minutes while some semblance of order was regained.

Not surprisingly, Blondie have been perturbed by these experiences.

"I think they feel it's a bit of drag," said their UK publicist, Alan Edwards. The situation had been caused, he continued, because the venues they were playing weren't suitable. He explained that they were booked by the MAM agency three months ago, and because they've since had a hit album, "Plastic Letters", and single, "Denis", they attracted larger audiences than originally anticipated: hence the crush inside and the bedlam outside halls.

Perhaps the level of Blondie's British success has also got to the band themselves, because at their Sheffield concert on February 24 (only their second date here) Jim Destri attacked Chris Stein onstage during their encore, as reported in Emma Ruth's *NME* review last week.

Edwards said he thought this was a manifestation of the intra-group jealousy which exists because Stein, as Debbie's boyfriend, accompanies her on all press interviews. Understandably the others get hacked off at the media spotlight leaving them in the shadows.

"It was just a flash in the pan," Edwards added.

The incident, however, was an exact replica of one at London's Dingwalls exactly a month earlier, so perhaps it was more than that . . .

Can we then be the first to suggest that as Blondie's popularity heightens into teenymania, personal differences within the group will become even greater? Does it merit a Blondie to split rumour?

Apparently not, because after finishing their highly successful nine-date UK tour on Monday, the band returned to America to record their third album. No group changes are anticipated, and already British dates for the autumn are being booked.

TONY STEWART

THRILLS

● *From previous page*

Every gig finished with "Forever Young", and the triumphant encore each night was "The Times They Are A-Changing". One new song was unveiled: "Is Your Love In Vain" (not Robert Johnson's).

So what else can we tell you? Who went? Well, Jimmy Cliff was there — and so too was the black folk singer Odetta, to whom Dylan dedicated "Tomorrow Is A Long Time".

On the Japanese front, there was Hidari Misora, the top female singer these past 20 years; Yoshui Inoue, the "Japanese Bob Dylan", who was busted recently for possessing marijuana; top rock singer Kenji Sawada; Education Minister Mr. Sunada . . . you name 'em.

On the whole, even the press liked him. Sure, there were a few spoilsports who reckoned he was too old and came just for the money, the movie and divorce having set him back somewhat, but most folks realised he'd come to see the mountain people and went with the flow of a bunch of fine rock shows.

Dylan flew out on Sunday to continue his tour into New Zealand and Australia. After that, it's on to L.A. for Mr. Zimmerman to put together his next studio album. Meanwhile the Tokyo gigs were recorded for a local-release "Live In Japan" album. Look for it in your import shops around August . . .

IT'S A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE that Odetta should have turned up for a dedication at Dylan's Tokyo shows, because she is just one of several intriguing conversation topics in a lengthy Dylan interview in the March issue of *Playboy*.

"The first thing that turned me on to folk singing was Odetta," Dylan avows. At the end of the '50s he heard one of her records in a record store, and "right there and then I went out and traded my electric guitar and amplifier for an acoustical guitar, a flat-top Gibson."

Other early inspirations: Harry Belafonte and Brigitte Bardot (the latter being the subject of Dylan's first-ever song).

Later, Dylan surprises us all by claiming that "psychedelics never influenced me", and informing interviewer Ron Rosenbaum that there is a sound he hears in his mind. "The closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was on individual tracks on the 'Blonde On Blonde' album.

"It's that thin, that wild mercury sound. It's metallic and bright gold . . . I have to get back to the sound, the sound that will bring it all through me . . ."

Fascinating stuff — except that shortly hereafter Dylan and Rosenbaum enter a most embarrassing handjob phase. Dylan starts it off in lyrical vein with further descriptions of that sound — "the sound of bells and distant railroad trains and arguments in apartments and the clinking of silverware and knives and forks and beating with leather straps. It's all there . . ."

Unfortunately, Rosenbaum gets in on the act. "Late-afternoon light?" he suggests helpfully. "The 'jingle jangle morning'?" Slobber slobber . . .

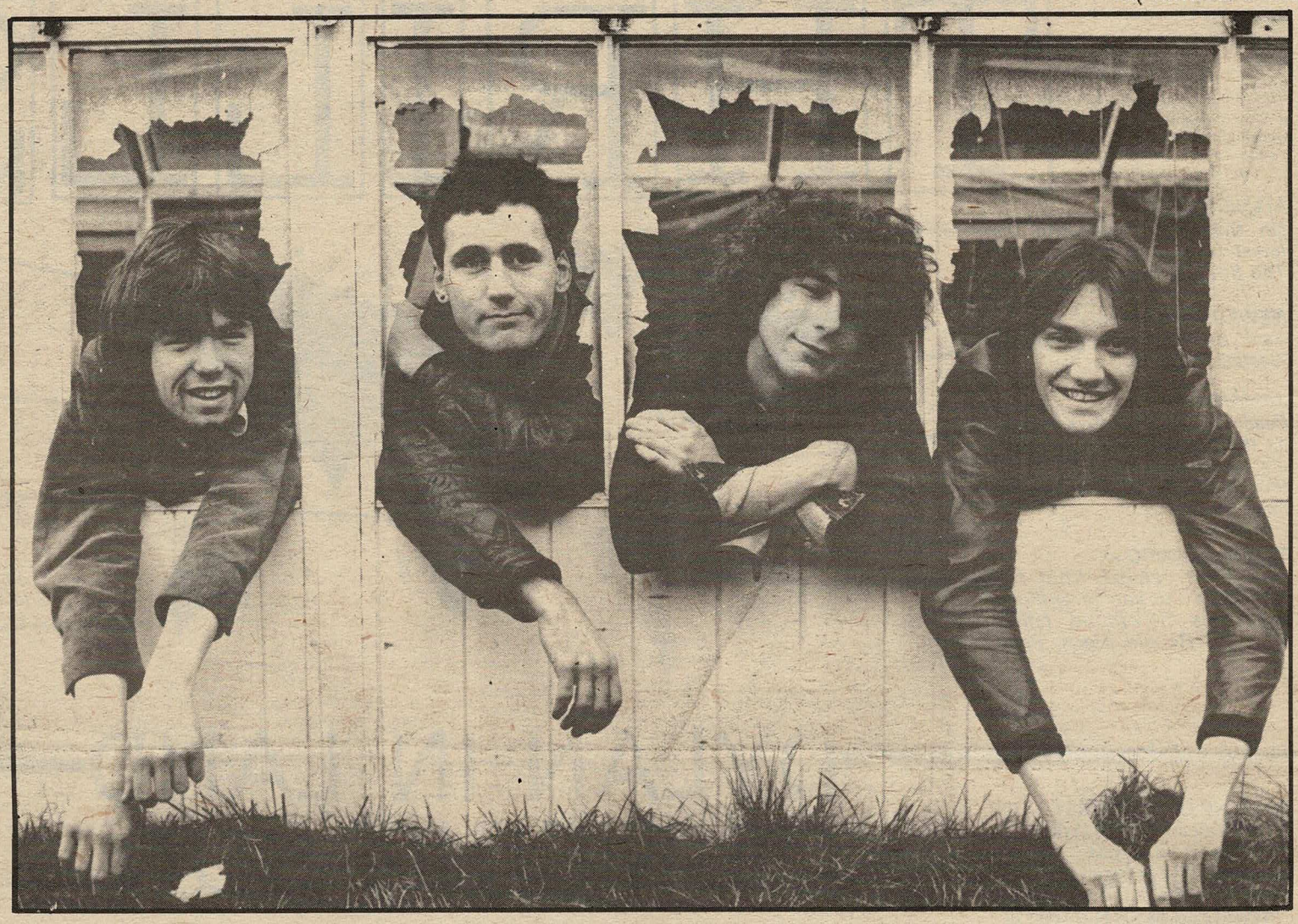
Ho hum. So you skip the next few pages, where Dylan blathers on about his new film, until you discover that far from resenting Jimmy Carter bandying his name about, he's happy to say that Carter is his friend, he knows him personally, and his heart's in the right place.

After all, as Bob concludes: "Love will conquer everything."

Oh yes, and Christina Smith, 34-24-35, says her goal is "to find myself a decent man and to become a successful model." Bob Dylan is not among her favourite musicians.

THRILLS

Pic: HOWARD BARLOW



THE SMIRKS (L-R): Ian Morris, Simon Milner, Neil Fitzpatrick, Mike Doherty.

SMIRK SMIRK SMIRK

(and the whole bloody world smirks with you)

"IT'S A BELTIN' DAY THIS," smirks Simon Milner as he strolls down Carnaby Street in optimistic February sunshine.

There are three other Smirkpeople walking alongside him: Neil Fitzpatrick, Ian Morris and Mike Doherty. All Mancunians, just into their twenties, The Smirks are a pop group.

Not just any pop group. They are probaly the hottest young band to make their London debut so far this year. A handful of club gigs, culminating in a triumphant support set at the Music Machine, was enough to plant the seeds of a hard-core London following.

It takes most bands six months to do that.

Pic: PETER MARLOW

The Smirks have been playing as a recognisable unit since just before Christmas. They made their major assault on public consciousness (oh alright, press consciousness) at Liverpool's Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge — and I've never heard so may superlatives about a group in one evening.

You see, The Smirks aren't some polished paprock product served up as a safe record company bet. They're totally unpredictable on stage. They break strings, their inexpensive instruments go out of tune, they've even been known to play two versions of the same song simultaneously.

They've got one element on their side, the most important one: true magic. It's impossible to describe, but anyone with half an ear who's seen them will say the same.

In the beginning, bassist Ian wanted to be an actor ("I wasn't good enough . . .") and the group's songwriting axis, Neil and Simon, weren't obsessed with the idea of being in a band.

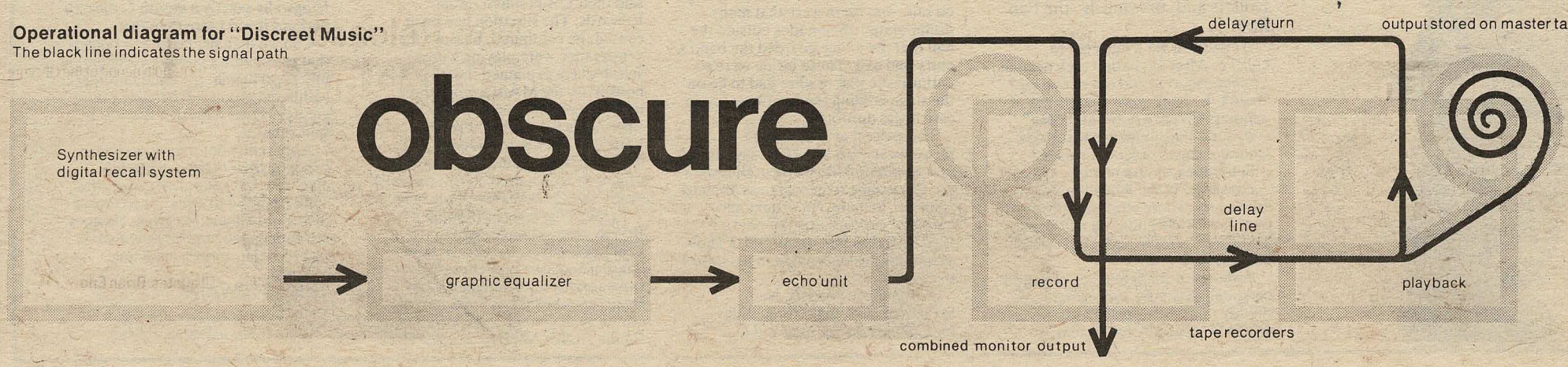
"We were just going around playing our acoustic guitars. We had a natural inclination towards music."

In fact, the Milner-Fitzpatrick legend starts in the world of busking. They decided to play their way to Australia, work in mines and get rich.

"We should have done that, shouldn't we? We got as far as Israel. In France, where we were stuck for ages, we kept getting offers from record companies, so we told Ian to come over and be a pop star. He was playing a tambourine on the streets."

Simon and Neil, singer-guitarists,

Operational diagram for "Discreet Music"
The black line indicates the signal path



avoided the "Mickey Mouse company" contracts. Only "Ya Ya" has survived from their busking set; apart from that it it was Beatles/Stones/Platters numbers. The reason they became phenomenally successful at the game, rather than lapsing into obscure poverty, was the act that went with the songs.

Odd, quirky dance steps, spontaneous, hilarious routines, bags of constructive energy: the framework around which the present group is built. "After about four songs we used to stop playing and wait for another crowd. We had to keep working out new dances to do."

This started about two years back under the name of The Crabs.

Eventually, drummer Mike Doherty was invited by Ian to meet his two busking friends. Mike had been playing with Ed Banger (of Nosebleeds fame) but was talked into putting his kit behind the Smirk front-line.

When new wave hit the record companies, Neil and Simon were in Paris; they only heard the best-known punk discs and don't believe the scene affected them apart from opening more places to play. They've already made their TV debut on Tony Wilson's Granada show *What's On*.

Simon and Neil haven't always played songs as punchy and lively as the present Smirks repertoire. "The stuff we used to do was like lullabies, all about women we've known, soft and melodic style."

"I think what they're trying to say," suggests Mike, "is that it was absolute shit." Mike himself used to play Hawkwind at school.

Neil says he likes Glenn Miller and The Andrews Sisters — possibly in an attempt to destroy all cumbersome street credibility in one swift blow.

They've played about twenty gigs together now. "It all started in the Globe at Salford, playing 'Dixon Of Dock Green' for a fire-eating stripper.

"She didn't take everything off, thank God, she was 'orrible."

They got a place on the Stiff-Chiswick Liverpool bill without even auditioning. Typical of The Smirks' haphazard but unstoppable rise towards success, the only gigs that have been reviewed in the national music press (Liverpool's Eric's and the Hope and Anchor) were musical shambles but still highly praised.

The next major event for the group is supporting the Albertos on a major tour. At the time of the interview, a recording deal had not been finalised, although The Smirks had been dabbling with producer Kenny Laguna in a London studio, which could indicate Beserkley involvement.

Whatever, they hope to have their first single out by the end of the month. It will almost certainly be "OK UK", a brilliant West Coast put-down; jangly guitars, Beach Boys harmonies in Manchester accents, inimitable Smirks humour.

The Smirks are true originals, yet they raise echoes of the past; they refuse to be categorised. Their songs are clever and catchy, even if they don't always play them right. Their stage act is fast and funny, but they're no comedy group.

Only one thing is certain about The Smirks. One day they'll have you doing the silly smirk too.

KIM DAVIS

THRILLS

● *Last week, in "Charting The Hypes", we stated that Billboard Publications sold* ***Music Week*** *to Moore Harness. In fact, Morgan-Grampian were the lucky recipients.*

BARGAINS FOR BLOCKHEADS!

IT'S LIKE THIS. For NME's recent Christmas thrash, we got together with Stiff Records and pressed up a special limited edition of 500 copies of Ian Dury's deleted anthem "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" on the Stiff-NME label.

By way of a bonus, we slapped a couple of hitherto unreleased live tracks by Ian & the Kilburns on the flip: "Two Steep Hills" (a recitation) and his jubilant "England's Glory".

These freebies were then distributed amongst the revellers when, in the early hours, they stumbled out of Dingwalls and fell into the Camden Lock canal. Some of the copies later floated to the surface, and now exchange hands for vast sums on the vinyl blackmarket.

"Pity," mused Dury on the night, "that the kids are gonna miss out on this one."

We agreed.

"Tell ya what," said Dury. "I'll strongarm Stiff into getting another 500 copies pressed if you can find some way of distributing 'em amongst your readers."

Er, 500 into something like 190,000 . . . I never was too good at maths! Who do we give them to?

"BLOCKHEADS!" replied Dury.

"You must have seen parties of Blockheads," added Clever Trevor

"With blotched and larded skin," we interjected.

"Correct," added Dury. "Blockheads with food particles in their teeth, what a terrible state they're in."

Oy-oy, yer on.

So once again dear reader, it's GROSS-OUT TIME!!

Right: terribly rare artefact

Actual size!

IF YOUR MUM calls you treasure, 'cause everytime her friends see you they ask where she dug you up from . . . if young children scream when you smile at them . . . dogs bark at the sight of your face . . . grown men break down and cry . . . you insist on wearing shoes like dead pigs' noses . . . well, here's your one and only opportunity to vindicate yourself.

If you're a bona fide Blockhead, or if you know someone who fits the picture, well it's time to jump outta the closet and show yourself to the world.

In conjunction with Ian Dury and Stiff Records, the world's greatest gross-out gossip sheet (*NME*, dummy!) is seeking 500 Blockheads.

If either you or a friend have got what it takes, then don't keep it to yourself, send us a black & white photograph (no drawings or magazine cuttings) and turn us off!

Like we said, we've got 500 copies of our special pressing of Ian Dury's "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" up for grabs, but we're also looking for an unholy trinity of bona Blockheads.

We await your entries with keen anticipation!

THE OUTRIGHT WINNER will also win a night out with Ian Dury hisself, plus a pair of new boots and panties, plus an autographed copy of the best-selling LP of the same name.

A second prize of new boots and panties plus the LP and single is up for grabs, whilst the third prize will comprise the LP and single.

And that still leaves 497 runners-up who'll all receive copies of the limited edition EP.

By the way, we accept no responsibility for any smashed camera lens or any four-poses-in-four-minutes-for-20p machines which refuse to reproduce your likeness.

HOW TO ENTER (IF YOU DARE!)

CUT OUT THE COUPON on the right and complete it, not forgetting to add your signature certifying it to be the genuine article. Write your name and address on the back of your photo and attach it to the coupon; only one photo per coupon. Send the entry to the following address, to arrive by Thursday, March 23 1978:

BLOCKHEADS COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET
LONDON SE99 6YP

All entries received on or before the closing date will be examined and the first prize will be awarded to the sender of the most hideous, pathetic and Blockheaded likeness of themselves. Remaining prizes will be awarded for those considered next best (or worst) in order of merit. All entries must be photographic, must not have been published elsewhere, and must be of the accredited entrant.

NO photographs will be returned.

The competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS or STIFF Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

NME BLOCKHEADS COMPETITION
55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99 6YP

NAME.....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Tel No (if any) ..... **Boot size**.....

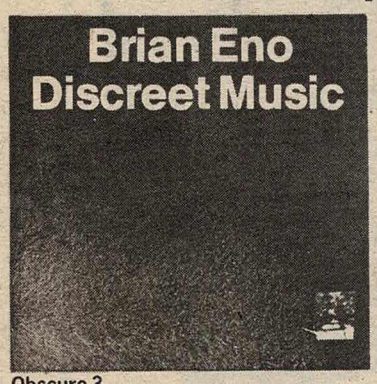
The enclosed photograph is of myself, and I hold the copyright on it. I agree to abide by the published rules.

SIGNED.....

Closing date Thursday, 23rd March 1978

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

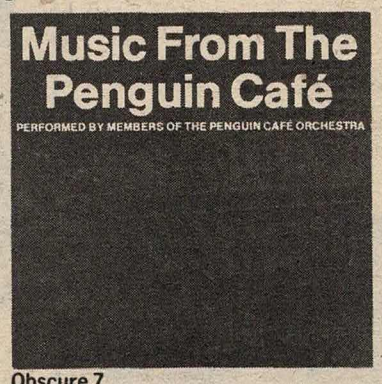
Available Again



Obscure 3

"For me it's the favourite of my own records...it's the only one that I'm wholly satisfied with, that I can't fault and I want to make two more that are geared to different times of the day. And one for large spaces, that could be used in airports and places like that."

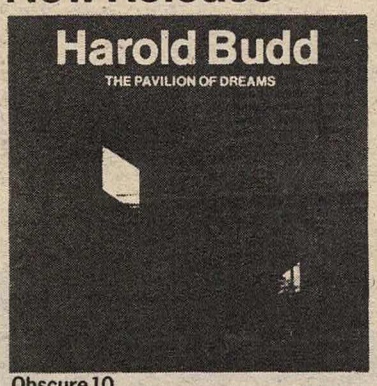
Coming soon OBSCURE:— 1. GAVIN BRYARS—"The Sinking Of The Titanic" 2. CHRISTOPHER HOBBS, JOHN ADAMS, GAVIN BRYARS—"Ensemble Pieces" 4. DAVID TOOP/MAX EASTLEY—"New And Rediscovered Musical Instruments" 5. JAN STEELE/JOHN CAGE—"Voices And Instruments" 6. MICHAEL NYMAN—"Decay Music" From good record stores



Obscure 7

"This one's quite interesting because he (Simon Jeffes, composer) comes very much from an experimental music background, but is now moving towards rock music, which I think is interesting because he is right on the edge. Most music is a bit more committed to one side or the other...this is right in the middle. When it was first released it got incredibly good press—the Rock Press—really took this one to their hearts:..They really did regard it as an important cross-over album."

New Release

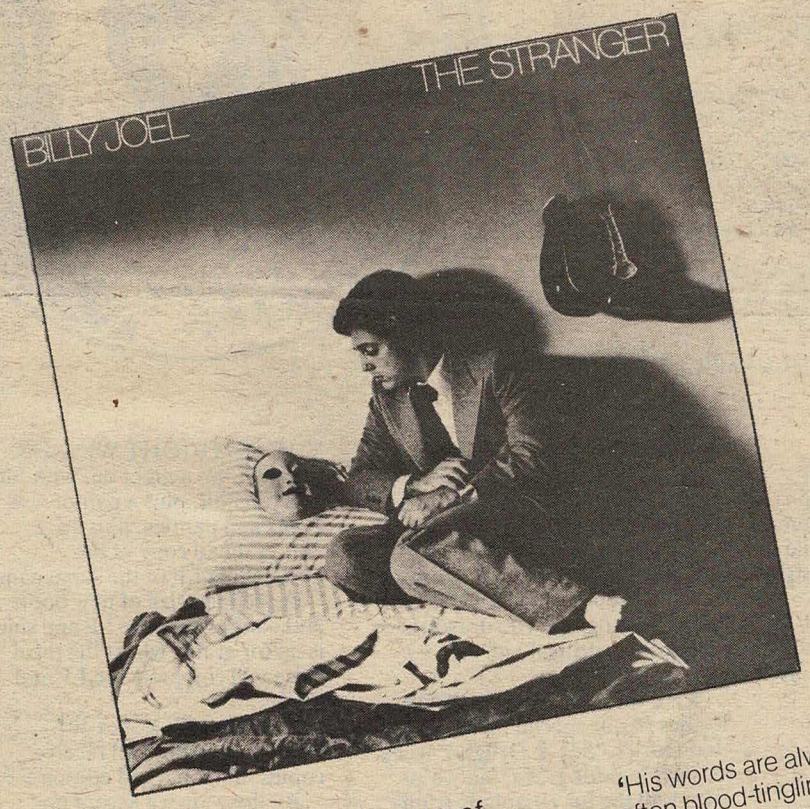


Obscure 10

"The middle period of the Obscure label, which documented areas that might have otherwise gone unrecognised, is now over and the kind of thing I'm doing now is more like Harold Budd (the first addition to the original seven albums). It is in that general area of music that is appealing to listen to, but happens to be experimental as well. The first side features the saxophonist Marion Brown."

All quotes Brian Eno

Billy Joel 'The Stranger'



It took Billy Joel nine years of playing his songs in bars, various bands, and on a number of albums before coming up with his current set 'The Stranger'.

Make the time to give it a listen.

Melody Maker Editor Ray Coleman made the time, he also saw Billy perform in America recently.

He described Billy Joel as 'the brightest spark on the current musical horizon' and the experience of his concerts as 'spellbinding'

and there's more . . .

'His words are always pertinent, often blood-tingling. He can touch your heart and your nerves with glorious love ballards and yes sir, he can boogie with the best pianists around.

So varied are his styles, so insightful his lyrics into everyday affairs, so compelling and emotive his voice, so originally structured his compositions, that no one song can adequately sum up such blazing versatility'.

Meet The Stranger on his own ground in concert –

Birmingham Odeon, Friday, March 17th

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Sunday, March 19th
SOLD OUT

82311
CBS Records & Tapes
Single: 'Just The Way You Are'
Album: 'The Stranger'

ALL YOU NEED IS MONEY

NOT TOO LONG ago, that well known national monument Paul McCartney and his family were watching a re-run of an old Fab Four movie on TV, when one of Macca's off-spring enquired, "Who are the other three, Daddy, and were they friends of yours?"

Touche.

Much has been written (yours truly included) about the mythology surrounding rock's greatest-ever group. However, it has been left to humorist Eric Idle and cohorts to not only tamper with the legend but to also lay bare the true story of this century's most amazing musical phenomenon — The Rutles.

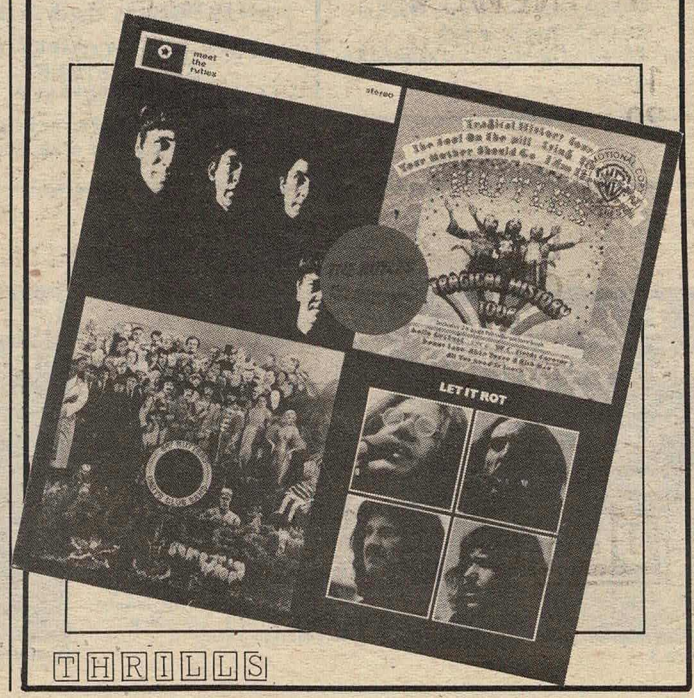
The most audacious 'in' joke ever conceived *(and the most expensive — Ed.), All You Need Is Cash* is a made-for-TV movie which vividly relives their incredible rags-to-riches-and-back-to-rags story with The Rutles portraying themselves, ***[writes Roy 'Oonter' Carr, author of 'The Rutles — An Illustrated Recrud' (who hasn't actually seen 'The Rutles' yet — Ed.).]***

The movie covers the exploits of Ron Nasty, Stig O'Hara, Dirk McQuickly, & Barry Wom — the PreFab Four — from the days when they commuted between Hamburg's seedy Rats Keller and Liverpool's Cavern, how they were discovered by Leggy Mountbatten, made their historic appearance at New York's Che Stadium, goes behind the scenes of such movies as *A Hard Day's Rut, Ouch, Yellow Submarine, Sandwich* and *Let It Rot,* the making of *Tragical History Tour,* the rise and demise of their own Rutle Corp, close encounters of an odd kind with Surrey mystic Arthur Sultan, their unhappy association with American financial trouble-shooter Ron Decline and their subsequent mud-slinging split. Such melodramas being enacted against a soundtrack featuring highlights from Rutles LPs like "Sgt. Rutter's Only Darts Club Band" and "Shabby Road".

No turd has been left unstoned. No ikon has been left unsmashed.

Rutlemania begins here. Though it could be over there or better still, to the right of the rubber plant but slightly in front of the chaise-longue!

*P.S. — Mick Jagger, Ron Wood, George Harrison, Bianca Jagger and Paul Simon appear remotely resembling themselves — **The Oonter, a.k.a. Spittin' Finitive.***



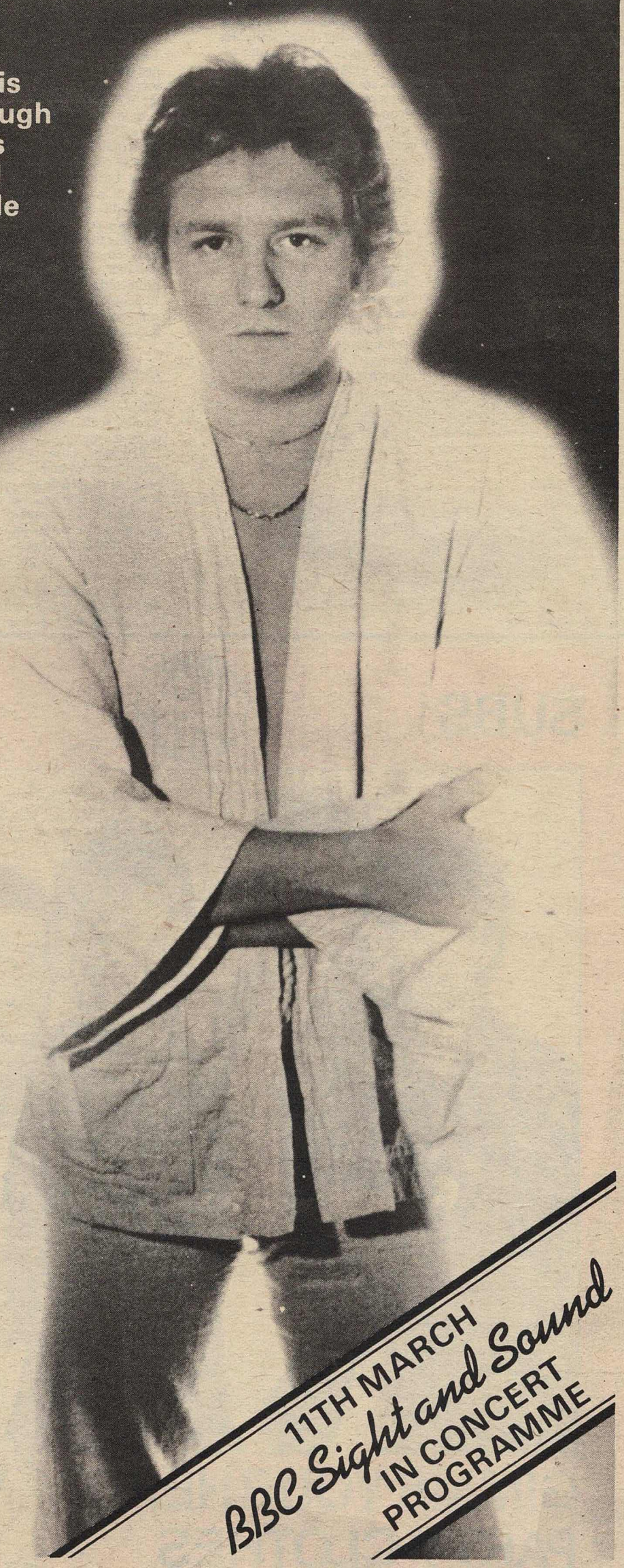
THRILLS

JOHN MILES
ZARAGON

TXS 126

It is over two years now since John Miles with his album 'Rebel' and hit single 'Music' walked through the 'STAR' door. This was followed by supergigs with Elton and the Stones. Now after the special 'Stranger in the City' album and another hit single 'Slow Down', comes the much awaited 'Zaragon' album
A bigger door is opened...

new single
No Hard Feelings
FR 13757



TOUR

MARCH

7th	HULL	City Hall
8	MIDDLESBOROUGH	Town Hall
9	NOTTINGHAM	Sports Hall
10	LANCASTER	University
11	SHEFFIELD	University
12	GLASGOW	Apollo Centre
13	ABERDEEN	The Capitol
15	BURY ST. EDMUNDS	Focus Theatre
16	LEICESTER	De Montfort Hall
17	NEWCASTLE	City Hall
18	MANCHESTER	Apollo
19	BRISTOL	Colston Hall
20	TORQUAY	Town Hall
21	EASTBOURNE	Congress Theatre
22	BOURNEMOUTH	Winter Gardens
23	**LONDON**	**Hammersmith Odeon**
24	OXFORD	New Theatre
25	BIRMINGHAM	Hippodrome
26	BRADFORD	St. George's Hall

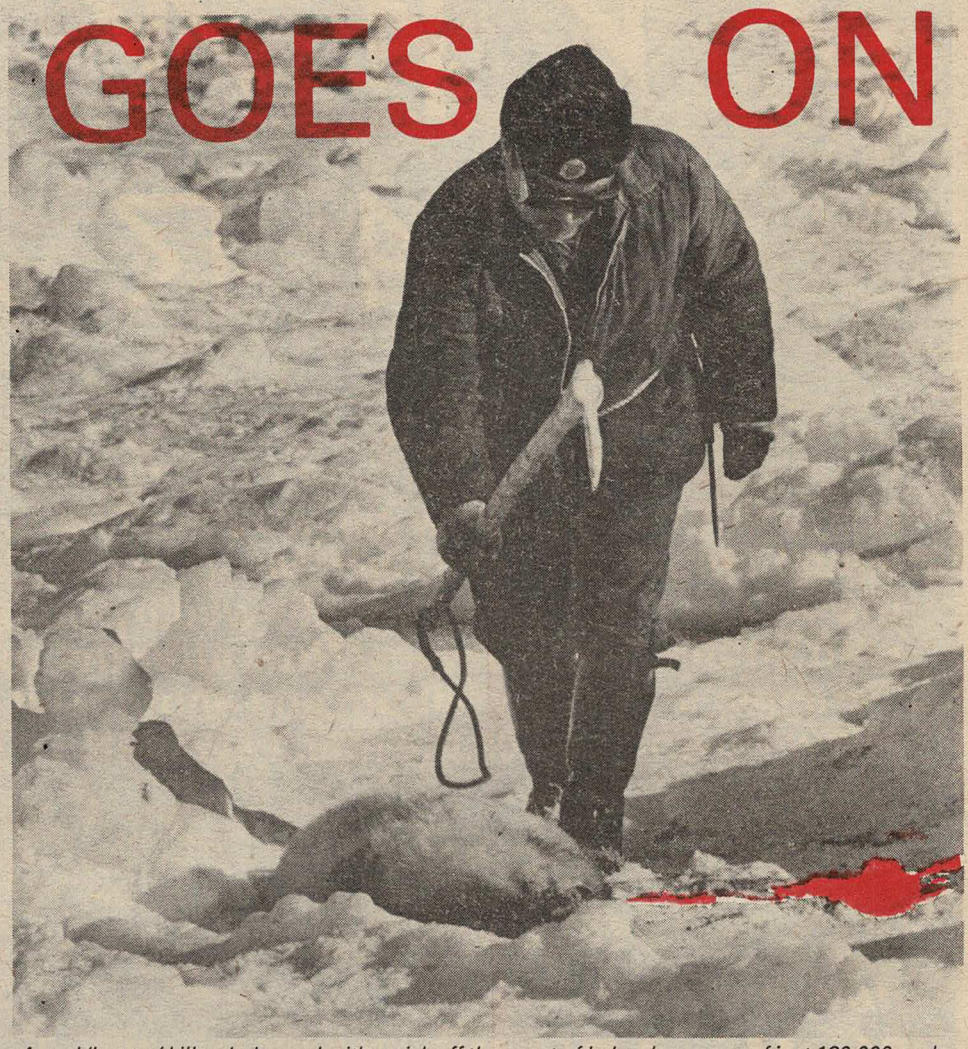
Also Available on Tape

DECCA

Produced By Rupert Holmes For THE HOLMES LINE

Hi there! Welcome to that special page where Thrills flouts its Social Conscience and everybody from Tory MPs to I-don't-care punk rockers gets their chance to sneer at us dilettantes sitting in our ivory tower offices laying down the law to those poor misunderstood huntsmen (remember the Hunt furore?), animal experimenters (remember the Animal Liberation Front expose?) and now — seal and rhino killers (here's your chance, boys!) . . .

THE BEAT GOES ON



A seal 'hunter' kills a baby seal with a pick off the coast of Labrador — one of just 180,000 seals that will be slaughtered this year in Canada alone. Pic: CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

BETWEEN 100,000 and 400,000 elephants were killed in Africa in 1976, according to estimates at the World Wilderness Congress in Johannesburg in 1976.

Rare species are already protected by law, but now many common animals are at risk, including certain species of zebra, rhino, giraffe, lion, leopard and cheetah — all of which are being relentlessly destroyed.

Kenya, alert to the dangers, banned the 106 licensed professional hunters in the country in May 1976 as the first step in trying to stop the slaughter. Poachers still flourished, however, due to the huge tourist and export market of the country's 230 curio shops, which sell statues, necklaces, rugs and other artefacts.

In Nairobi you can buy fresh impala chops from the local supermarket.

Sordid tales of the curio trade are legion. One prominent curio dealer paid five Somali poachers $2000 to kill three members of Kenya's sole surviving rhino family. He only wanted the horns, one of which weighed 24 pounds — they are ground down and sold for a small fortune in Hong Kong, where ground rhinoceros horn is highly prized as an aphhrodisiac.

Kenya has now outlawed the curio trade, making it illegal after March 12. It is hoped this ruling will allow the country's wildlife time to recover.

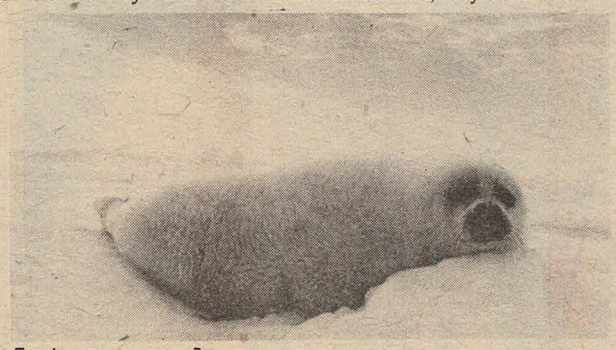
Meanwhile, on an international scale, animal piracy has developed into a mult-million pound industry involving the illegal sale of rare and endandered species.

Private collectors buy and sell animals as if they were rare stamps. Like the Greek icon merchants, they hold little respect for the law. Some animal dealers even pose as zoos in order to trade in rare species. Shades of Philip K. Dick . . .

In order to try and combat this, eighty nations signed a convention in Washington on the International Trade in Endangered Species. 36 have so far implemented it.

In England, the most active organisation in this field is TRAFFIC, which consists of just three people and a secretary, partially funded by the World Wildlife Fund.

In the US, however, they have 250 part-time enforcement officers and they've cracked some big cases. Last August, after 2½ years of investigation, a Federal Grand Jury named eight top zoos in America, claiming that they had received, albeit unknowingly, part of a consignment of 1,000 protected species of reptiles. 12 people were indicted, but complex legal machinery makes action slow.



Fur boots, anyone?

BUT BOTH THESE ISSUES are mere sidebars to the Main Event — the mass kills of whales, seals, dolphins and other sea mammals.

Few issues raise such heated emotions from such a wide range of people. In the process some of the real issues of the situation tend to become obscured by emotion and rhetoric. *Thrills* spoke to animal activists to learn what's going down.

The most immediate and obvious struggle is over the annual seal-pup hunt which begins on March 10 in Newfoundland.

There is to be a mass rally in Trafalgar Square on Saturday March 11 at 2pm. One *NME* staffer, suitably to enraged, had already written the Canadian embassy in London to protest; she got eight pages of *duplicated* doublespeak in return — some measure of the amount of mail that must be coming in.

I put some of the embassy's points to Alan Thornton, longtime worker for Greenpeace, the radical group whose direct action tactics against seal and whale boats on the open sea has reaped front page media coverage the world over, and whose organisation has grown from one small office in Vancover to a network of 12 offices in several countries including Britain.

The picture he painted made it clear why Greenpeace fight so hard. The seal hunt, he said, was just a "traditional, cultural thing", custom-made to allow hunters to "prove their masculinity."

Basically, the Canadian Board of Fisheries which regulates the hunt have made the most optimistic estimates of the total seal population and based on those figures have set a limit on how many seals can be killed. Greenpeace point to the Board's tacky record in the past, and claim that the seals are being wiped out. The population has declined by 70% in the last 20 years.

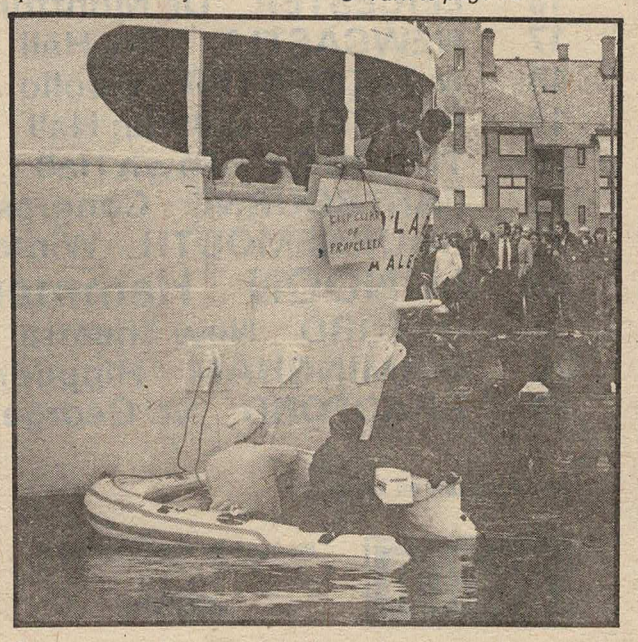
Alan Thornton claims that the Canadian government spends more money on maintaining the hunt than the total income the hunt yields — and even if it *were* economic, it would only need a redirection of priorities to find an environmentally sound alternative like salmon fishing to bolster local economies. The powers that be claim the seals are killed not only for their fur but also for their flippers, a delicacy, and their meat, but Thornton claims that 3-4 million pounds of meat are just left to rot after each year's hunt.

Greenpeace refuses to sit back and watch the seals die. In the wake of their astonishing bravery in putting to sea against the enormous whaling fleets, they have now stepped into the fray on the seals' behalf.

The seal hunts from both Halifax, Novia Scotia, and Norway were delayed when Greenpeace members chained themselves to the rudders of the ships.

Right now in London, Greenpeace are outfitting their own trawler, the "Rainbow Warrior", which is due to set sail on May 7 for a publicity tour round the North Sea ports before heading to Norway, the Faroe Islands and Iceland to try to disrupt the hunts.

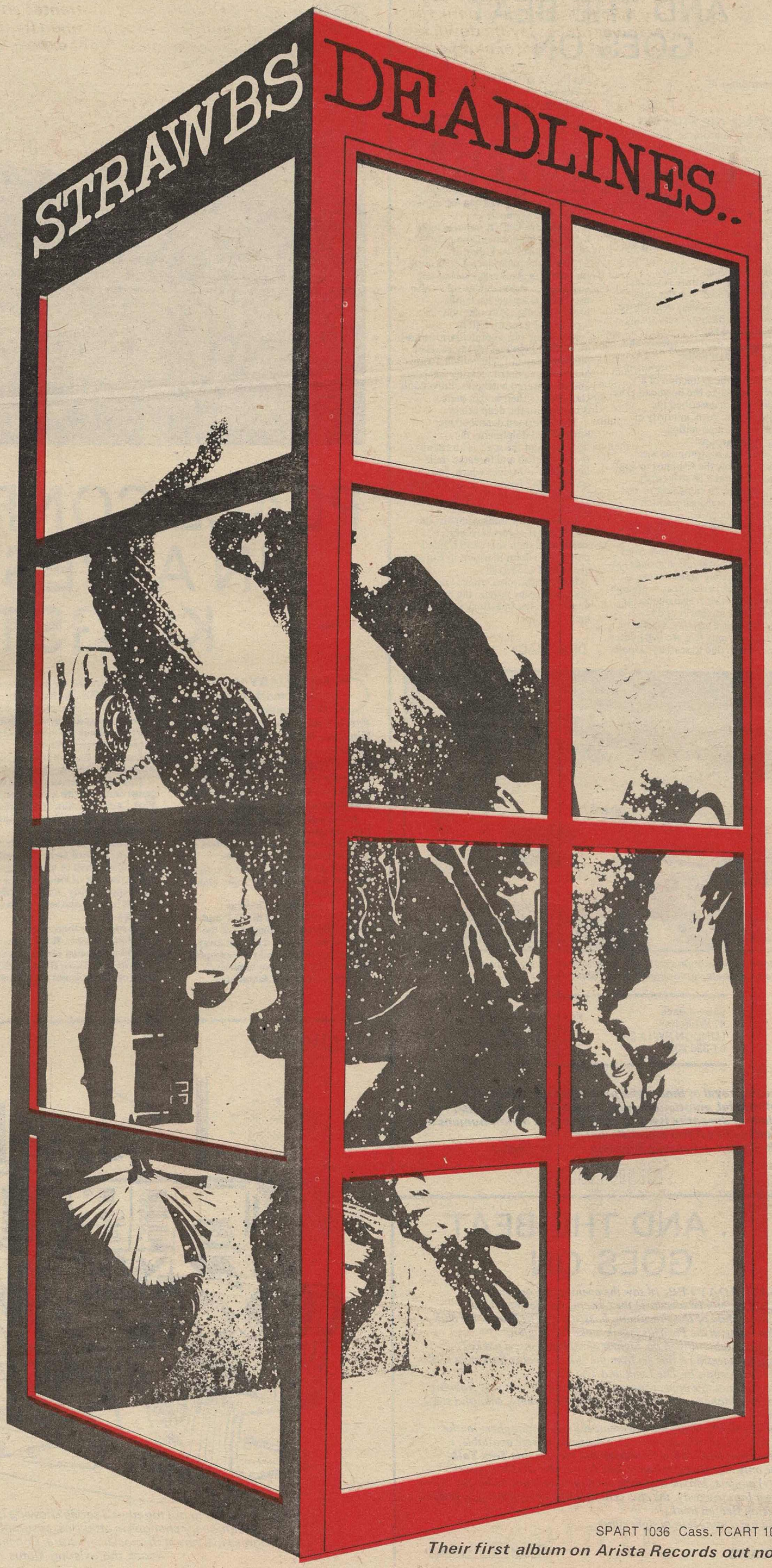
● *Turn to page 18*



Greenpeace volunteers chain themselves to a sealing vessel in Alesund, Norway, to delay its departure for the Newfoundland kill-in.

SUBS MADE IN SCOTLAND OFF1

GIMME YOUR HEART
PARTY CLOTHES
1 OFF



STRAWBS ON TOUR

MARCH

Wed 8	**Reading** Reading University
Thur 9	**Hatfield** Forum
Fri 10	**Salford** Salford University
Sat 11	**Bradford** Bradford University
Sun 12	**London** Hammersmith Odeon

Plus special guest artist
ROY HILL

ARISTA

SPART 1036 Cass. TCART 1036

Their first album on Arista Records out now

. . . AND THE BEAT GOES ON

● *From page 16.*

OF COURSE THE WHALING ISSUE is not that simple, as the case of the Eskimos and the bowhead whale illustrates.

The International Whaling Commission declared the bowhead a protected species, as its population had fallen dramatically to an estimated less than 2,000. The Eskimos, however, claimed their special right to continue hunting the whale.

Their spokesman told the authorities: "Our culture revolves round the bowhead. It is the only mammal that symbolises our culture. We have a celebration every spring when we hunt whales."

Point taken, but Greenpeace and others maintain that the "time-honoured custom" argument is no excuse for the extinction of a mighty species like the bowhead. The Eskimos in turn described the protesters as a "vocal minority of animal-loving, man-hating conservation groups."

Ultimately a compromise was reached to allow the Eskimos to land 12 whales or make 18 strikes per season, whichever came first — an unsatisfactory conclusion which ignores the root issues.

There has been some measure of success though, claims Jon Brazdo of Friends of the Earth. Pressure from international conservation groups has resulted in whaling quotas being steadily reduced every year — though he admits that this is also due to the fact that there are fewer and fewer whales left to kill anyway. Of the 10 great species, only five are still hunted commercially, due to scarcity. Japan and Russia are still main offenders.

The International Whaling Commission will meet again in London on June 20-26 to decide next year's quotas. FOE will of course have an observer inside, and protest marches will be held. Some who might doubt the effectiveness of all that will be interested to hear that a Bill is currently being prepared for Parliament to try and ban the import of all whale products . . .

At present the UK imports some 8,500 tons of sperm oil annually — which requires the killing of 2,200 whales. Principally sperm oil is used for softening leather goods but one company — Burmah/Castrol — also uses it for machine oil. Public pressure could easily shut this loophole as a positive step.

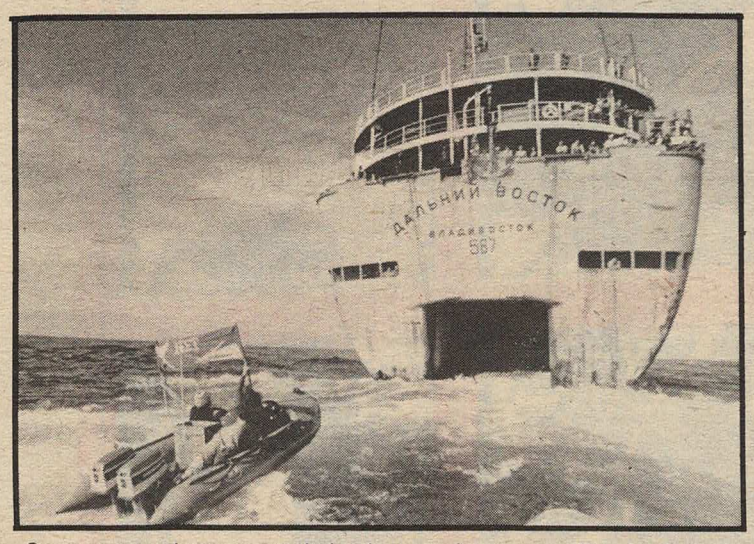
Meantime the stupidity goes on and on. In late February off the coast of Southern Japan 1,000 dolphins were herded into a narrow bay by 300 boats and slaughtered with guns, knives and clubs before their bodies were dumped into the deep ocean.

The fishermen described the bottlenosed dolphins as the "gangsters of the sea", who eat all their cuttlefish and threaten their livelihood — besides which, they collected $12 bounty a head provided by the Nagasaki provisional government.

Ironically, a fishing company in another part of Japan recently announced their sale of 40 trained dolphins to dolphinariums in Europe, at a cost of £350 each.

It seems the more pieces you add to this gory jigsaw puzzle, the more unpleasant the final image appears to be.

DICK TRACY



Greenpeace volunteers put their minute craft between a Russian factory ship and a whale somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, 1976.

Greenpeace
47 Whitehall
LONDON SW1A 2BZ
01-839 2093

Friends of the Earth
9 Poland Street
LONDON W1V 3DG
01-434 1684

"The portrayal of those who protest against cruelty as sentimental, emotional 'animal lovers' has had the effect of excluding the entire issue of our treatment of non-humans from serious political and moral discussion."
Peter Singer — Animal Liberation (Paladin Books)

THRILLS

. . . AND THE BEAT GOES ON

SATURDAY FEB. 18 saw the opening of London's much-vaunted answer to the Cavern, the Newbeat Club. Brainchild of Ian Freedman, bassist with The Ekoes, the club found a home at the Pegasus pub in Stoke Newington.

The first night fulfilled the highest of expectations, a packed audience witnessing a fine set from the still improving Stukas as well as Newbeat debuts by The Look and The Ekoes.

The most notable appearance of the night, however, was probably that of The Monos — hard-driving pop and a striking, colourful stage image.

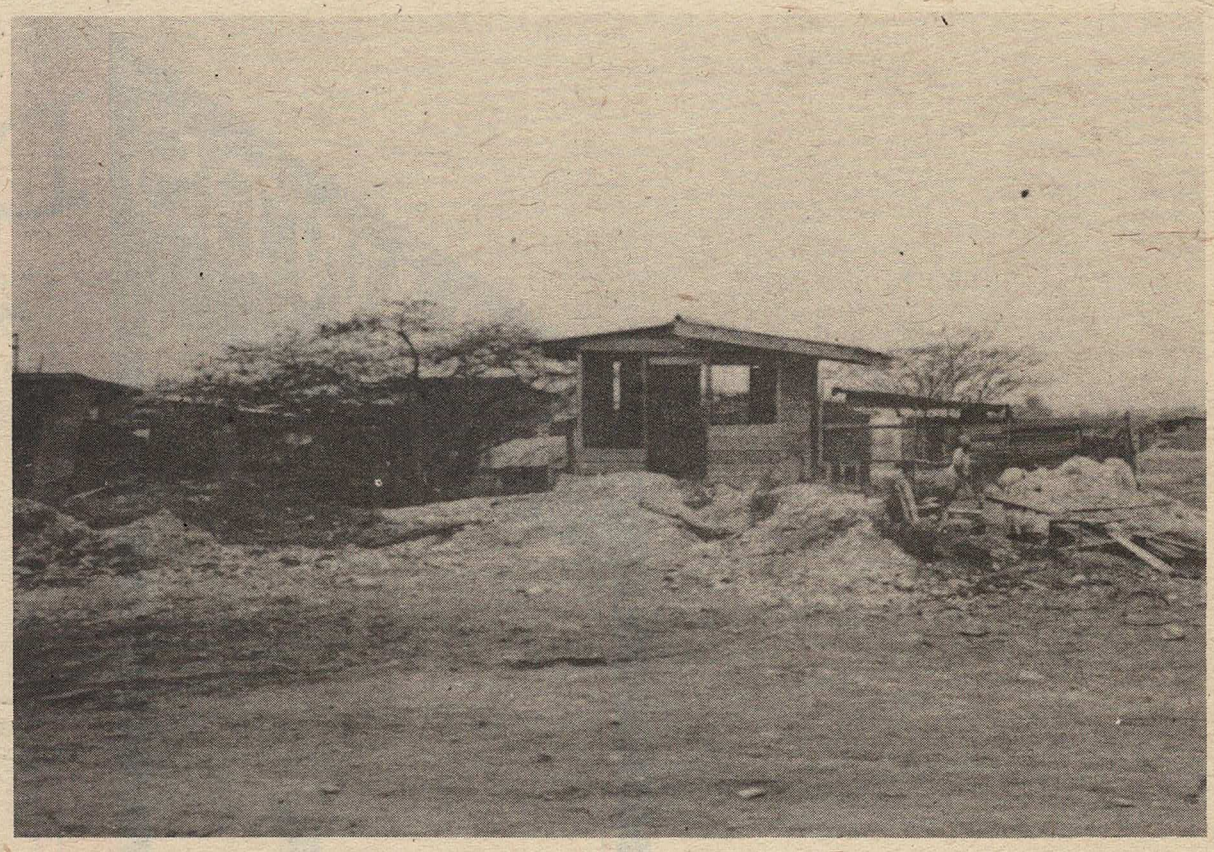
The Pegasus is trying hard to create the right atmosphere for the club; there's even a beat disco. Two magazines were available, a resident news letter called ***Newsbeat*** *and the teenzine* ***Teen Talk.***

The only real disappointment was the number of elderly (over twenty) punters. Maybe Stoke Newington is too inaccessible for younger fans: anyway, the club certainly wasn't intended as a refuge for ageing Beatles freaks.

And not a mini-skirt in sight either.

KIM DAVIS

THRILLS



PEACE CONFERENCE IN A WESTERN KINGSTON

ON JANUARY 10 of this year, Samuel Dreckett — JLP (Jamaica Labour Party) Councillor for the Western Kingston district of Tivoli Gardens — entered the adjoining PNP (People's National Party) territory at Beeston Street and Matthews Lane and requested an audience with his rivals.

As a result, hundreds of residents from the surrounding areas assembled later that same day to hear leaders of the two factions pledge a truce bringing a halt to the political gunplay that has plagued the city's downtown ghetto since 1967.

Local spokesmen Claudius "Claudie" Massop of the JLP and Aston "Buckie" Thompson of the PNP urged the crowd to "put away your guns and channel your energies into building your communities."

According to *The Jamaican Weekly Gleaner*, the two leaders declared: "We who have been observed by elements in the society as being the foundation of all badness will now demonstrate that we can live in love and unity. We will demonstrate that we can survive without the shedding of blood."

That night, members of the rival gangs mingled with each other in the Pink Lane / Beeston Street area, where they "greeted one another, shook hands and hugged."

Another reporter observed: "The Beeston / Oxford Street intersection in the ghetto belt of West Kingston was at the best of times an area where one stepped softly. But since Monday night it has had almost a carnival atmosphere.

"Before then there were well-defined areas. If you were JLP, you did not go east of Rose Lane as from Spanish Town Road on the south or North Street on the north. If you were PNP, you did not go from Rose Lane to the west of anywhere as far as Pink Lane.

"The political boundaries had been well-defined. If you live in a certain section you do not go into another without risk.

"After six in the evening, not even dogs ventured out. The only barking was that of guns.

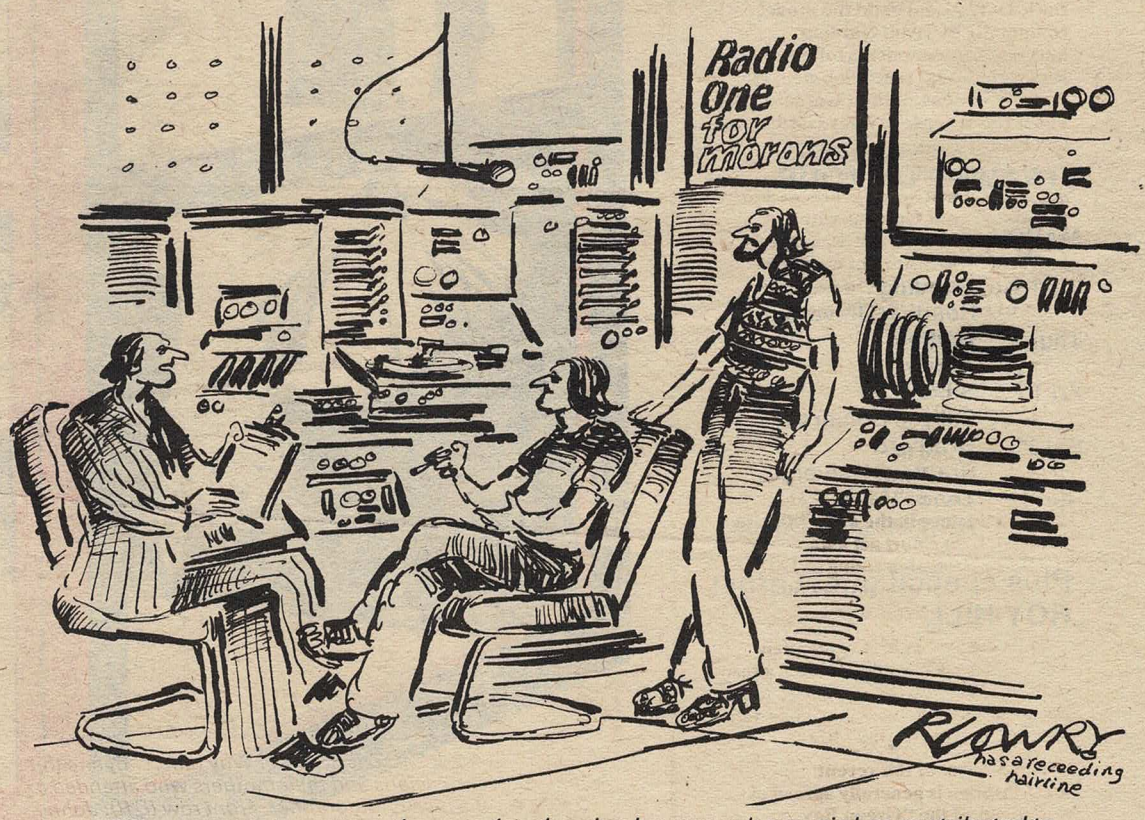
"It was a sight to gladden the hearts and to bring tears to the eyes — that gathering at Oxford Street and Beeston Street on January 10."

The day after, the Corporate Area declared its verbal truce the alliance spread to embrace further districts.

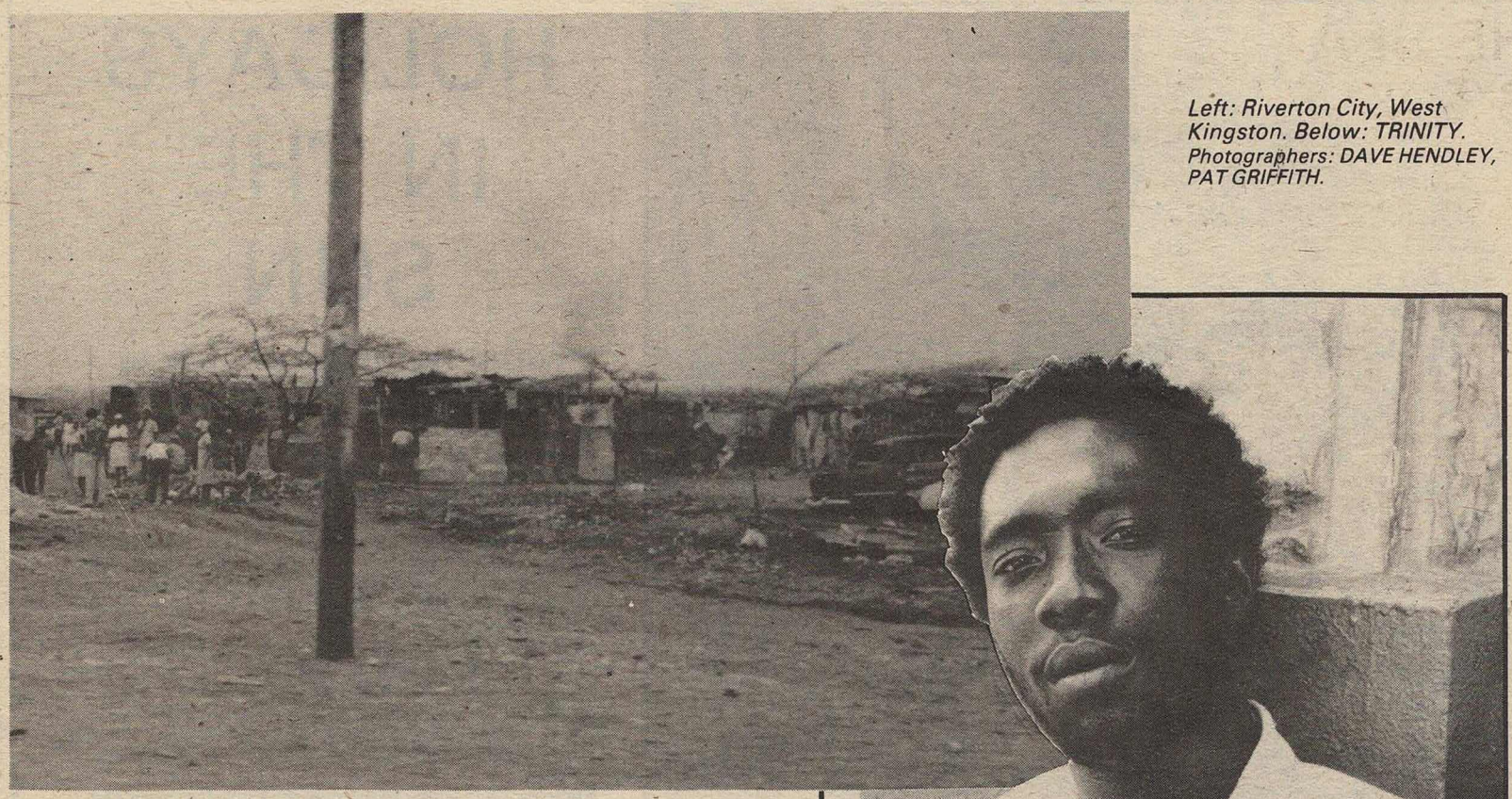
A gang spokesman told the *Gleaner* : "In this area youth no have father; father dead from gunshot. We want to park gun, mek gun get rusty and throw away."

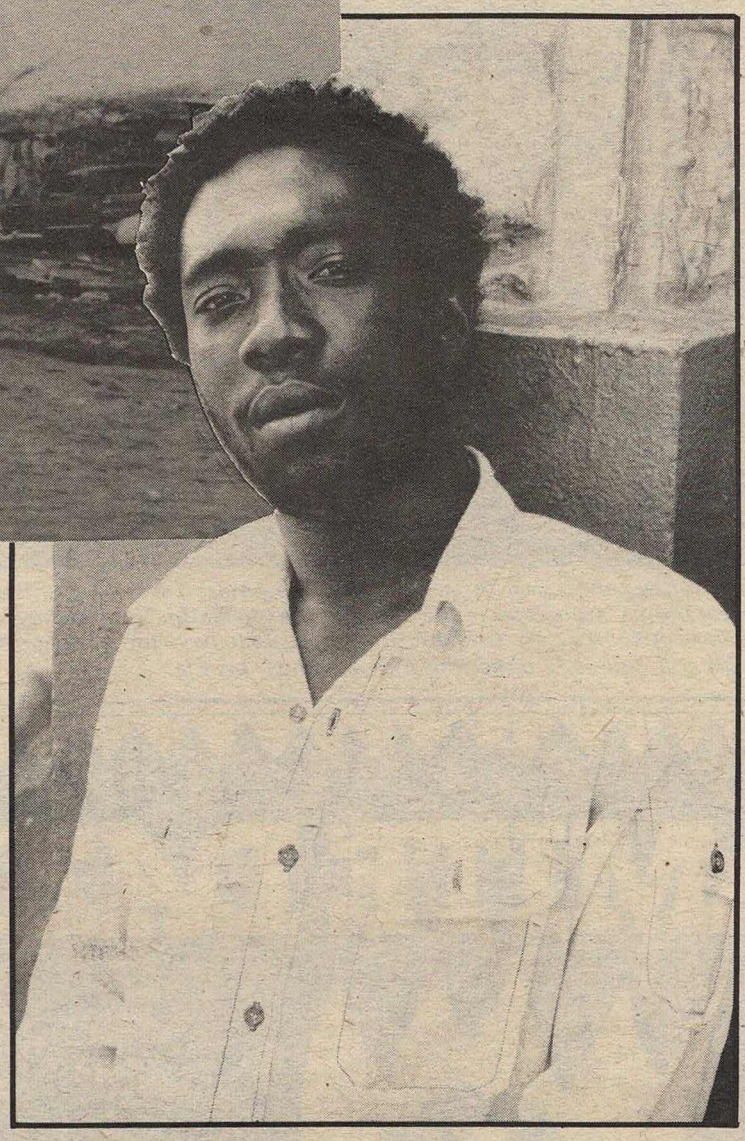
Commenting on the truce, Jamaican PM Michael Manley congratulated the parties involved,

LOWRY



"We want you to put together a series showing how popular music has contributed to revolutionary changes in attitudes, assumptions and ideas and made for real progress in altering the social structure. Concentrating on the '60s so that we don't knock the existing status quo, of course."





Left: Riverton City, West Kingston. Below: TRINITY. Photographers: DAVE HENDLEY, PAT GRIFFITH.

adding that "other crucial steps must be taken to ensure that the truce becomes a lasting peace, thereby bringing tribal warfare and gang violence to an end.

"In this connection, the illegal guns cannot remain on the streets and therefore all those who have already shown a willingness to be constructive should endeavour to take the other necessary step, which must be the handing in of all guns, offensive weapons and ammunition."

Manley's statement was accorded the derision it merited. Asked if he would be handing in his gun, one youth replied: "You mad? We have baby mother and children to protect. When dem (JA Security Forces) come what we must do? All I will say we not turning we guns against one another again."

The schism dates from 1962, the year Jamaica gained its independence from Britain, under the late Sir Alexander Bustamande.

During this time, West Kingston's Corporate Area housed sprawling communities of overcrowded and squalid shanty towns. There was Ghost Town, Newland Town and Hopeful Village (now rebuilt as Arnett Gardens, or "Concrete Jungle" as it is popularly known); Ackee Walk and Back-O-Wall, where the legendary Rudie gangs of the '60s were "dropped" (Tivoli Gardens); and there was Jones Town, Trench Town, Rose Town, Admiral Town and Victoria Town (now Wilton gardens or "Rema"), Federal Gardens, Riverton City, Smith Village and "Dungle".

The same year, the current leader of the JLP, Edward Seaga, emerged in the political forefront with a scheme to raze Ackee Walk and Back-O-Wall and build the model community of Tivoli Gardens. Successive governments followed his lead with similar redevelopment at Arnett Gardens, Wilton Gardens, Federal Gardens, Tavares Gardens and Lizard Town.

A less altruistic motive was discerned when Seaga proceeded to populate Tivoli Gardens with JLP loyalists. Soon afterwards, the guns had become a feature of campaign policy, leading in turn to a limited State of Emergency declared on the eve of the 1967 elections.

The *'tician* gangs have pretty much ruled the Corporate Area ever since. They were active throughout the years of Hugh Shearer's JLP premiership; and they crusaded alongside the "Word Is Love — Better Must Come" Michael Manley PNP renaissance in the early '70s. Nor did a Gun Court act and Indefinite Detention ruling in 1974 deter them; neither a further State of Emergency two years later.

In December 1976, the gunmen reduced Jones Town to a virtual ghost town, and around the same time took responsibility for the widely-reported attempt on Bob Marley's life.

The catalyst of this recent breakthrough is generally agreed as arising out of the "Green Bay Incident" on January 5, 1978, when Security Force troops ambushed a party of fourteen men conducting target practice at Green Bay, St. Catherine and shot dead five.

Details of Green Bay remain vague, pending a public inquiry, but general feeling shared by both PNP and JLP supporters is that the five men were "set up for the killing because they were more useful dead than alive," and both sides seem quite determined that there shall be no more betrayal by "politicians who talk peace and subsidise war."

REGGAE MUSIC has peddled a form of journalism ever since the infancy of ska, and it did not take the industry too long to make capital out of the peace treaty.

Leading DJ Trinity was first off the mark. Issuing a matter of some half-a-dozen new titles per *month,* he celebrated the events of January 10/11 by issuing "Peace Conference In A Western Kingston" — also the title of an upcoming Trinity LP, Grove Music inform me — wherein he reiterates the title in a number of variations, claiming *"everyone a shake them hand"* and concluding *"music is strength"* in a style that owes much to the inspiration of Big Youth.

Not content with one espousal of a topic when two will do equally nicely, Trinity has also since praised Massop and Thompson on a further toast entitled "Strictly Idrin".

Tapper Zukie is another artist who has seen fit to make comment. A fervent Seaga supporter and personal friend of Claudie Massop, he dedicates "Peace Heroes" to the Tivoli Gardens peacemaker, calling him a *"living hero"* and recounting *"they send 'im to prison so many times and I know 'im was innocent."*

Virgin Records, who last week signed Zukie to a long-term contract, are similarly keen as to the commercial ramifications of the treaty; and the title of the man from Bosrah's first album for the company will be "Peace In The City".

Other enlargements on the theme have come from Errol Scorcher's "Peace Man"; Leroy Johnson's "Peace Truce"; a truly hideous Jacob Miller effort entitled "Peace Treaty Special" sung to the tune of "Old Macdonald's Farm"; and Jah Frankie Jones who sings "The War Is Over" by reworking the "Ballistic Affair" tune he originally composed for Leroy Smart, and adapting its lyric to fit recent developments.

Finally, Claude Massop, Tony Welch and Earl Eadley have set up a Peace Council, and were recently in London. Speculation suggests that they were here to talk to Bob Marley.

At least, Marley is now back in Jamaica for the first time since his attempted assassination in December '76, and will play a Wailers re-union benefit gig for the Peace Movement alongside ex-Wailers Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone.

PENNY REEL

THRILLS

ROCK AND ROLL MOTHERS DAY! Why didn't anyone think of it before? The stars unveil their private lives . . . Great angle! And pictured here are just some of the musicians and their mothers who attended a party last Friday to celebrate the release of the "Hope And Anchor Live" album and say cheese for the nice photographer. Front row (L-R): John Potter (Wilko Johnson band) and Mrs Potter, Keith Owen (Suburban Studs) and Mrs Owen, Steve Poole (Suburban Studs) and Mrs Poole, Jean Jacques Burnel (Stranglers) and Mrs Burnel, Jet Black (Stranglers) and Mrs Black. Back row (L-R): Dave Caroll (Steve Gibbons Band) and Mrs Caroll, Trevor Burton (Steve Gibbons Band) and Mrs Burton, Paul Morton (Surburban Studs) and Mrs Morton, Steve Gibbons and Mrs Gibbons, Alan Mair (Only Ones) and Mrs Mair. Publicist Alan Edwards denies that he intends to get Buzzcocks rolling boiled eggs down a hill at Easter and Hugh Cornwall taking a leek for St David's Day. . .

Yes, it's that famous trio Biggs, Cook and Jones, rehearsing "Anarchy Down The Amazon Way" under the guidance of Malcolm McLaren (that's him looking over Biggsy's shoulder — the one with the big teeth). Now all they need is a bassist, and rumour has it that Alfie Hinds is up for the part. Graham Greene is said to have turned down his option on the life story, but Richard Attenborough will definitely direct the movie. Adios, bwana!

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

"ROTTEN'S BEEN LYING and contradicting himself so much that I really don't want to say anything about it. I don't really feel that I've got anything to say."

Steve Jones is still in Rio, putting the finishing touches to "God Save The Queen" as recorded by Ronald Biggs, but Paul Cook's back in a rainy grey London, drinking Lowenbrau in a Cambridge Circus pub and looking healthy and happy.

Principally, Paul's back in London to see that everything's still tickety-boo at the flat he shares with Steve, and to scout around for the next musical project to attract the dynamic duo's interest. Alternatively, he might just go back to Rio, because he digs the weather and the women.

Meantime, he's still not sure what shape the old Pistols contracts are in and whether he's still obligated — as an individual — to Virgin in the U.K. and Warners in the States. "They'll probably want Rotten as a solo but I can't see us getting back together. The idea is just so remote from my mind that I literally haven't thought for one second about getting the Pistols back together."

Rumours about a link-up between the Cook/Jones pair and Captain Sensible of the now dimmed Damned were greeted with polite incredulity (would you believe semi-polite incredulity?) and emphatic denials. "I can guess where *those* rumours came from," murmered Cook sardonically.

Also bounced out of court were rumours to the effect that Paul and Steve were considering linking up with Johnny Thunders.

"I like Thunders a lot, but we don't want to do anything like that. We want to do something different, something *new*."

He takes another hit on his lager. "You know, I was remembering something Rotten had said in that interview you did with us in Sweden. It really stuck in my mind. He said something about how he hated whites playing reggae because it was . . . *condescending*, I think that what was he said. I hope he remembers that too."

He'd also perused Chris Salewicz' recent interview with Sid Vicious in these pages with great interest.

"He was one of the main reasons we broke up. We all like Sid a lot, but he was such a cunt to himself and everybody else."

It was getting near time to go. Paul reminisced about how Ronald Biggs was "just like my Dad or just like your Dad" and how he subsisted on pay-offs from the likes of Australian film crews and interview fees.

"Remember," he said, draining his beer and sliding towards the door. "Jones, Biggs and Cook . . . the next big thing."

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

MEANWHILE, ol' Sid had a bit of a work-out at the Speakeasy ten days ago with a combo by the name of The Living Dead, which included Johnny Thunders, Peter Perrett of The Only Ones, various Electric Chairs and Hot Rods, Pat Paladin of Snatch, and Sid falling over onto the drumkit.

Asked whether it was permanent, Sid replied: "No . . (long pause) . . . maybe." He did assure us the gig was just a one-off affair, but he couldn't say anymore until Johnny Thunders returned from France, where he was accompanying The Only Ones on tour.

As it happened, Thunders had just arrived back in town even as we spoke to Sid, and he was busily looking for Heartbreakers manager Leee Black Childers with a view, it would appear, to reuniting with Billy Rath and Walter Lure (currently still in New York) to get The Heartbreakers back on the road.

According to the band's agent Dave Woods, the split rumours have only served to enhance The Heartbreakers' "legendary status", and there's plenty of demand for them to work. His hunch is that they'll re-form as the same band, just a different drummer . . .

PHIL McNEILL

THRILLS

NECRO-PHILIA IS DEAD BORING...

'SLAM'

The Album
POW 001

'I Hate School' The Single
POGO 02

ON TOUR

13th March	Village Bowl, Bournemouth
16th March	Peoples Club, Norwich
17th March	Barbarellas, Birmingham
23rd March	Review at Rafters, Manchester
31st March	Sandpipers, Nottingham

New, from Suburban Studs

Patti Smith is the EASTER BANSHEE

Meck BRACE

what d'ya like Tiger

WHAT I'm seeing nothing at all
Neck brace
greek columns
Dorian
Corinthian
IONian
RACOON
RACOON
my hand is as steady as a rock but what of it I can't write or draw for that matter.
4
can't you see what I've done failure To commit myself. I could have drawn this good
Safety poster. No. 1. Patt. Smith. 5 may 72.

SPART 1043 Cass TC ART 1043

Patti Smith's sensational new album 'Easter'

Don't miss Patti at the Rainbow London April Ist & 2nd. Her only UK appearances

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DRASTIK PLASTIK MUSIK.

Music delivered in stark black and white tones . . . gripping and hypnotic.
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. . . Every note is squinky clean and judiciously selected.
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Dave Fudger – Sounds.

NEW ALBUM

SYNTHETIC SONGS FOR THE VIDEO GENERATION

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"The little label on the big records" HARVEST

NEVER MIND THE COBBERS — HERE'S RADIO BIRDMAN

(Australia's one decent band, says our man in the outback)

The Birdman cometh. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT.

EVERY MAJOR TOWN in the western hemisphere probably has its own 'small, but enthusiastic' punk scene by now. Sydney is no exception.

In fact, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane are the ideal places for such a movement to develop. All three are grey, unexciting cities with vast, sprawling suburbs filled with the kind of aimless, directionless youth who, in London, would identify strongly with The Adverts' "Bored Teenagers".

A small new wave underground has grown up in Sydney, serviced by one or two specialist record shops who stock the latest imported singles, albums and assorted punk paraphernalia, and keep their customers up-to-date on the latest trends in London and New York. About twenty bands have formed recently who consciously identify themselves as punk rockers — they relate strongly to their overseas counterparts and refuse to have anything to do with the more established forms of rock music.

Most of them are fairly faceless. With names like Johnny Dole and the Scabs, The Psychosurgeons, World War 4, Tommy and the Dipsticks or Shocktreatment, they all play two- or three-chord sub-Ramones anti-social rock.

Punk in Sydney is modelled on the English rather than the New York original. New Wave means short, fast, raucous, buzz-saw chord songs, and while there's plenty of this available, it's highly unlikely that Australia will produce anything as innovative as Talking Heads, Television, or Elvis Costello.

Similarly, new wave fashions include safety-pins, razor blades, spiked hairdos and torn clothing. The only New York group really popular with new-wavers in Sydney is The Ramones.

The primary value of the local punks is their sheer energy — plus the fact that they are the only groups available playing such brutal, intense dance music.

There are now two venues in Sydney where one can see punk bands regularly on the weekend: the back room of the Grand Hotel, which is located in a slightly seedy section of downtown Sydney, and a small club called the Bondi Lifesaver. Both are tiny locations, packed and sweaty, and vaguely 'atmospheric' in a flea-bitten, aggressive way.

The two biggest attractions with the torn T-shirt set ironically both pre-date the new wave revolution of '76/'77. The Saints had been playing their brand of musical anarchy in Brisbane when punks were only found in Hollywood gangster movies — and their successors to pre-eminence since they moved to Britain are a Sydney group called Radio Birdman.

Radio Birdman are far and away the best rock band in Australia. Although they have been together since 1975, they are associated with the new wave now because of the outrageousness of their live showsand their total dedication to The Stooges. They are closer in spirit to the new punk bands than to anything else currently treading the Australian boards.

What separates Radio Birdman from the rest of the local new wave is the sheer superiority of their songs and the power of their onstage execution. Legend has it that when they first started out they used to smash guitars during the acoustic numbers in their set!

Radio Birdman consist of Rob Younger, vocals (who looks like a psychotic Rick Wakeman), Deniz Tek, lead guitar and songwriting, Chris Masauk, rhythm, Warwick Gilbert, bass, and Ron Keeley, drums. Before he cancelled his Australian tour last December, they were scheduled to back Iggy Pop — which would no doubt have fulfilled Detroit-born Deniz Tek's life's ambition. It's lucky Mr Pop opted out, because the Birdman would have blown him offstage before a hometown crowd. Radio Birdman have graduated from pubs into the town hall circuit now, and they are currently holidaying in the States where their first album, "Radios Appear", has been released on Sire.

Although it is slowly growing, punk is still an extreme minority taste in Australia. It has risen in the midst of, and as a reaction against, a pop culture that is so dull that it is often hard for anyone outside the country to believe.

The local club/town hall touring circuit is dominated by mindless boogie bands of the Bad Company/Bachman Turner calibre. The airwaves are controlled by sugary pop sounds — German disco, L.A. soft rock, Sherbet and the Little River Band being the most common and the most adventurous thing heard.

Apart from these staples, every so often there is a new big sensation. In the past eighteen months these have been Abba, Frampton, Fleetwood Mac and lately ELO and Boz Scaggs. Overseas content consists of whatever's popular in the USA — i.e. whatever local record companies believe will return profits.

Yet this does not mean Australian rock is non-existent. In fact, in Australia you can find local bands to satisfy just about any musical taste, from symphonic rock to white reggae! Although these bands command vocal and enthusiastic audiences they'll remain small-time, like punk rock, because of basic grass roots apathy from most people under 25.

The vast majority of young people in Australia simply are not worried about investigating anything that is not played to them on commercial AM pop radio. The motivation just does not exist. They are quite happy with pleasant, sophisticated hip easy listening.

Record sales and concert attendances seem to prove it. In November 1977 Fleetwood Mac, Santana and Little River Band played concerts in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane and attendance figures topped 40,000 for each show. ELO and Boz Scaggs both toured recently, and played to 35,000 people each in Sydney alone. Abba, and even Neil Diamond, received similar reactions when they toured.

Punk rock is popular with about 0.001% of the local youth. Like some kind of unfortunate mistake, it is treated condescendingly by all — press, music industry and kids. When The Sex Pistols appeared on TV newsreels just over twelve months ago they were viewed as a freak show — just looked at, laughed off and forgotten.

The press is learning the emotive value and newsworthiness that the word punk holds, but their features are usually limited to self-righteous accounts of mutant teenagers throwing-up on the floor at a punk gig, or snickering photo-spreads of the more outrageous tastes in bin-liners and safety-pin chic. Hostility, condescension and a complete lack of understanding are hallmarks of the Australian media's coverage of the new wave.

Even so, most new wave records are released in Australia. The Ramones, Television, Patti Smith, Sex Pistols, Damned, Clash, Vibrators, and others all have local album releases, but the music business isn't pushing.

Sydney's leading commercial pop radio station, 2SM, did begin playing "Pretty Vacant" and Radio Birdman's "New Race" in December, when interest in the new wave rose slightly due to Blondie's tour and the expected visit of Iggy Pop, but this was obviously just a purely commercial move to see if they could cash in on a successful overseas movement. When no reaction was forthcoming from their audience both singles were promptly dropped.

What is perhaps more disturbing is that the 'kids-on-the-street' are not well disposed towards punk rock. They have been on such a sophisticated, bland Californian diet for so long that anything as basic and aggressive as punk is rejected instantly. As far as they are concerned, new wave is synonymous with "crass, simple and stupid".

Social conditions are possibly a major factor in the ascendancy of easy-listening music, and the small following for punk rock.

Australia is the most affluent country in the world. Few people here have to live in depressing tower blocks, we have no serious racial problems, and the sun shines for three hundred days of the year. There's no tension or aggression in such an easy-going society. When four teenagers put together a band, they're far more likely to be inspired by The Eagles or Led Zeppelin than any radical desire to change things, or voice their rage through savage rock and roll.

Even now, when Austalia is in the middle of its worst depression since the '30s, and the unemployment level for the 16-25 year-old age-group is staggering, one would think that punk would take off — and it has, but only in a very small way.

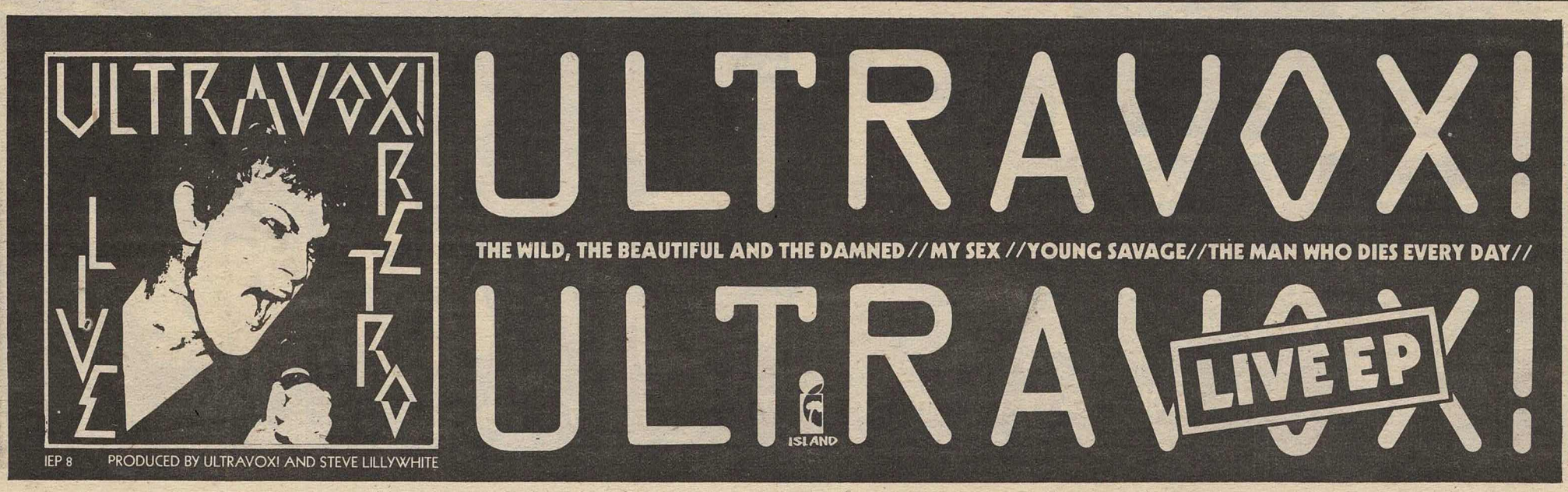
Nope, even when Johnny Dole shouts, "Stuff your rules!" to a frantic, pogoing audience at the Grand Hotel, Australia seems destined to remain the California of the West Pacific.

STEPHEN DOWSE

THE END

The Lone Groover — BENYON

DID Y'KNOW THEY'VE GOT THIS BOMB...
RILLY!
IT KILLS DUDES BUT LEAVES BUILDIN'S STANDIN'...
HUH! THAT'S TAKIN' TH' FUN OUT OF HOLOCAUSTS....
YEAH, AN' THEY GIVE EXPERIMENTAL DRUGS T' POOR LITTLE DOGGIES
BASTARDS! WHY CAN'T WE GET ANY?
LISTEN, MAN, I'VE BIN GETTIN STRONTIUM 90, OR SOMETHIN' IN MY TEA.....
I THOUGHT Y'WERE ON A DIET.....
IT'S RADIO ACTIVE...
ACTIVE? RADIO? NOT IN THIS COUNTRY.
OK! WHAT ABOUT CLONES, TH' NATIONAL FRONT UNEMPLOYMENT OR ATOMIC POWER STATIONS ETC ETC.
YAWNO!
HEY, WHAT'S TH' MATTER WITH YOU?
NUTHIN'—WHY CAN'T WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHIN' RILLY IMPORTANT?
LIKE WHAT?
—D'Y' THINK POWER POP HAS REPLACED PUNK?
OR WHOSE GONNA BE TH' NEW EDITOR OF.....
RIGHT! NOW WE'RE TALKIN'!
CAN IT BE? ARE TH' LIGHT BULBS IN IDEA BUBBLES GOIN' OUT ALL OVER EUROPE, OR IS IT TH' RAPID BREATH OF A NEW HEDONISM I FEEL AGAINST MY NECK?—CUT!—YAWN!


ULTRAVOX!
LIVE RETRO
IEP 8
PRODUCED BY ULTRAVOX! AND STEVE LILLYWHITE
ULTRAVOX!
THE WILD, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED // MY SEX // YOUNG SAVAGE // THE MAN WHO DIES EVERY DAY //
ULTRAVOX!
LIVE EP
ISLAND

An axe between the ears from Ted Nugent

The power and the majesty that invariably flattens Ted's blissfully drained American audiences, can be all yours . . . on 'Double Live Gonzo'.

Tracks include
Hibernation; Great White Buffalo; Baby, Please Don't Go; Stormtroopin' and Cat Scratch Fever

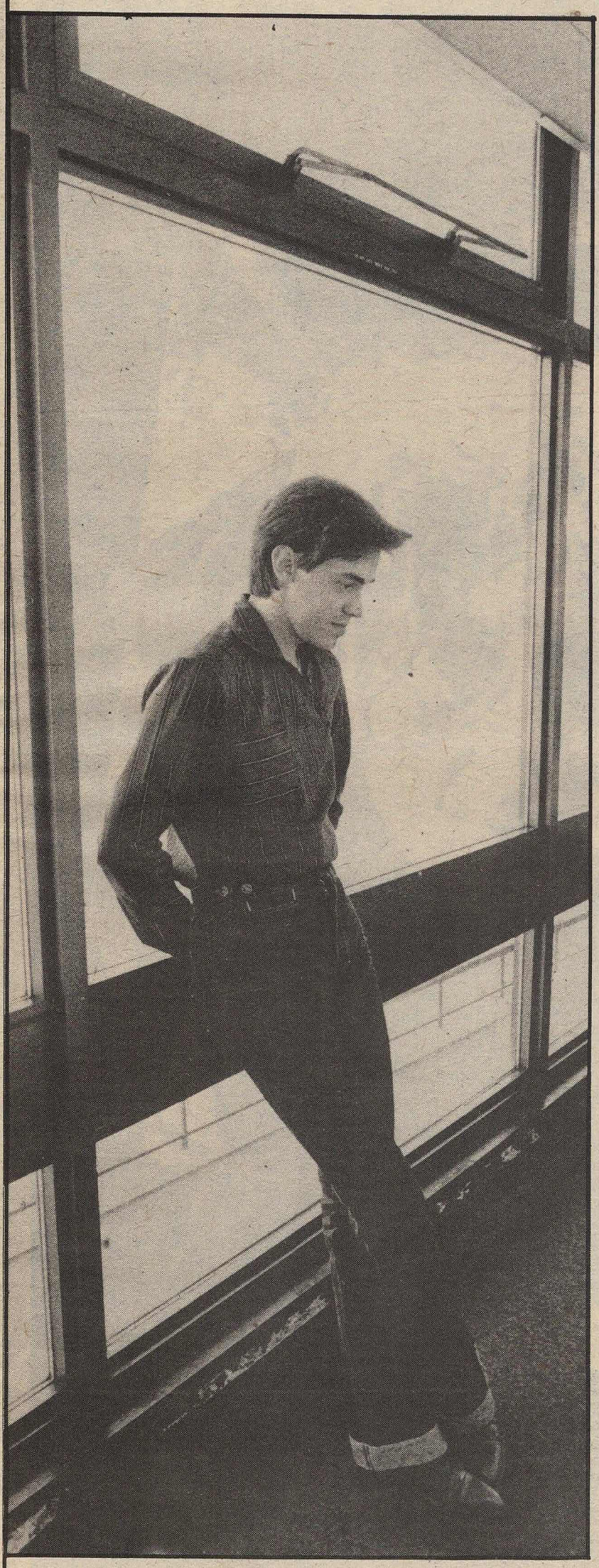
Produced by Lew Futterman & Tom Werman

Gonzo!

88282

Epic Records & Tapes

Bill Nelson Knows We're All Doomed...



But in the meantime what can a Yorkshire boy do but make records, play tours and uphold the artist's sanity?

STEVE CLARKE discusses the problems of being Be-Bop De Luxe in the modern age.

IT'S TYPICAL OF BILL NELSON that he considered something as drastic as knocking Be Bop Deluxe on the head last year, at the peak of the band's popularity. Reason? He felt they had got themselves in a rut.

"We didn't sit down and say, 'Let's split up'," reveals Nelson, in the tacky splendour of his Leicester Holiday Inn room. "But we thought we'd give it some time and if we didn't feel we were getting any further creatively we'd call it a day."

Another rethink is planned for June.

In the meantime, BeBop's latest platter "Drastic Plastic" has given Nelson and his cohorts the desired new enthusiasm.

To ensure that boredom is kept at bay, the current BeBop set is drawn largely from "Drastic Plastic", only "Forbidden Lovers" and "Fair Exchange" remaining from previous BeBop live repertoires. Also included is a number not yet released, but scheduled to appear soon on an EP made up of material left over from "Drastic Plastic".

BeBop watchers will recall that the new album was originally envisaged as a double, but the music business which Nelson so despises thwarted his plans.

"Before I turned professional," he states, the irony of the situation not apparent in his cold-stricken voice. "I'd done every creative thing I'd come up with — multi-media shows, poetry, mime, films . . . nobody ever put up any objections to any of them. I was given free range.

"Since I've turned professional I've lost a lot of faith."

Though Nelson had written ample material for four sides (21 songs, all of 'em penned last March), EMI, he says, refused to go along with his scheme for putting out the double album for the price of a single LP — even if the group financed it themselves. BeBop's management endorsed the band's plans but no dice.

Still, the company did point out that certain cuts seemed tailor-made to fit together on a single album. "When we listened to it we found a lot of it worked well as a unit," admits Bill.

Nelson had approached the songs from which "Drastic Plastic" was culled from a new stance; simple structures and lyrics that owed more to abstract ideas than personal experience. "The previous albums have been diaries — though I daresay I'm probably the only one capable of untangling them.

"Several songs on the new record were put together purely for their aural effect. There's nothing on the album which is difficult to play. Any band on the street could play it. It seems more difficult that it in fact is because of the way it was recorded.

"I wanted to do what wasn't expected. Everybody expected more long guitar solos, lots of overdubs, and lots of complexity."

NELSON'S DESIRE to get away from his guitar hero image — something which EMI seized on in marketing the group — is evident in BeBop's current stage act. Thankfully, these days there are no flame-throwing histrionics from Nelson's guitar. Instead a detectable wryness creeps into his onstage attitude towards himself as axe-man supreme. *(Pardon? — Ed.)*

But surely if BeBop are ever genuinely to make it into the Big League, playing down Nelson's guitar heroics isn't the way to go about it . . . "I would like to sell more records without having to appeal to the lowest common denominator," Bill explains. "If the band has any influence on its audience I hope it's in opening their ears up to different kinds of music.

"That's the kind of change I'd welcome — to actually change people's ears rather than make social changes. I'd like to stretch an audience's imagination, but without getting into silly flash histrionics."

Quite.

Nelson, avid readers will recall — last year he penned a feature for *NME* in which he harped on about the dubiousness of rock acts making social comment — has no truck whatsoever for the current trend which stresses 'attitude' before music. Tom Robinson was quick to take on Nelson's views soon after "Nelson's Column" and had his say in these very pages.

Cynical to the end, Nelson wasn't convinced by Robinson's reply. "When I first read that piece I did think he was an opportunist," he admits — although now, after hearing Robinson spout forth on numerous occasions to the media, he grudgingly concedes that Tom's "an honest enough guy".

Mind you, Bill's still a long way from plastering his Yamaha SG 2000 with Rock Against Racism stickers. "I tend to think the things Robinson's campaigning for are very basic things that everybody's aware of anyway. I'm much more in favour of anarchy than any constructive political thing. I'd rather disrupt than give solutions, 'cause I think that disruption in the long run throws people into enough panic to find real solutions. Independent solutions.

"I just throw up at the idea of people setting themselves up as . . . I used to be involved in a gospel band way back which did a lot of prison and borstal work . . . maybe I was soured by that. I met a lot of people who were very, very sincere, very devout Christians, but with this manic urge to convert all and sundry. (Witness BeBop's "Blazing Apostles" . . .)

"The whole idea of having to have people set themselves up as spokesmen seems immoral to me. Granted, it's necessary. A lot of kids pick up on these things from the press and without really knowing the implications of what they're doing go along with it 'cause it's fashionable.

"Tom Robinson's initial publicity was all to do with his politics. They were selling his records on his political leanings. I find that disgusting.

"To use people's emotional involvement with each other to sell records is criminal. I'm not attacking him personally — I think the actual basis of his campaign is admirable — it's just the way it's being presented.

"Tom Robinson's band is a band. It isn't just a bunch of campaigners. The music business is marketing his ideals like soap powder."

In Tom's reply to Bill's piece, he suggested that BeBop's music was inoffensive and thus tame compared to, say, The Sex Pistols'. Nelson angrily points out that it wasn't so much the Pistols' music which people found offensive, but rather their behaviour.

"I started out as a musician. Not to outrage people. Any outrages I can make are in musical terms, and they're not that obvious that they're going to be picked up by anyone anyway. They're subtle and they're not necessarily upfront. If anything, the Pistols' music is easier to digest than ours.

"If you played both to a middle-aged woman she'd probably go for The Sex Pistols 'cause it's easier to sing along to."

Wasn't Robinson's remark about the Pistols using the business more than any other act close to home?

"I don't know how much money they made out of it. Or what criteria they have for using the business. My criteria for using the business would be to get exactly what I wanted out of it without any compromise whatsoever. And obviously I've failed."

BE BOP'S CURRENT single, the Bowie-esque "Panic In The World", is yet another example of how EMI has messed with Nelson's creativity. As the title implies, the number deals with the familiar subject of late 20th Century doom. Totalitarianism is the order of the day, there's death and decay in the streets, etc. The way Nelson originally saw it, the song ends on an optimistic note with a couple escaping to find a brand new start after being put through the rigours of interrogation and other kinds of humiliation. In its edited form — the single version — "Panic In The World" ends in a pessimistic mood, the closing verse having been lopped off.

Surely such a song is making some kind of social comment, Bill?

"Yeah, but I'm making it in very ambiguous terms. I'm not being specific. It's hopefully still provoking thought within the grounds of it still being entertainment. I'm not saying follow this or that movement.

"All I'm saying is that this is a situation which is rapidly approaching — interrogation of individuals, particularly people with an individual way of thought."

But isn't this what Tom Robinson is saying?

"It might be," he chuckles. "The difference is I'm not selling records on it. I'm not using it as a stance.

"It's a very decadent thing to say, but in a way I'm saying I'm not that concerned with attitude. Basically I'm pessimistic that the world's doomed anyway. I'm more concerned with the atmosphere that a song like that creates mentally than any far-reaching results it might have. It's the effect of being faced with that inevitable decay that I find more interesting than any solution to it. I don't see any solution to it. If I did then I would be a Tom Robinson figure."

So the artist's role is not to correct society?

"No. It's to reflect and to express the artist's own inner world whatever that might be. To find your own limits and extremes. I'm not worthy to provide answers and basically I don't think anyone else is either."

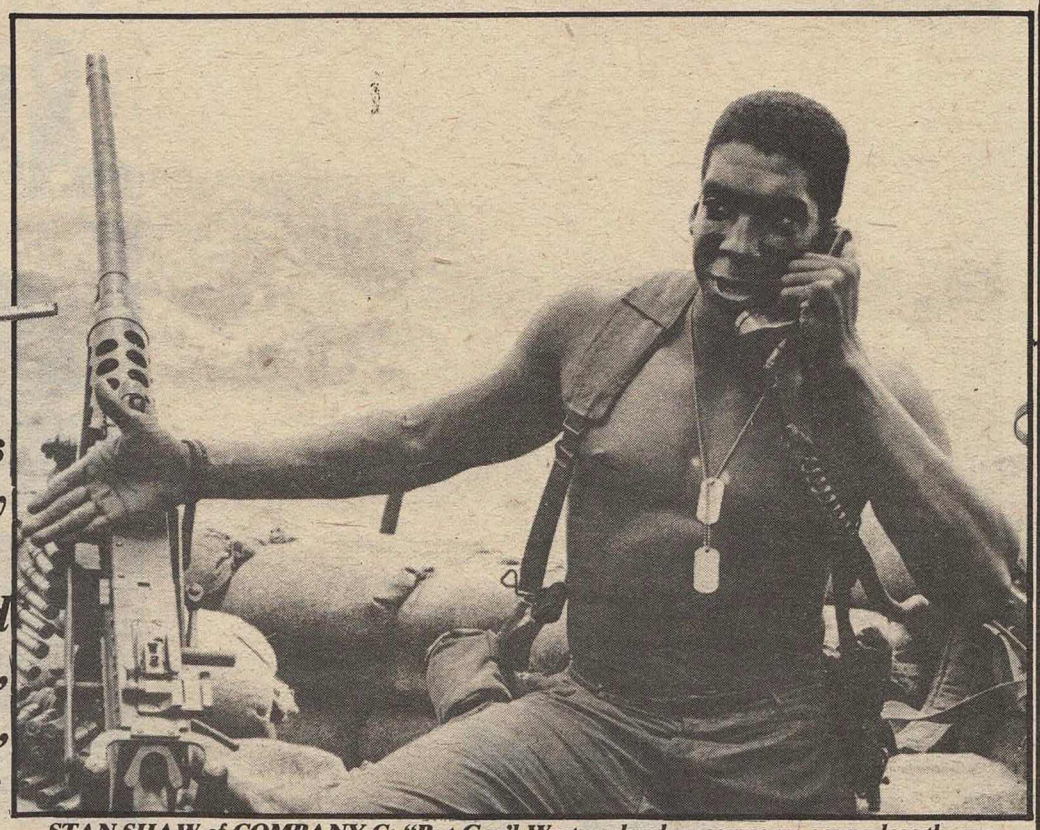
THE SAINTS
KNOW YOUR PRODUCT
NEW ALBUM
ETERNALLY YOURS
SNSP 4016
HARVEST
'THE LITTLE LABEL ON THE BIG RECORDS'

Death, Destruction, Darkness, Duels —the sound of breaking glass

SILVER SCREEN

AUSTIN STOKER takes aim in ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13

...spotlights a major new talent—stuff yer Scorsese and yer George Lucas, the man of the hour is, er, John Carpenter



STAN SHAW of COMPANY C: "But Gen'l Westmorland — course we gonna lose the war if our own kind shoot at us . . ."

Assault On Precinct 13 (X)

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Austin Stoker
(Miracle)

ANY JADED poppinjay who thinks that the familiarities of genre — the blues, the western the gangster movie — render it fit only for contemptuous camp and cannibalisation, has another think coming. *Assault On Precinct 13* is a genre masterpiece. All it really takes is a director like John Carpenter, who understands the function of familiarity, boosts off the shorthand speed of its assumptions, respects its symmetries, and the old indestructible armature will run like a yearling.

The plot is simple. A vast streetgang in a run-down neighbourhood of Los Angeles pledge themselves to terminal mayhem. A black police lieutenant is sent to supervise the closing down of a police station due for demolition. Three prisoners, including a murderer, are transferred from one state penitentiary to another by bus. A father and daughter set off by car to persuade mommy to come home. From these standard ingredients, Carpenter mixes the tastiest movie since Melville's *The Samurai*.

Everybody converges on the depleted Nick. The phones are off, the lights cut out, the gang attack, first posting notice of their kill-mission with a tribal presentation of blood and banner.

We learn nothing much about anybody, and we don't need to. The movie is not secretly about centaurs or existentialism or anything else but the masterly use of film. The lieutenant (Austin Stoker) tells the girl (Laurie Zimmer) one incident from his childhood — and remains as opaque as the murderer (Darwin Joston) who refuses to explain his bizzare christian name, Napoleon. The downbeat love affair between Joston and Miss Zimmer — a Hawksian hipness of shared cigarettes and respect, "you were pretty good in there" — is honed to the bone, judged to a nicety, and confident that the audience will bring their own colouring kit. No doubt the gang come from broken homes: they never speak.

The movie operates on cycles of tension and release. The sequence building from the conversation of father and daughter and ending with her death will take some beating for touch and timing. We hear the merry jingle of the ice-cream van, and see the nervous face of the salesman as he watches the ominously prowling car. The little girl buys an ice-cream and starts to skip back to her father, the car stops and unloads its silent cargo of death. Oh God, don't let her go back! — but back she skips for the blackest joke of the film: "I asked for vanilla ripple".

Successive waves of attack are imaginatively varied, with a particularly arresting ballet for bullets and stationery contrasting with the brutishly earthbound hand-to-hand struggle in the finale. Yes, it's a violent film, pump-guns and spouting bodies in the family-size, but it isn't sadistic. It's the tension you remember, not the carnage — the lieutenant frantically prising at the lock on the gun-box as the horde crash through the windows, the Group 'O' showerstorm on the squad car roof that finally — "doesn't sound like rain, sergeant" — alerts the outside world.

The script is properly functional, and can afford the odd quirkiness without breaking pace. The scene where the two prisoners find a childhood variant on tossing a coin — "I'm unlucky with coins. Let's do potato" — is preposterously effective. The leitmotifs and repeats of the dialogue are B-movie and proud of it. Joston, cuffed out of a chair by a brutal warder — "he don't sit so good" — gets his revenge with a looping lariat of chain — "and he don't stand so good either". As they never tire of telling him, he's got some fancy moves: an actor to watch.

As they say in the police recruitment posters, dull it isn't, and when the lights went up, Monty and I raised emphatic thumbs at each other, and will be remaining in journalism. Loved it.

Brian Case

Dark Star (A)

Directed by John Carpenter
Starring Dan O'Bannon

ONE OF THE films of the year — *Dark Star* — is at last getting a belated release, presumably due to the selling wave of SF movies. Although smaller scale than *Star Wars* or *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind* it is anything but a rip-off. Started seven years ago and completed in 1973 at a cost of 60,000 dollars (no noughts missing), *Dark Star* is a labour of love that looks like a million dollars (which contrasts with, say, the recent *King Kong*, that also looks a million, but actually cost 25 times that amount).

Dark Star is the name of a faster-than-light space ship 10 light years away from the earth that exists in order to blow up unstable planets with atomic bombs. As a further refinement of the 'smart' bombs used in Vietnam these devices can talk back (hence the Slogan 'Bombed out in space with a spaced-out bomb').

The message is that no matter how ritzy and refined man's technology gets, he will find the ways and means of ballsing things up. The three crew members are irritated with each other after 20 years in space (relativity being what it is they have only aged three years), their captain has been deep-frozen to keep his brain limping along after being accidentally electrocuted and the mission is held together by the ship's computer.

Despite echoes of previous SF movies (like *2001, Dr. Strangelove* and *Solaris*) *Dark Star* doesn't droop along as a cute and spoofy take-off. It is a witty and visually impressive film that is always one step ahead of its audience (you may be able to guess the ending, but the way it actually happens will take you by surprise). One of the crew members (Dan O'Bannon, of whom more later) gets involved in one of the best running gags ever as he tries to recapture the ship's alien mascot (a large beach ball with claws) that escapes during feeding time and hangs out in the ship's liftshaft area.

Dan O'Bannon, in addition to a starring role, also co-wrote *Dark Star*, edited and designed it and did the special effects work (later he worked on *Star Wars*).

The other prime mover is John Carpenter, who co-wrote, produced and directed it. Using their miniscule resources brilliantly, they have created a big film out of virtually nothing — a space yarn you can enjoy without having to forget that you have a brain between your ears.

Martin de Carteret

The Boys in Company C (X)

Directed by Sidney J. Furie
Starring Stan Shaw (EMI)

THE FIRST feature film on the Vietnam War, Sidney Furie's two-hour marathon relies mainly on narrative strengths rather than the diagnostic. We follow the fortunes of a bunch of raw recruits — the traditional ethnic mix — through the rigours of marine boot camp and into combat, and watch them variously reject the conditionings of patriotism in favour of self-preservation and brotherhood.

There's big, touchy Tyrone Washington (Stan Shaw), the bitter black who learns enough compassion to elbow a racket for smuggling back heroin in body bags, rechannels his ghetto-built combat ability into helping the boys get out alive. There's Vinnie Fazio (Michael Lembeck), the smartass Brooklyn-Italian, and his buddy, the bookish Alvin Foster (James Canning); *and* there's the good old country boy, Billy Ray Pike (Andrew Stevens), whose love of contact sports takes a body blow when he discovers that much of America's Vietnam campaign jess ain't cricket.

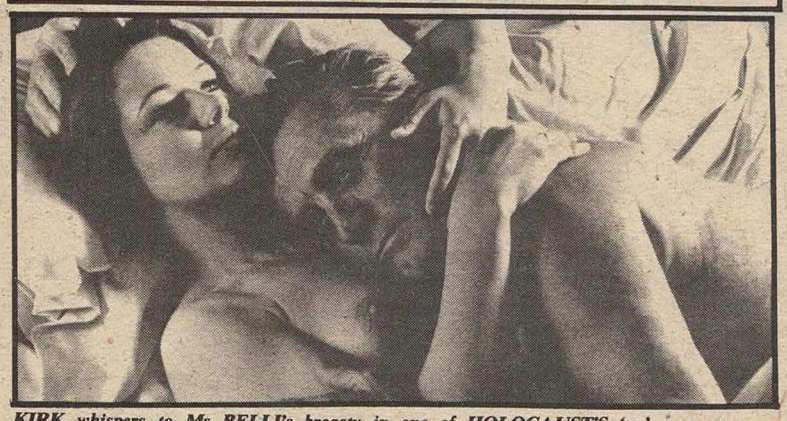
An old-fashioned film in many way, it occasionally coquets with the radicalisms of *Catch 22* and *M*A*S*H*. The boys invent a fictitious victory by zoning in the massed hardware onto an unoccupied hill, and, back at base, blow up the general's caravan; apart from that, the movie's heart is securely in James Jones territory.

The director resists flashbacks, so the love interest — wholesome buddiness apart — is as thin on the ground as Vietnamese agriculture after Westmorland.

Brian Case

Holocaust 2000 (X)

Starring Kirk Douglas, Agostina Belli and Simon Ward
Directed by Alberto de Martino (Rank)



KIRK whispers to Ms BELLI's breasty in one of HOLOCAUST'S 'up' moments.

THE BIGGEST sock of this movie is seeing movie icon Kirk Douglas running nude through a desert, writhing hysterically in a whitewall asylum and generally kicking over the traces. The disaster, demon and suspense film merge in *Holocaust* as plans to build a Third World thermonuclear reactor become inextricably linked with the Antichrist, a nasty piece of work which Simon Ward handles well. Much hailed as the first of many Anglo/Italian productions, it has the freshness of a spaghetti western but lacks Clint Eastwood's considerable presence. Recommended for stale brains.

Dick Tracy

The Duellists (A)

Directed by Ridley Scott
Starring Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel
(Paramount)

REMEMBER THAT recent run of Hovis ads, those painstaking recreations of old England? They were the work of Ridley Scott, who makes his big screen directorial debut with this adaptation of a Joseph Conrad short story rather unsurprisingly entitled "The Duel".

Trouble is, Scott hasn't really managed to throw off the Hovis mantle. In much the same way that his TV shorts conveniently ignored the harshness and sheer drudgery of town and country life at the turn of the century, so his full length film conveniently ignores the tough, bitter kernel of Conrad's work.

Set in the Europe of the Napoleonic Wars, *The Duellists* follows the fortunes of two French hussars as, for reasons that are never publicly disclosed, they fight a series of duels.

How much of the original, apparently factual tale's dilution is due to Gerald Vaughan-Hughes' script and how much to Scott and/or the inadequacies of his cast is hard to assess. Conrad's lowering fatalism and finely honed characterisation is almost totally absent here.

Keith Carradine is drearily unconvincing as the aristocratic D'Hubert, especially since he retains his American accent; Harvey Keitel fares somewhat better as the monomanic Feraud, cutting a nicely cramped, embittered figure. Sunday colour supplement starlet Diana Quick plays Laura, D'Hubert's onetime love in the field, and would doubtless have made more of an impression in a role that required less breast beating (and, for that matter, showing).

As an authentic period piece, *The Duellists* is well nigh impeccable. All the brass, buckles, belts and buttons are present and very correct, but Ridley's insistence on cluttering every outdoor scene with 'significance' is plain irksome.

Impressive though his visual feel for landscape may be (time and time again he shows beautiful views of countryside under immense sweeps of sky), it's hard to resist the notion that he's choreographed every goose, sheep and cow in sight, that he's rented light planes to sow just that much more rain over to the north-west, that he's even realigned whole avenues of trees with complex arrays of rope and pulley in an attempt to have everything just so. More important, it's very unlikely that any film maker, let alone Scott, is going to surpass the pastoral lyricism of Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*.

Still, the duels themselves are tightly and realistically arranged, all too isolated moments of tension, and the ending's pleasantly unexpected.

But that's not enough, particularly when Conrad's story suggests that so much more could have been made of the character conflicts, of the strange obligations of honour and the equally peculiar pressures of waging wars by gentlemanly rulebook. Scott's rosy romanticism leaves a sweet taste that soon turns sour.

Angus MacKinnon

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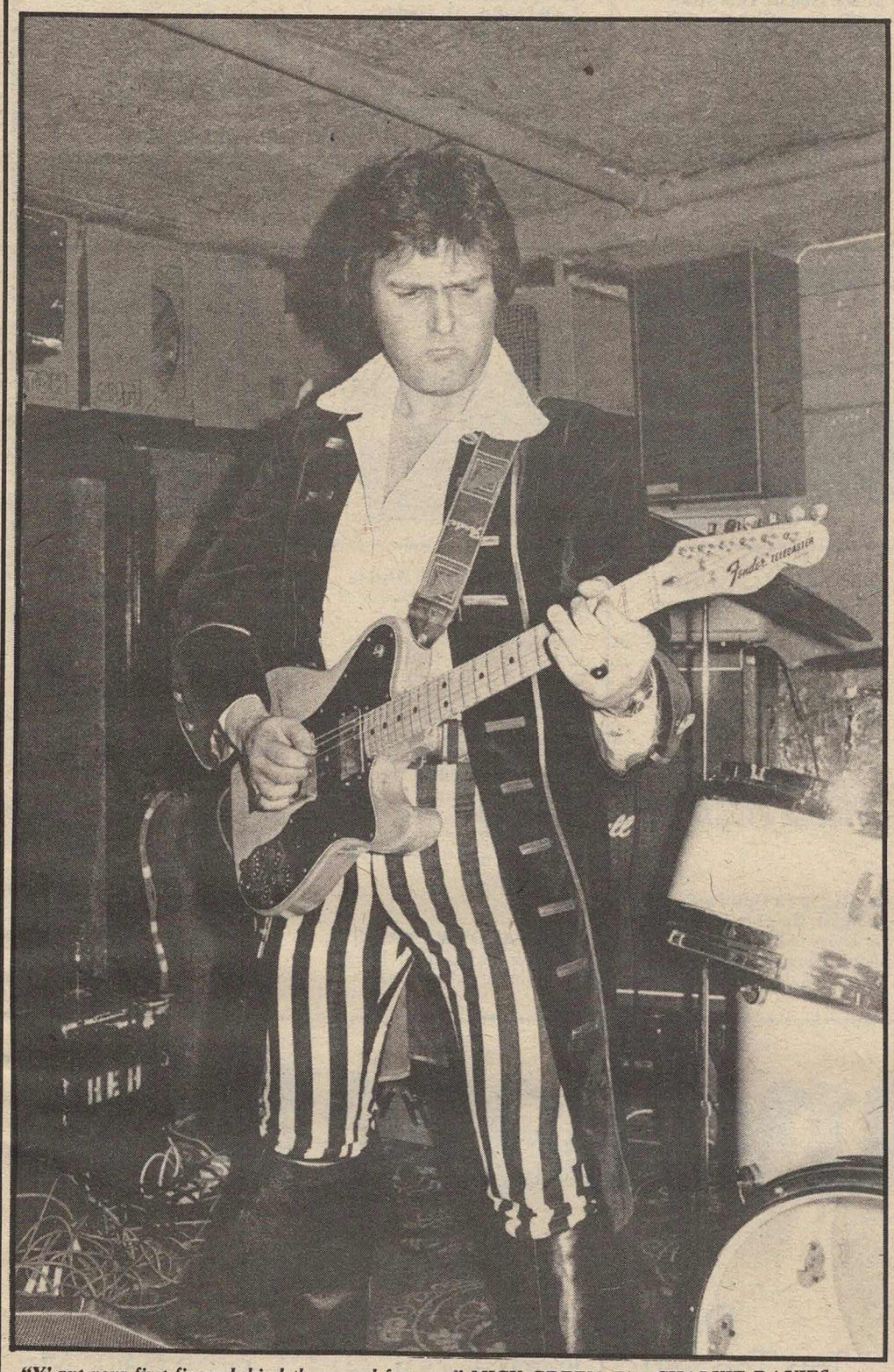
WHSMITH

Very good news

SINGLES



"'Y' put your first finger behind the second fret . . ." MICK GREEN. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE PIRATES: All In It Together (Warner Bros). A strum-along guitar intro invites you to swan around the room before the others crash in mob-handed. There's no question, this is the one because it's about rock'n'roll, it *is* rock'n'roll and it sounds terrific. From electric intro on in it's balls in a vice-like time and you either surrender or go away. I'm sure it's cynical as hell *("We're all in it together/Don't it make you wanna spew")*, something about always being taken for a ride and following the band who shouts the loudest. Whatever, the change of gear a third of the way through is a real liver splitter. I'll tell you who's following The Pirates this week — effin' everybody, that's who. Mick Green, Johnny Spence and Frank Farley-piss on egotists, diarrhoearists and-ists in general forever, from as great a height as possible.

THE VERY CLOSE BUT THE CIGAR'S NOT LIT AWARD

JOHNNY MOPED: Darling, Let's Have Another Baby (Chiswick). These lads have come on a pace since the Roxy album if this smashing Berk song, is anything to go by. Imagine a godawful C&W jerker taken at a leisurely, ever-so-slightly punky clunk-a-chunk: *"If you ever leave me, I'll cry a million tears/I'll go to the nearest boozer and drink ten pints of beer."* You know tongues are bursting through cheeks but it's done quite straight, making it all the more effective. A happy ending, too: *"When we have another baby/I'll be quite happy to wash and change its nappy."* As a bonus, there's a clean,

neat rendition of Big Eddie's "Something Else" on the flip, plus "It Really Digs" in which a Derek or Clive character says, briefly, that he hates the world but he loves himself.

SOME AMERICAN WEIRDOS

STUMBLEBUNNY: Bad Habits (Slip-Shod EP). Producer Chris Robinson was in the New York Dolls Mk. II together with Peter Jordan, and Robinson has written three of these four songs. None of them's much cop. There are Wild Man Fischer — you know, all maniac assertion — vocals on "I Can't Remember," wherin our hero forgets what he did last night. Me too. With a late show soundtrack, "Valium" is a soap opera for the benefit of the protagonist's doctor. "Bad Habits" is duff and "Tonite" sounds as bad as it's spelled.

KIM FOWLEY: Control (Mercury). Believe Mr. Fowley likes to do it with ducks, in all positions. He's your sink, he's a robot, he is the crazy, he ain't your dog. He's in control. He reckons. Crap with a bloody great S.

PATTI SMITH: Hey Joe (Version) (Sire). Warpo Patti's 'version' of "Hey Joe" seems to be about Patty Hearst spreading for a well-hung black revolutionary. Not too many laughs here, despite Tom Verlaine being on lead guitar. Seventy-three minutes of "Piss Factory" on the flip which we all love, or not. A grand, sweeping social commentary in the finest Zola tradition, in which all the characters wind up pregnant and get run over by a bus in the end.

LEILA & THE SNAKES: Rock'n'Roll Weirdos (Asp). Imported from San Francisco, Jane Dornacker gobs at Life Itself. Female Tubes, I guess. A little bit queasy, cheesy and greasy (they said it). Nice bums, though. On the B ("Pyramid Power") you can get deep into her crypt, if you like.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY MONTY SMITH

DOGGONE MY SOUL, HOW I LOATHE THEM OLD SONGS . . .

LEIF GARRETT: Runaround Sue (Atlantic). A 16-year old turnip who makes Dion's original seem HM and what he does to "California Girls" on the B doesn't bear thinking about. This guy must've been brought up on candyfloss in Disneyland. Sooty and Sweep, Pinky and Perky, you name it, could have done better. Leif it alone.

SAM & DAVE: We Can Work It Out (Contempo). The Beatles' song taken at a lugubrious pace (quick check on turntable speed) by the blokes who floored everyone with "You Don't Know Like I Know" and "Hold On, I'm Coming" 13 years ago. Those first two hits are performed on the flip, somewhat perfunctorily.

MICK WHITAKER: When A Man Loves A Woman (Rubber). Jeez, I was never remotely a soul freak but even I know that Sam and Dave have blown it and that this guy rilly, rilly (I mean that most sincerely) messes on Percy Sledge's dirge. Sludge ain't the word.

ANTHONY WHITE: I Can't Turn You Loose (Salsoul). And the blips keep on coming. Otis Redding's song as a blaring *Starsky And Hutch* theme song, fast and crude plus strings and choir.

GEORGE BENSON: On Broadway (Warner Bros). The Mann/Leiber/Stoller/Weil/Crosby/Stills/Bob/Ted/Carol and Nash classic turned into a sell-out show-filler cop-out, all easy funk and scuzzy scat singing.

UNCLE SAM: Oh, Pretty Woman (Ariola). As if Roy Orbison (and your humble scribe) hadn't suffered enough, this is rendered as pure poisonous disco dreck.

RIGBY: The House Of The Rising Sun (Logo). Chuck it all in — Santa Esmeralda handclaps, "You Really Got Me" fuzz chords, watery synths and some dozy bints bleating breathlessly. A hit.

QUEBEC: Mama Roux (Harvest). Canadian outfit (just guessing) turning Dr. John's honourable song into an anonymous bleepy bash.

VAN HALEN: You really Got Me (Warner Bros). Had high hopes of this one, but the longhaired LA trio contrive, by use of tricksy wah-wah, overemphatic percussion and Method-school vocals, to turn Ray Davies' magnificently simplistic blitz into something akin an anal Rush extravaganza — and all in two minutes 36. The Count Bishops' "I Need You" reigns supreme as the best non-Kinks Kinks song.

. . . UNLESS THEY'RE DONE RIGHT

THE TROGGS: Wild Thing (Lightning Old Gold). From the moment the needle hits the deck, Reg and his Andover Androids deliver sheer perfection, Chip Taylor's song being given all kinds of sexual connotations amidst the trebly rhythm and tuppenny-flute solo. Reg's own "With A Girl Like You" graces the flip, all two minutes of it, still sounding like a demo out-take. Great.

When can we have "I Can't Control Myself"? That's always good for a giggle. Power Pop? Wassat?

POINTS WEST, POINTS EAST

DEBBY BOONE: California (Warner Bros). From the home of mighty Burbank, a Product of Mike Curb Productions (it says on the label). Yes, the same Mike Curb who, when MGM's president, publicly dropped all 'druggie' acts from his label in 1970, except Eric Burdon because he was still selling records then. Ms Boone delivers the yukky words *("Everyone out here is pretty . . ."* — yeah, pretty *boring)* in a weak, personality-minus voice as we are told that *"The laid-back way of living makes you feel all kinds of good."* Give that writer a rise! Unfortunately, musically (strings and cocktail piano aside) it bears a passing resemblance to The Byrds' excellent "Gunga Din".

DUESENBERG: California (Polydor). Oooh-pa-pa-oooh intro before weedy Krauts (just taking a wild guess) attempt a balls-less Beach Boys pastiche, place name-dropping all over the shop. Produced by Wolfgang Schleiter, so you *vill* enjoy.

U.S.A.U.K.: California Bound (MAM). Some berk's going home to *"The sweetest little gal in San Francisco town"* in a muddy awful blend of cabaret and disco. Arranged by Karl Jenkins apparently.

SPLINTER: New York City (Who Am I?) (Dark Horse). A friend of Hari Georgeson's, mate, otherwise you wouldn't be in the studio with Norbert Putnam. Anyhow, the tough, gritty city *("A guy who's trying to hustle you for bread . . ."* — wot, bleedin' bakers on strike again?) is presented by Sphincter in as bland and drippy a way as the Californian Chamber of Commerce merchants above.

AND POINTS IN BETWEEN

LINDA CASSADY: Little Teardrops (CK All-American). Pure C&W hoke: *"Teardrops are smarter than you think/Tho' they come and go in a blink/It's a wonder they know/When to stop and when to flow"* Lotsa steel guitar and very, very funny.

BOBBY BARNETT: Burn Atlanta Down (CK All-American). Gee, that's what I call real genuine radicalism, eh, boy!? Not exactly. Mr. Barnett merely wonders whether he'll have to burn Atlanta down to find his erring baby. More C&W schlock-rock horror phew what a whimper.

■ *Continues over page*

MY GENERATION IS DEGENERATION!
SLAM
The Album
POW 001
'I Hate School' The Single
POGO 02
ON TOUR
13th March Village Bowl, Bournemouth
16th March Peoples Club, Norwich
17th March Barbarellas, Birmingham
23rd March Review at Rafters, Manchester
31st March Sandpipers, Nottingham
New, from Suburban Studs

SINGLES

■ *From previous page*

THREE ESCAPEES FROM THE LA ASYLUM (OR OUT ON WEEKEND PASSES ANYWAY).

ANDREW GOLD: Never Let Her Slip Away (Asylum). Beach Boys' "Do It Again" at half-speed. Mr. Gold (son of Mr. Exodus) blows it every which way. The first album was cute, the second clever, but if this is an example of the third .

WARREN ZEVON: Werewolves Of London (Asylum). A jolly nonsense piece which appears to concern Chinese takaways and those mutilation murders so popular amongst young Californians. Nicely played, of course, but the sum total adds up to sweet FA. Sweet Nick Kent reckons the flip ("Tenderness On The Block") but it all sounds the same to me — dead naff.

JACKSON BROWNE: You Love The Thunder (Asylum). Thankyou Jackson, producer of Warren, for sharing all your pain with us mere mortals. "Cocaine" is on the other side, if you fancy a sniff.

GIVE ME JOHN FORD, EVERY TIME

DEAN FORD: The Fever (EMI). Lethargic reading of B. Spongebean's song, Dean's light West Coast inflection entirely inappropriate.

JOHN FORDE: Atlantis (EMI). "Stardance" was John's previous single, apparently, and now he plunges the depths in an abortive attempt to avoid all the other SF/DISCO rip-offs. It's limp, wet and still smells worse than stepping on a jelly fish. This week alone there are half a dozen disco stompers with either "Space" or "Super" in the title. They order you to dance. They're mindless, insidious, dangerous and incredibly depressing.

SOME OF THE REST

MENACE: G.L.C. (Small Wonder). *"You hate it and the kids in the shop love it,"* says Pete in his scribbled note from Small Wonder. I don't hate it, I just think it's funny: good ol' headbanging-on-low-ceilings punk, the chorus *("GLC, GLC, GLC — you're full of shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit"* delivered so fast that the object of their ire comes across as Chelsea. Wotch it dahn the Shed, lads. If they're serious, then this is a joke — but if it's a parody, it's brilliant, down to the rhyming of magistrate with masturbate and the 'Fuk Orf The World' etched next to the matrix number. Now look, let's not get high-handed about this but so long as the Labour Party are in power then I don't worry overmuch about petty bureaucrats in regional government. And if, as seems likley the Blue Rinsed Iron Maiden does emerge as a serious contender for Downing St. then I'll leave it to the deeply felt chauvinism and influence of the working/unemployed man (remember the three day week?) to sort things out. Are we not men?

RADIO BIRDMAN: What Gives (Sire). The Assies catch up to Brit-rock a year late (as usual). Fast, raucous and God knows/sod cares what it's all about. Very tame, really, and no chewn.

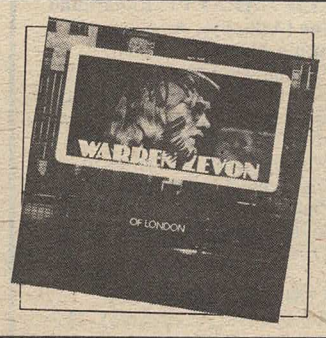
JOHNNY COUGAR: I Need A Lover (Riva). You need an arranger, mate, never mind a lover. Very dramatic, like *Crossroads* in Panavision. On his side, Cougar's got a cultured gruff voice, some session men who know when to start and stop and lots of . . . er . . . extravagant publicity, so this could well be a hit. Let's hope not, it's dead boring.

VINCE CADILLAC: Memory Lane (Satril). Should've had a silly names category, shouldn't we? Still, Vince's vocal is immaculately produced, like he's standing in the room next to you. Real John Barry propulsions and the all-in chorus is OK, too. Good pop record, so I won't mind if this is a hit.

JOHNNY PAYCHECK: Take This Job And Shove It (Epic). Hard-ass country, well produced by Billy Sherill, and a great shame that it doesn't quite live up to that great title.

ADVERTISING: Stolen Love (EMI). Don't think even Billy J. Kramer (or Philip K. Dick) would've bothered with this, a melted popsicle that falls into the muddy morass between the Beats of Mersey and Thames. "Suspender Fun", on the flip, delivers it all in the title.

SUBS: Gimme Your Heart (Stiff): On Stiff's new 1-Off label, a Larry Wallis neo-production all the way from Scotland. Neanderthal Man drumming from Ali Mackenzie and vocalist Callum Cuthbertson sounds suitably disgruntled. Not one of Stiff's great moments, tho' there's a nice Buddy Holly touch to the B-side, "Party Clothes".



KOOLSKOOL: I Can't Hide (MCA). Clever stuff. I mean, it's not exactly a working class "Bohemian Rhapsody", but it all fits. Actually, it's better than that — neat intro, good chewn, plenty of dynamics. The lead vocals are apositely balanced between being strained and matter of fact. Superior pop and sure as hell beats Abba. Played it six times and managed to keep my lunch down.

BIJOU: Si Tu Dois Partir (Philips). Never cared much for Dylan in English, so why should I go bananas over "If You Gotta Go (Go Now)" done in garage-band French? Better than the Fairports hit in Froggy ten years ago, but worse than all those old Manfred Mann 'versions'.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND: Mighty Quinn (Bronze). Woops-a-bleedin' daisy, here they are now and a bit of an on-going non-event situation it is, too. Is it really live or is that audience reaction just tacked on? Hard to tell, since it's so messy. Don't usually go in for such drastic measures, but come back Mike D'Abo . . .

THE PALEY BROTHERS: Ecstasy (Sire EP). Boston's Paley Bros are as yummy looking as Peter Frampton clones and come across like the Alessis. Astonishingly wet but then guitarist Jonathan *did* play with J. Richman and keyboardist Andy served time with Patti Smith. Four songs, all sounding like Phil Spector demos with a kind of rickety fence of sound. I realise the '60s are where it's at, man, but these guys obviously learned *nuttin'*.

SHOWADDYWADDY: I Wonder Why (Arista). Really pisses me off when these people are compared to Darts. who are genuine innovators/archivists. Showaddywaddy are pappy puppets, straight out of the Opp Knox-supper club circuit who are making one last ditch for rock credibility with this, an obvious attempt to emulate Darts' vocal pyrotechnics — and falling flat on their waddies in the process.

THE DESPERATE BICYCLES: New Cross, New Cross (Refill EP). Six tracks at 33⅓ rpm for 70p — great! But the Bicycles can't even tune their own instruments. Maybe that's great, too, though the bassist, woefully inadequate, is a real aspirin job. Throughout, they sound like Mungo Jerry on a Monday morning, and the irony contained in some of the songs (which are all duff) is tres heavy. Sounds OK at 45 though.

SNATCH: All I want (Lightning). Patti Palladin and Judy Nylon sound like the GTOs, all sweet schoolgirl sneering. All women have a great man behind them (GTOs had Zappa), but Snatch don't appear to have anyone. Recorded a year ago and it shows.

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JILL FURMANOVSKY

DAVE MUSCROFT

By BRIAN CASE

A GOOD TWO HOURS before the gig, Rock Against Racism musters its muscle. All shapes and sizes, they line the walls of the long low conference chamber, and listen.

An RAR spokesman, himself one size smaller than Europe, explains that the problem will be separating the head cases from the rest. Along with the regular hate mail, they've had notice that the National Front intend to put in an appearance.

"We want a real skinhead on the door to welcome them," says an organiser, and a big bashful lad shuffles his feet embarrassedly as a steward's armband is tied around his bicep. Everybody's grinning at him — blokes big as Easter Island statues from the Royal Group of Docks and the Building Workers Union, hairy heavies from the Students Union, a handful of fellow skinheads, and here and there the odd improbability. Catching the eye, a dragonfly among boulders, a pretty ginger girl in an untucked shirt, pink lurex stockings and green artillery boots, nobody's each-way forecast to whup her weight in guppies, further education in pressure points maybe.

The problem at The Roundhouse and at LSE was because the stewards were left on their own," says the organiser. "We're gonna avoid anybody getting isolated here by issuing you with whistles."

"What about the flatted water?" whispered someone from behind his hand, but nobody really felt this council of war was an overreaction. Central London Polytechnic — already under student occupation on the overseas grants issue — had bitten off a mouthful. Apart from a potential flare-up between RAR and the National Front whose Ilford march had been banned, there were at least a couple of kerosene dumps in the juxtaposition of punks, skinheads and West Indians who would be clocking in for the mixed musical fare.

Topping the bill was Sham 69, whose occasionally violent skinhead following had already gone over the top at The Roundhouse and hit the national papers with a cossack showing at the London School of Economics. Sham were sharing the bill with Misty, a reggae band from Southall. Whistles seemed the least that one could do.

I toured the emplacements, moving through the chaos of leads and sockets and feedback in the dance hall — a 40 foot crimson RAR banner moving like the Chinese New Year through the toiling technicians — and out into the lobby. The shy skinhead was in position beside one of those professional bouncers in a bow-tie who always look like Joe Don Baker, and can move all that matt white overweight in on you before you can clear the holster.

The back door was down to Misty. A group of blacks in bulls-eye woolly hats were unconcernedly playing dominoes, slapping the little rectangles down on the table like firecrackers. "They're not necessarily the biggest," laughed their co-ordinator. "Just the bravest."

"Well, I'm not lending my eggcup for Ludo," I tell him, and glancing out into New Cavendish Street, cop for a line of policemen placed by Polydor. By now there's a fair-sized queue chomping at the bit in the drizzle. I get comprehensively stamped and go outside to talk to them.

"We've come to see a good group."

"See the band, innit."

"We don't cause the trouble. It's the punks. They spit at us, frow cans. We're not gonna start nuffink. We're on trial."

THEY'RE STANDING about there, Sham's skinhead following up from Essex, Brixton, Peckham, and I would go bail that they've taken Jimmy Pursey's ultimatum to heart: any trouble, and he'll never play London again. We all file in at the door teamhanded, self the elderly skinhead in the coal scuttle hat.

"Oo's gettin' searched? Just us or them punks an' all?" says a skinhead, but the search for weaponry is regardless of race, religion and barnet.

I talk to Tony Barker and Dave 'Sticko' Stickson. What do they ask for down the barbers? "I ask for a Number One Crop," says Tony. "This is me Number Two 'cos I've got a coupla court appearances. Freatening behaviour on the terraces. I only gotta say 'Gorr — leave it aht, Referee!' and they do me. Old Bill nicked me for Watford at 'ome."

Both of them live for The Hammers and Sham 69.

"Sham 69 are for the people. They make sure everybody has a good time, not like the punks. Johnny Rotten don't care, 'ee loves violence. Jimmy Pursey tries to stop it. Punks are stoopid — earrings froo the marf and nose and that." They're wearing a single earring each, a memento of the England-Scotland match.

And the National Front?

"I agree wiv some of it, but I'd vote Conservative. Stop more coming in, but those that're 'ere — it's just as much their country."

I talk to a black girl. She's wearing a bowtie, a suit jacket, and has plaited her hair into antlers. Darla Gilroy, studying design at Brighton Art College: "I'm just a person. It's other people who make you feel you're a black, not a person. I'm me."

In the lobby a crossover skinhead limps awkwardly, a dog's lead clipped around his knees. A student hands a pamphlet to a tatooed Hammer supporter, *Mad Micks And Englishmen* by Eammon McCann, produced by Pirate Jenny. "Can't fit it in, nah," says the skinhead.

I study the print on the Rock Against Racism stall. A Sham 69 poster quotes Jimmy Pursey: "We believe that black and white should live together. We are making this stand at this gig to say that."

In fact, punk's political attitudes on the race issue are a good deal more savoury than their predecessors'. Leafing through *Temporary Hoarding*, RAR's newspaper, I find J. Rotten — "no-one should have the right to tell anyone they can't live here because of the colour of their skin or their religion or whatever, the size of their nose"; Joe Strummer — "all we think about the blacks is we ain't gonna start blaming them for things they shouldn't be blamed with" — lined up against a blues-based Clapton, an insouciant Bowie and absentee patriot, Stewart.

Actually, since the rachets of the Immigration Act are already as tight as they can go, the only possible depopulative move would be forced repatriation, and since emigration has exceeded immigration since the Second World War, this would seem loopy. Have the newcomers destroyed the British way of life? Well, I don't know that I'd hold them answerable for the demise of the brown penny, feet 'n inches, the sovereignty of Westminster, the leafy lane, the healthy rabbit and the rentable value of Centre Point, and I'm plumb certain I don't want my head sent back to Ireland and my ass to Wales.

Most of the skinheads sit out the opening groups, eyes down for a dish of Telfers and chips, adams-apples up for a can of McEwans. There's a few overcoats, windcheaters, a quorum of big-check shirts, braces and turnup jeans, the unavoidable Dr. Martins. With stoic working class courtesy, a skinhead holds the door open for a punk bird, stands well clear of this irregular contraption, and finally lifts his eyes to dip the wink to his mates: oy-oy.

ABRUPTLY, THERE'S a lemming-rush to the bandstand. JIMMY'S ON! Tall, sinewy Jimmy Pursey of the no-shit, straight-up, easy-scrapers-lady, tell-yer-wot-I'll-do arrangement of physiognomy you'll find behind the brussel sprouts in hairnets on any barrow in The Smoke, and now clearly tense and watchful. He grabs the mike. "The Press are 'ere and they want trouble," he shouts. "We're gonna disappoint them!"

A forest of arms shoot up: "SHAM SHAM SHAM!"

Like a plaited cross between Esalen and a totem pole, skinheads cluster on stage.

Jimmy Pursey, well into his first number, disappears from view. A vast security geezer in scimitar sideboards and a Confederate T-shirt parks his chips, and, invading the stage, patiently lowers the lads in armfuls to the dance floor as if bucolically bringing in the sheaves. There is no trouble.

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES

CK AGAINST ISM

Scuttlebutt has it that the Front are in, but apart from a little antiphonal chanting — "What We Got? Fuck All / National Front!" — their contribution is indistinguishable from the general sing-along.

Each number starts with the singer, now shirtless, poling himself into the air on the microphone, while his shorn amen corner twine like bombsite convolvulus around the stage. The attack of the band compares favourably with a pneumatic-drill handler on bonus.

"IT'S THE first gig I've ever been tense. Ever." Jimmy Pursey, a coupla days later, collarless dicky-dirt, braces. "There was so much pressure on me before I went on. It was like bein' locked in a cage wiv a loada lions, right. I was the lion-tamer who knew he could control them — but also they could attack him and eat him. I just went aht there and give it one. I knew that it could work. I knew that them kids are just like anybody else if you treat 'em in the right respect. Wiv respect, they respect you.

"It made my day. Because I'd said it'd be the last time we played London if there was any trouble. A lot hung on me, you know. We was the ones who was sacrificing ourselves by that statement, and we proved a point."

Likeable, animated, this bloke could rabbit for Britain. He's honest all right, no lead under these scales, nor thumb in the pan.

"LSE? They couldn't 'andle a punk band, no idea. They kept 'em locked aht in the cold, and they had no security. What else do you expect from street kids? It was obvious something like that was gonna 'appen. I'm not saying the kids who follow us are a band of angels, but I believe that's what punk is abaht anyway. If you ain't got them coming to your gigs, then you ain't playing to the right people, are you?"

Correct. On the current Dow-Jones Index of Street Credibility, Sham's following is gilt-edged. Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall would fit right in there, minus beanies. Jimmy's just completed a new song to his supporters, inspired by the old Cagney movie:

'Angels With Dirty Faces,
Kids From Nowhere Places,
Kids Like Me And You.'

"I'm a very lucky person in the sense that I can speak on lots of different fings, and that's why I can do fings that the kids'd love to do, but can't. That's absolutely fantastic! As long as I say the right fings that they want me to say, well —"

He broke off to reconsider. His identification with his audience is total, which has its drawbacks and its responsibilities. The commitment to RAR was something of a leap in the dark, and could've left the Lads well choked.

"No, I'm not always gonna be able to say the right fings, because I believe in some fings and they might not. That's because I'm Jimmy Pursey. I'm not exactly the same, but, on the whole, I'm probably the same as the majority on what they WANT to be."

Which brought us to the problem of Sham 69's National Front-struck followers.

"Rock Against Racism approached me, probably because of the type of kids we get to our gigs," says Jimmy. "Me doing a gig like that would influence them. Now what I'm worried abaht today is the kids are going either one way or the uvver, see. They're not going dahn the middle — and they should be. That's terrible! They should be looking at both sides of fings, but they're either going, 'I'm a National Front', or 'I'm a Socialist Worker Party'.

"I come from a little industrial town in Surrey — Hersham — nuffing spectacular. There, you'll get a lotta kids growing up like me that don't really give a monkey's about what's going on, because we're not in an environment that's affecting us. The places where it is — that's where the kids are going one way or the uvver. So I can never EVER say to a kid, 'Right — I want you to do this', because that immediately makes you a leader and a dictator at the same time. People who're the heads of those two groups are dictators — even if they're Communists. Russia and China have already proved that. That's why I can't say, Do this, Do that. I can only suggest fings. That's why I believe in freedom of speech, right?

"I'm probably more of a democrat than anyfing else.

"Now, where them kids come from, they're domineered by their mums and dads telling 'em what to believe. You know as well as I do that from the age of five, say, when you start speaking, to the age of 17, your views on life are nearly everyfing your mum and dad have said to you, because you look up to them. So the kids turn rahnd and go 'My dad says bloody black bastards'. That's it. Now, when they get to 18, they go 'Well — I dunno really'. They don't know what the National Front is abaht. It gives them a label, so they latch onto it, right? Like the way they latched onto spitting. They didn't know what they was spitting abaht — someone spits and everybody spits.

"At one point in punk you coulda made a lotta money outa spitting, collecting gob, like. It just shows how pathetic it was. So I might see a coupla kids go 'Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil', but that's just like Joey goes Sieg Heil so four or five others do it."

IN MANY WAYS, Jimmy Pursey comes on like the custodian of punk values, scornful of the sell-out, refusing to trade the beat-up band van and the one-star cold-water walk-up for the trappings of success. He leans across the table and delivers a leaping history lesson.

"Rock 'n roll is rebellious music, right? Everyfing that has started up has rebelled against somefing else. You like jazz, right?"

I nod.

"Well, jazz was a form of punk music from the blues. It was against the fings what was around 'em. That's what I believe." He levels a challenging look, like 'ow d'yer like them apples, Chief?

"Pop music is an established fing — you hafta do what the Establishment want you to do, but punk music isn't. Somebody said to me the uvver day that Lou Reed and Marc Bolan were the first forms of punk — which is a loada shit, because the first forms of punk, if you wanna talk abaht it, were people like the Vikings who were rowing boats across, and when they was getting whipped and that, they was singing, right, because you sing in pain and you sing from the heart. Punk music is SUPPOSED to be abaht that, you know what I mean?"

At the end of the gig, Jimmy sat in with Misty, and the Lads loved it. Up front, the audience looked like a field of dandelions, before and after breeze, bushy barnets and bristly barnets gettin' it on together.

"Don't matter how big the place is, we treat it like a little youth club. You gotta say, All right, come on, all rahnd me. It's like a bloke sitting dahn and he's got a loada kids all sitting rahnd him, and he's telling this story abaht Jack And The Beanstalk. They all feel a part of that story. You go on stage and you do the same fing.

"It's not the money for me. Never has been. It's the respect of the audience. I just love being up there with hundreds of people out there. I mean, I feed off 'em. I'm like a leech, understand what I mean? Everybody in the world is a leech in one respect or anuvver — but for me, me, I'm sucking the blood outa them and they're sucking the blood outa me. They're taking my life, and I'm taking their response.

"I'm in a place where I can do fings for people that I couldn't have done a little while ago. Now, if I say, Right — come on, let's all clap togevver, everybody gets togevver, whereas if I was playing bottom of the bill at the Roxy, they'd go Fuck Off — What's 'e talking abaht?"

At the end of the evening, I talked to one of the founder members of RAR. A doctor in Bethnal Green, he deals daily with the neurosis fallout from racialism, the little Indian kids too intimidated to lift their eyes from the gutter, the bedwetters, the insomniacs.

In some of the Southall punk clubs, they've already got a few turbanned kids pogoing. RAR could be the CND of the '70s, and Jimmy Pursey's stand tonight is worth a hundred curate's homilies and folk singers.

At the door, a swarm of skinheads descends upon me.

"We told you there'd be no trouble, didn't we?"

"You'll print that, won't you? No trouble."

Damn right. In the street, I fell in behind a national daily reporter. He was talking to his photographer. "Waste of time," he says. "No story in that. Nothing happened."

I wouldn't bet on it, pal . . .

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77

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JAZZ

LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE COOL FRONT ROOM

The British Free Music scene is in its second generation — young fellows like NIGEL COOMBES and ROGER SMITH forcin' our man through a wrinkle check. Strong opinions, these boys: seems like LPs and concerts may be last year's thing — living rooms the big venue. BRIAN CASE gets under the rug.

IF THIS ageing process keeps up, I thought, blearing across a pub table at the two young second-generation Free Music players, I'm gonna wind up like Scrotum, the wrinkled old retainer, mumbling about 'seein' the first of 'em and seein' the last of 'em' while servicing the ear-trumpet for yet another snort of innovation.

Nigel Coombes and Roger Smith, one wearing enough hair to stuff a duvet, the other cropped to the nub, side-by-side like a before-and-after advert though the only preparation in evidence is a formula exclusive to Young's brewery. Beer abides . . .

We are talking about national differences in Free Music.

"The Dutch are still theatrical and the Germans still seem loud and aggressive," says Nigel. "English music is neither. It's more intimate, generally quieter, less emotional-seeming, less blatantly experimental or avant-garde. It has a chamber-like quality."

Roger, round glasses, great coat, stubble, comes on allegro. "There are young people there too, and it doesn't have to end up all Bennink and Brotzmann. I think these people have to be thought of as something of the past, in a way. You can predict when there's going to be a roar from Bennink or when Mengelberg is going to go into 19th Century straight music. Oh, not again — here he goes!"

I reflect upon Bennink, who showered me with peanuts during a recital, and Mengelberg, who cut half an album with his grey, red-tail parrot, Eeko. Passe, huh? I know what he means, though. The same reaction took place in modern painting, against the hot and into the cool. Pollock & The Drip-School Dervishes beached by the clean, dispassionate Hard Edge wielders of protractor and T-square. And coolth too has its peanuts and parrots in the static persons of Gilbert & George . . .

Roger moves up a notch. "In fact, the whole LP thing — the whole market so far as going to concerts and listening — is possibly doomed."

I gasp and bite the knuckle. Roger continues. "The whole thing of struggling to try to get albums out, whether on the small labels or through the big companies, because a lot of musicians who nobody will support — neither classical nor jazz Establishments — are just not interested in getting a record out.

"See, if you want to appeal to somebody, you have to throw in things which will appeal to them — but you can ignore that totally and just get into the music on your own."

Some can of beans he'd opened here. "So who would it be for?" I ask.

"Just for you?"

"No — for others who realise that fact exists. There's a difference between Nigel and myself. He — possibly in a pessimistic way — thinks the music we play is for living rooms, and that it doesn't really go much further than that. I think a fair living can be made from it and there's a lot of hope. This is just the beginning for Free Improvisation, not the fag-end of what's been happening. I just feel hopeful."

Nigel defined his position. "I think music in a living room is often more successful because it's a lot more relaxed." And then, in an honest and undogmatic way, added: "That may be because I suffer from stage nerves anyway. I haven't really played Free Music to a very large audience. Living rooms and chamber music — they are suited to each other."

"DON'T YOU feel any obligation to bring your music to the people?" I ask, defining that abstraction, as usual, as massed chaps on the factory floor.

"Well, they're listening to a cacophonous row all day, so they can't be expected to" — Nigel's neat bit of casuistry is cut short by howls of laughter. "No, unfortunately factory workers don't have the chance to get to grips with not only this music, but much other.

"It's not my fault that what I'm doing is elitist. I think people wouldn't like it much anyway. I suppose it's heavy going."

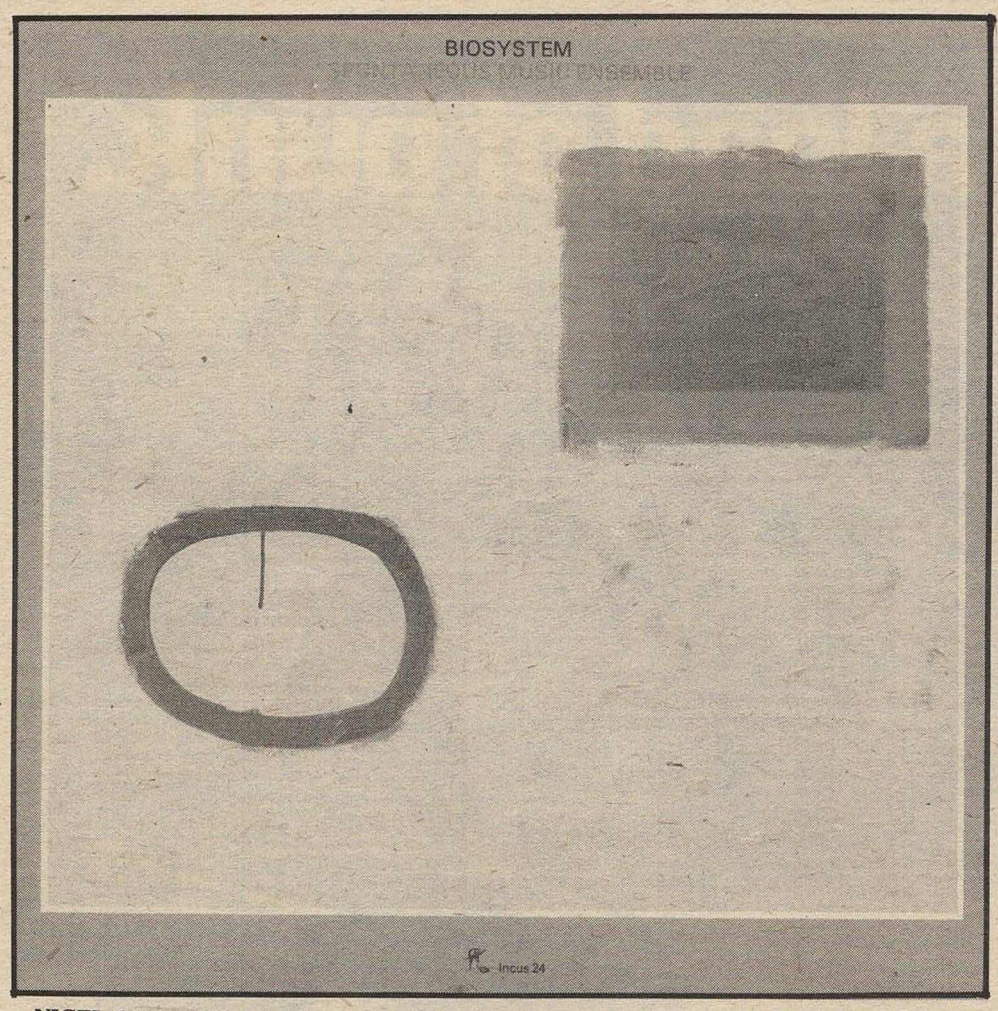
Roger, too, avoided the force-feeding position of the avant-gardist. "I was a remedial teacher for a while, and the fact that I was playing what to them was sheer rubbish didn't matter — they accepted that the thing existed. The fact that you just do it should be accepted."

Nigel Coombes has been playing his violin in a Free Music context for eight years. At 12, he was copping for Bartok, backtracking to Bach and Vivaldi long after his debut as a Free player.

"I came into music through the backdoor really. I hadn't heard that much because my technique was insecure and I had to work hard at adjusting that. I might be headed towards being a straightish-music musician, though Free Music will always be important to whatever I'm doing."

If Nigel is rooted in Free Music, Roger Smith's antecedents are more traditional. Tatum, Willie The Lion Smith and Fats Waller rubbed shoulders with Bach, Beethoven and Brahms back home in Nottingham. At 15, he gave up piano and took up guitar — "It was all blues and jazz tunes, not improvising on them because I didn't really know the chords." When Roger came to London, he went to Derek Bailey for lessons in basic harmony, and came away the wiser for his contact with that careful, analytical mind.

IF THE first generation of British Free — John Stevens, Trevor Watts, Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Barry Guy, Tony Oxley, Paul Rutherford, Howard Riley — reached their emancipation after years of working



NIGEL COOMBES and ROGER SMITH (Coombes is the curly one on the left).

within the system, the second generation — Steve Beresford, David Toop, Nigel and Roger — have been criticised for dodging the dues.

"I know what sort of criticism is going to be levelled against me, but what can I do? Ten years of playing Butlins?" says Roger. "The fact that you are another generation means you're going to be accepted reluctantly by some people, anyway. You do things as intelligently as possible to get out of it.

"I do the best I can. I mean, I can't produce Charlie Parker runs on the guitar, and I can't be bothered to learn Charlie Christian lines though I know a lot of them in my head. I can't go out and play those lines to an audience reared on Be-Bop because they'd probably laugh because I'd be throwing in atonal intervals, which would be meaningless to why they're there."

Nigel seemed less bothered. "The situation is inevitable, because if the first generation created the music, the second generation are going to take shortcuts to it. I don't think all that dues drudgery comes out in the music. While I agree that any musical experience is good for Free Music, I don't expect others to go through all that. I don't think it is paying dues. If you're going to play Free all the time, you're going to work in as convenient a way as possible to get what chops you need to do that."

Neither is trying to make a living through music, and both have experimented with the effects of day jobs on the human reserves of energy and optimism necessary to sustain practice and playing at night. Both get occasional gigs on the Musicians' Collective circuit at Action Space or the ICA.

"From your comments on Dutch predictability, I take it that you're aiming to play without memory?" I try. Actually, I'm having more problems than they are in the field of un-learning. I keep expecting them to come on like a cadre of Necheyev disciples, when in fact they seem singularly free of round black bombs and bile.

"There's bound to be a style," says Nigel, sensibly, "But there's a difference between that and using the same tricks. It can be cut to a minimum."

Hmmm. I essay a loony theory to blow their cover. The political philosopher Fourier devised a series of smocks which buttoned awkwardly at the back, necessitating universal co-operation. Was the short, pecking line — the dominant characteristic of British collectives — a similar hobbling of self-sufficiency? Thirdly, had my mind finally snapped?

Roger jumped in. "Han Bennink criticised a Three Pullovers tape by saying he didn't like 'insect music', and calling it pointillistic which I think is absurd. My playing there isn't pointillistic at all — it's a line. Cloth-eared Dutch — they're gauche in their listening! With SME, the only way you can get together satisfactorily is to compromise like that, with the short line."

Nigel amended that. "You can come out with a long line, but it doesn't finish as you thought it would because of changes in the meantime. You get into something very practical here — what you do and what you don't do when you're playing. You're into exceptionally fast thinking at the time, and when it's something THAT close, it has to be done that way. No line can go on for too long because everything changes. I suppose the fragmented approach is a post-Webern thing."

Disappointingly reasonable, I thought, retrieving my co-operative smocks.

ROGER SUMMED up my situation. "From your point of view, a bloke who writes, you're damned to only appreciate a certain kind of music becasue you're into words. If you spent your whole day NOT allowed to read anything, NOT allowed to write anything, it'd probably alter the sort of music you'd listen to. If you're playing music or on a factory floor, it will alter your taste in music — and that's not even saying anything about your background. What I'm saying is that I accept all those arguments and attitudes — and go on doing what I'm doing."

"And if Free Music does screw people up — and I know most people don't like the sound of it, and probably never would — then it's their loss. It'd be a bigger loss, though, if the musicians concerned stopped doing it."

"You don't mind Free Music remaining a minority thing?" I ask.

"Things are going to alter radically," says Roger. "I think it may well get to a point where there is enough interest to sustain study or play music without having to work and have it as a hobby.

"There will be a degree of passion in the Collective to get things going, and the battles being fought now will bring results. A little coterie will develop which won't be fucked up by what's going on — I mean, by things like Rick Wakeman earning a lot and them earning nothing.

Other groups of people and everything that's gone before will just be ignored. No interest at all. There's a lot of analogies — Classicism versus Romanticism, Satie's rejection of Wagner, punk rock's rejection of superstar rock."

"Yeah, but if the tradition's healthy, it'll assimilate and not collapse."

Not for nothing do they call me The Stately Beret.

"Assimilation into the tradition is very good," says Nigel, "but rejection is still needed."

Back home in my living room, I catch the end of *Shane*. The prime varmint is explaining why he plumb can't abide new settlers on his patch. "I gotta bad shoulder yet from a Cheyenne arrowhead." Sure, but what about a Be-Bop background?

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
Ian Brighton, "Marsh Gas" (Bead); "The Three Pullovers" (QMC cassette); "Tea Time" (Incus); Spontaneous Music Ensemble, "Byosystem" (Incus).

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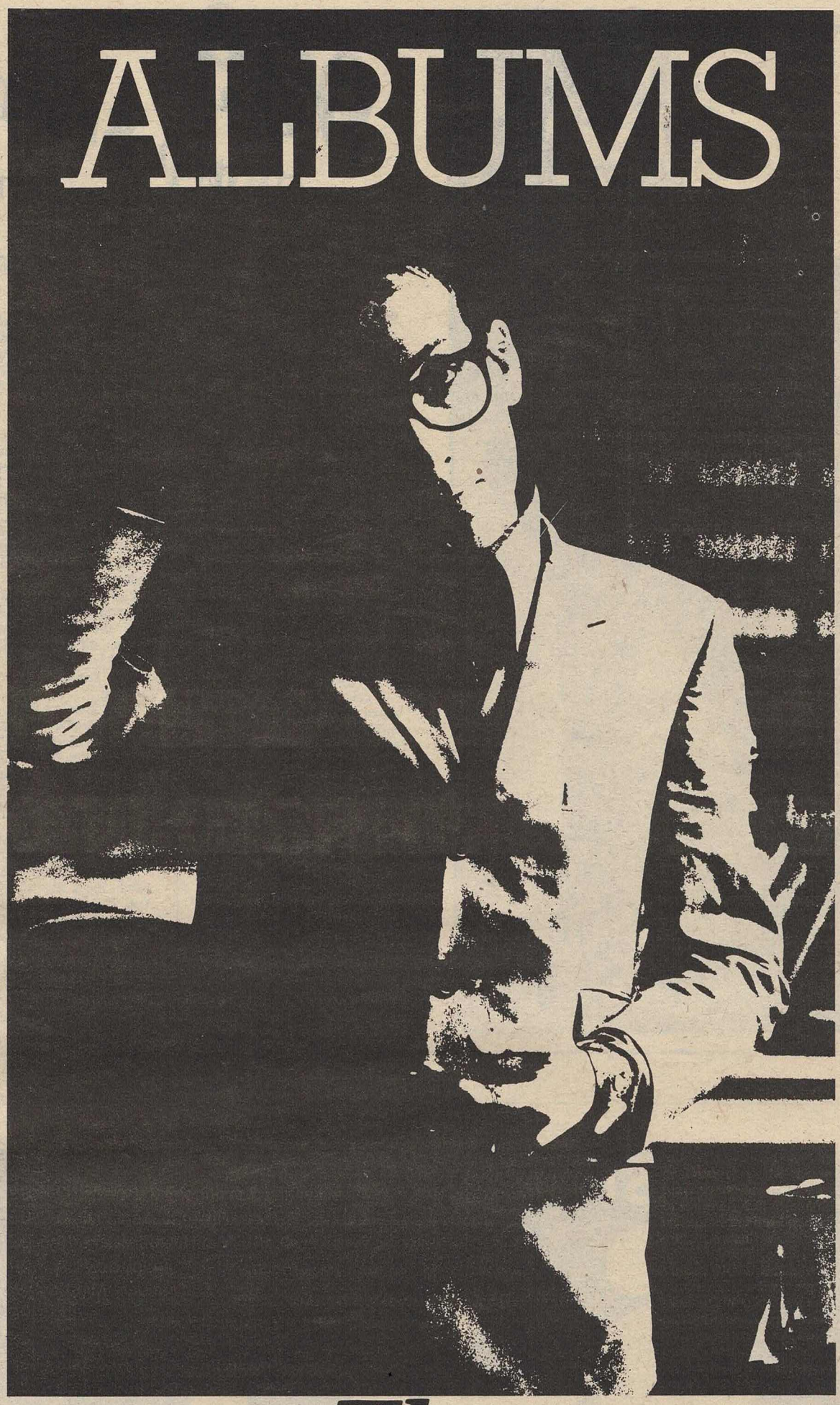

The Aesthetics of Frustration

Nick Kent Details Elvis' Uneasy Listening

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
This Year's Model (Radar Records)

THERE'S ONLY one real problem facing the reviewer assessing this, our El's second album, but if it's tricky enough to deal with then at least it's easy enough to define.

"This Year's Model", you see, is simply so ridiculously good that one's immediate inclinations are to clamber effusively over the top, superlative peaking superlative to the point where well meaning enthusiasm turns an unattractive tint of bloated sycophancy.

I was so awed by this record at one point that I was ready to blunder into that hoariest of cliches — the "brazen young troubadour as new Bob Dylan" line that has ended up blighting more than one or two young chappies' credibility count under a hailstorm of hyperbole.

Then again, the case history of Elvis Costello does tend to throw all uh, 'orthodox perspective' out of the window. It can't be much more than a year since Costello modestly announced his talents via the "Less Than Zero" single on Stiff.

The record was potent enough to cause initial minor-league cult interest although Costello's photogenic incongruities plus the presence of arch vinyl-jesters Nick Lowe and Jake Riviera caused most spectators to chuckle, as they acknowledged Costello as little more then another Stiff crazy gang product — talented, sure, but a touch heavy on the old Graham Parker, Van Morrison, etc. influences.

But then came the album, "My Aim Is True", and then things began to happen. "Aim" stood out, even in the generally incendiary context of rock's newfound action. Costello was no longer just some quirky Lowe invention but a veritable walking time bomb, a man possessed and loaded with truly dangerous visions.

With "Aim" Costello established himself instantly as rock's most subversively obsessive artiste of this decade. His "sex" songs, for example, totally up-ended all the beef-cake posturings of the medium's macho patent by instead honing in with brutal self-effacement on his chosen role as sexual incompetent, all trembling flesh, guilt-ridden, and down so far he couldn't even lick his wounds.

And when it came to 'love' Costello outdid even the perverse naked truth slant of the aforementioned genre by mating, in "Alison" at least, an exquisitely tender melody with a portrait of passion turned so ugly and desperate that the singer could only osmose a mixture of disgust and despair, both harrowing and heart-wrenching, at the consequences.

Anyway, "My Aim Is True" scored a spectacular victory last year, not merely as a critics' fave but also managing to shift a considerable weight of units both here and in The States (where even now it languishes in the lower 40's).

Its often savage extremities of subject matter and attitude of framed around a needle-sharp sensibility for strong musical backdrops, whether it was the raging rock swagger of "Mystery Dance" or the irrepressible riff of "Miracle Man", straight through to Costello's oh-so-very-deft adoption of various prime mid-60's pop stylisations.

"Aim" hit you on so many levels that even if you happened to be repelled by the more extreme aspects (and I've met many — women, most often, as it happens — who find Costello's revenge/guilt fetish personna totally unappealing), you couldn't help but be impressed by some other area of the man's astonishing talents.

"Aim" hit the jackpot anyway — even finding itself cloistered in the hallowed precincts of rock's reactionary media bastion, *Rolling Stone's* five classic albums of '77, residing between the platinum pablum of "Hotel California" and "Rumours" no less.

And here's "This Year's Model". A joyous event, this, a follow-up to a first-off classic that totally outstrips its predecessor (The Band's following "Big Pink" with their magnificent second album was another, albeit random, instance) in virtually every respect.

Costello himself is stronger, more abrasively confident in his vocal delivery, while his songs are almost all proverbial blitzers. However, arguably the decisive improvement is the change in back-up personnel.

For "Aim" Elvis was supported by West Coast exiles Clover who, though involved in a mere session-playing capacity, nonetheless consistently outdid themselves, providing some superbly emphatic playing. By the time the album had been released Costello had drawn together his own band, The Attractions, a corporate with their own sound and personality that gave a thrilling taster for things to come.

The Attractions, see, provided a tension for songs like "Waiting For The End Of The World" that gave the song's sentiments a gripping snap that the recorded version barely hinted at, while the newer pieces were imbued with such a shuddering intensity that the ensemble seemed at times to be working on some eerie level of telepathic interaction.

In this month's *Playboy* interview (easily his most revealing dialogue for over ten years), Bob Dylan described the sound he was aiming for during his cataclysmic mid-60's electric period. He stated that "the closest I ever got to the sound I hear in my mind was in the individual bands on the 'Blonde On Blonde' album. It's metallic and bright gold, with whatever that conjures up".

What that "conjures up", in effect, is exactly the sound that Costello and The Attractions have consistently attained throughout the songs on "This Year's Model". "That wild mercury sound" is the perfect description for the powerdrive rush through the album's most immediately stunning achievements — the already much-lauded "Chelsea" and side two's "Lipstick Vogue".

The latter has long been a personal fave ever since I first heard it played live, and the album version eclipses even the manic imperiousness of the stage song. Firing off at a truly fearsome intensity, Costello and band interlock taut as a clenched fist getting tighter and tighter until the veins bulge out like railroad tracks. Costello spits out some of his most vitriolic lines: *"Don't say you love me when it's just a rumour/Don't say a word if there's any doubt/Sometimes I think that love is just a tumour/You've got to cut it out".*

Meanwhile three tracks earlier the band have staged a similarly awesome assault on the senses with "Chelsea", a great, great single up there with "Positvely 4th Street" and "Substitute".

"Model" is, by the way, similar to "Aim" in that it's instantly devastating moments tend to overshadow the rest. For at least a day I was transfixed between "Lipstick" and "Chelsea", only occasionally venturing elsewhere. Don't be fooled though — after a week spent with the record, its overall omnipotence in undeniable.

Fave tracks constantly change until virtually all 12 numbers rank level. Next, for example, it was "This Year's Girl" with its Beatles cop intro, hammerhead drumming and rock steady melody supporting El's sly observations on all the Farrah Fawcett-Majors of this world: *"A bright spark might cut a mark in this year's girl/You see yourself rolling on the carpet with this year's girl . . ."*

Then came "Living In Paradise" with its contagious limbo shuffle jerking seductively into a raging power-pop (not the trendy cliche but the real thing this time, hepcats) chorus with Costello dissecting the sick veneer of Los Angeles luxury, playing with the corporation boss, nudging with a perverse cuckold twist in *"Later in the evening when the arrangements are made/I'll be at the keyhole outside your bedroom door/'Cos I'm always the first to know whenever the plans are laid . . . You think I don't know the boy that you're touching/But I'll be at the video and I will be watching".*

And there's "Little Triggers", the album's ballad and placed, strategically perhaps, at the same juncture as "Allison" on "Aim". At first the song disappoints — a Solomon Burke type soul thing with quirky, trembling flesh imagery. Later one uncovers a gorgeously understated melody with moments that nod towards the influence of Burt Bacharach, whose "I Don't Know What To Do With Myself" Costello performed exquisitely on the live Stiffs album.

"Pump It Up" is steamy and sensual with a Dylanesque raunch quotient. Like "You Belong To Me", it is a hot-blooded example of rhythm and blues stylisation, though both songs tend to impress considerably less within the so virulently fraught confines of the album.

Finally, straight after "Lipstick", Costello chooses to exit with the grim portents of "Night Rally". Just as "Aim's" finale "Waiting For The End Of The World" portrayed a doomy and all too realistically ominous scene of social breakdown/apocalypse, so "Model" leaves the listener unnerved by an all to frighteningly vivid image of the National Front gaining influence.

"Everybody's ringing their hands on their heart about decency in the darkest hours/It's just the sort of catchy little melody to have singing in the showers". No bloated pontificating here, no "Eve Of Destruction" hysteria — Costello simply sees all the signs, strings them together and rounds off a chilling scene with *"You think they're so dumb/You think they're so funny/Until they've got you running to their night rallies".*

The title phrase repeats itself over and over whilst the organ motif rings out like a siren, leaving one disorientated and not a little scared.

So that's "This Year's Model" for you. Nothing's really changed, Costello's bitterness and obsessive vitriol is still there but, like Pete Townshend and Dylan before him, Costello knows that the true essence of rock as potent music is as a vehicle for frustration.

Costello is currently the best. There's simply no-one within spitting distance of him. He has his finger on the pulse of this desperate era and his perceptions are so disquieting because all too often they're too damn real to be strenuouly ignored.

Meanwhile "Model" is just too powerful, too dazzling to be ignored or sidestepped.

Uneasy listening. The perfect antidote to the placebo syndrome. Recoil at your peril.

Nick Kent

Neat, neat, neat — and neat? *Pic: CHRIS GABRIN*

999
Sharp Sharp Sharp
Smart Smart Smart
Yeah Yeah Yeah

999
999 (United Artists)

YES, EXCELLENT, a very pleasant surprise; this label certainly seems to know what it's doing in new wave terms. Is there anything more to be said?

Well, if you must know, this is a very mature debut by 999, South London spike-tops who might be called rock-punk more aptly than punk-rock. Twelve good, varied songs and a sound as clear and punchy as that on any punk album.

They don't play at a monotonous gallop, they do write tunes and they haven't put a foot wrong except maybe the inclusion of the disposable "I'm Alive" single.

I saw 999 on stage several times at their early gigs and was very impressed by their energy and their material. The two singles, "Nasty Nasty" and the aforementioned "I'm Alive" were great disappointments.

I half-expected the LP to be predictable punk-product and I'm staggered by the improvement. The blank label prevents me from gleaning information on the writing credits or the production but the performance of the group itself is impressive to say the least.

Nick Cash's voice tends at times to disappear into a whine but it's undeniably distinctive (*and* you can hear what he's singing about). The musical assault is punched home by Guy Daze's sharp, rapid guitar blasts, not original but more insistent and menacing than the standard new wave power drill.

First impressions leave "Emergency", the new single, as the most memorable number. It's always been their stage highlight and I don't know why they didn't fling it at the public before. It's an urgent, sinister chant, almost a perverse nursery rhyme beat which blossoms into a flying, crying chorus.

You know you've got something special on the turntable from the opening track, the curious, mild-pace meandering of "My Desire", strange choppy rhythms under Cash's cackling.

Then there's a hard, pounding version of a stage favourite, "Chicane Destination", with an irresistible hook and claustrophobic lyrics, also more class on "You're So Easy" (?) — almost too clever to dance to: *". . . I am what I am and I'll do what I do and your number is my number".*

There's a rocker on side one which starts like "Wide Eyed And Legless" and tears into hot, beefed-up pop, "Give Me Sympathy". The interval is bridged by "I'm Alive", something of a drone but almost salvaged by its hook.

Side two starts quietly with over-the-shoulder public transport paranoia. Who's looking at me? That's "Titanic Reaction", a sliver of irrational fear, closely followed by a defiant, individuals-rule hymn, then the peak of "Emergency".

Perhaps that should have been breathless climax of the album, but it's followed a couple of less unusual quicksteps, the band opening out at full pace. It's probably the old theory of using up the stage standards on the debut album, but 999 pull off the trick with such aplomb it's pointless to carp.

"Nobody knows, nobody cares!!! they fight to win and always lose . . ." Okay, it's simplistic stuff but it finishes the record in a blaze of pure noise, Guy Daze wringing all sorts of agonised shouts from his guitar without ever wasting time with a solo.

The final groove is a shock explosion which can only be the producer splitting the atom in the studio for extra impact. There's power in those grooves and I'm still astonished at a record which not only captures the whole essential energy of the new wave but also threatens to be well-received in every corner of the rock market. I only wish I could have listened for another week before garbling about it.

It's music like this which makes you think it's going to be a great year.

Kim Davis

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SMOKEY ROBINSON
Smokey's World (Motown)

I WILL hear not a word against this superfine compilation. None of yer chest beating and hollow cries of up the revolution, none of yer pitiful ranting 'bout how romance is dead and all that's happening is 2½ minutes of slurp 'n' sweat, none of yer scornful denial of chords and tunes and similar.

I know y'all got a soft spot somewhere — there's as much marshmallow masquerading as nutcluster now as there's ever been — and when it comes time to relax the defences, Smokey'll get to you everytime. Especially in concentrated doses of his most potent creations.

Here we have a 15 track collection of The Very Best Of Smokey's Recordings since he stopped fronting The Miracles in 1972. The exceptionally high quality within emphasises two misguided ideas: the American industry's insistence that albums are the be-all and end-all of the business, and the general public's vague impression that Smokey hasn't cut much impressive cloth since his classic compositions of the '60s.

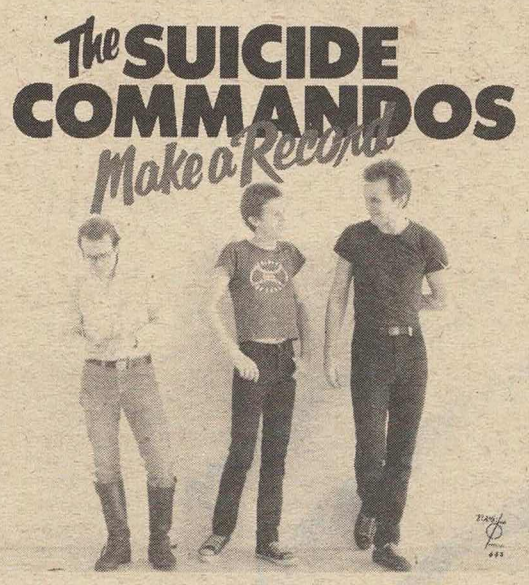
Because of the first misconception (artistically speaking that is; commercially it often pays off), most artists are now pumping out albums faster than their creativity warrants. And although Smokey has been relatively modest in his output (six solo albums in six years) there's no doubt that his reflexes are not as sharp as they once were, so that his albums have been patchy.

But along with the ordinary items have been some stupendous tracks, particularly most of those chosen for single release. That brings us to the second misconception, for the best tracks are easily the equal of anything he recorded with The Miracles — and now here they are on one album. (Edited in some cases, but all the better for it).

From his sensitive tribute to his ex-partners ("Sweet Harmony", 1973) to his proof that disco music can be enjoyable on the home front ("Big Time", 1977) there is barely a dull moment, whether gently persuasive ("Just My Soul Responding", "A Silent Partner In A Three-Way Love Affair", "Quiet Storm") or vigorous and fun ("Open", "Vitamin U").

With the hindsight provided by this smartly chosen selection, Smokey can be included with the formidable talent of the '70s, not just written off as a clouded memory of former times.

Cliff White



SUICIDE COMMANDOS
Make A Record (Blank Import)

AMERICAN PUNK groups are absolutely terrible. Ungainly viewers of Britain's recent upsurge and sorry translators of same. Dils, Germs, Weirdos, Crime, Screamers, Dickies — an endless list of the grotesque and waffling on empty. They seem adorable. They seem diseased.

Not as diseased nor as Brit-influenced as I hoped / feared are the Cleveland trio Suicide Commandos (David Ahl, Steve Almaas and Chris Osgood). This is their first album and appears on the label shared by Pere Ubu.

Suicide Commandos seem audacious voyeurs, possessing no ability to filter influences. They tap unashamedly the riffs, styles and allsorts of more groups than it's possible to realise, let alone list here. Notable fixations are Blue Oyster Cult, Love, The Ramones, Nuggets school of irregular punk scrappiness. Without the intelligence or the class, though.

Which might be a good system. There's some great rock 'n roll on the album — noisy, fleeting and chaotic patterns. The crude dynamic purity is only tempered by the Commandos' tendencies towards cleverness, an urge they don't seem able to control.

"Make A Record" tries hard to be something different, offering rhythmic, disturbing variations instead of dumb, thrashing riff rock. The Commandos drop all kinds of limp coalitions amongst a number of methodical, obedient, disruptive odes to the short, punchy and tasty, thus ruining any semblance of pulp consistency.

Some songs are allowed to escape almost untarnished, mean and nasty, but others are streaked with little insertions and quirks that upset their coherence. The whole album just jumps around too much — which would be admirable enough if the trio could pin down their different modes of execution more decisively.

Perhaps it seems unhealthy to find fault with variation. Side one's first three tracks, "Shock Appeal", "Attack The Beat" and "Mosquito Crucifixion", are as hectic and as profound as their titles would suggest. Those following vary the mood and style, but only irritate with their lack of focus.

Side two is messy, more 'poppy', with emphasised melodies. There's a tired version of The Monkees' "She" — a low, low spot — and the final track is the recent single, "Match / Mismatch", a spirited, formal track, perhaps the most successful on the album in terms of sheer sophistication.

"Make A Record" is a strangely unsatisfying album. It doesn't turn out to be the great pulp-punk album the first three tracks promise (so unfairly). It's an awkward alliance of — to borrow a track title — the semi-smart and the trashy. And it doesn't mix. Not at all.

Paul Morley

DAVID BROMBERG BAND
Reckless Abandon (Fantasy)

I SAW the Bromberg Band at the last Cambridge Folk festival, and an incongruous bunch they were too — but versatile, as this album demonstrates.

They effortlessly absorb country, folk, cajun, blues, ragtime and rock on one album, impeccably played and arranged. But perhaps it's that eclectisism which makes "Reckless Abandon" no great shakes as a cohesive album, a tantalising glimpse, but overall just an entertaining imbroglio.

It's not, as I initially feared, a case of ex-Dylan sideman forced to come up with another album of 'product'; Bromberg and producer Jim Price really do seem to have tried to compile an album demonstrating aspects of the band's diverse potential.

And it almost comes off, apart from a lamentably overlong piece of self indulgence in the shape of "Beware, Brother Beware". The remaining tracks are varied enough to sustain interest, but quite who'd buy a David Bromberg album these days is another matter.

Patrick Humphries

NATALIE COLE
Thankful (Capitol)

"INSEPARABLE", "Unpredictable", "Thankful" . . . Do you get the impression that Natalie Cole is becoming somewhat stereotyped?

Three years on from the exquisite "This Will Be", gone are any traces of that mighty debut single's abrasive exhilaration. Still under the guiding hands of former soul cult figure Chuck Jackson and her husband Marvin Yancy, her music still firmly piano-based (now courtesy of her onstage pianist Linda Williams), Ms Cole still shows touches of her initial Aretha Franklin influence, but it's tempered with a mellow maturity that verges on indifference.

Passion is what's lacking. A classic example: "Keeping A Light", her own song, is a fine easy ballad handled with great skill that runs through all the right tried, tested but still valid licks until the repeated descending line to fade with Natalie doing a classic scream-sing-scream-sing pattern. It ought to be magic, but isn't.

Elsewhere she evidences the traditional dilemma of the uncommitted soul singer, dabbling in polished, extremely competent swing 'jazz' vocalising and mellifluous latino workouts. Unfortunately, more suitable album titles might be "Undecided", "Restless" or even "Superficial".

She should worry. This album's already in the American Top 30.

Phil McNeill

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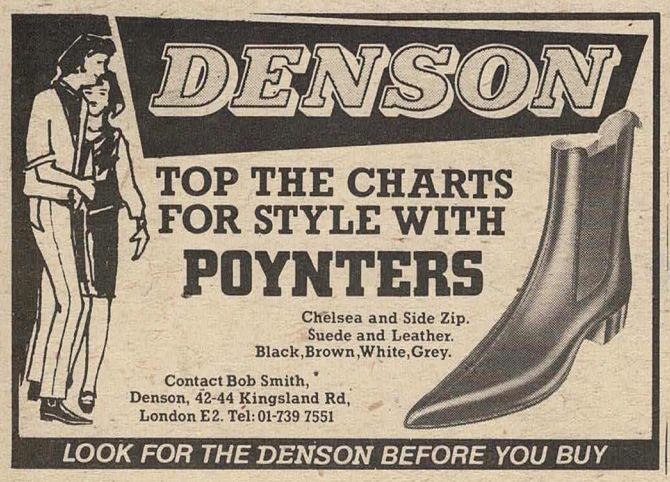

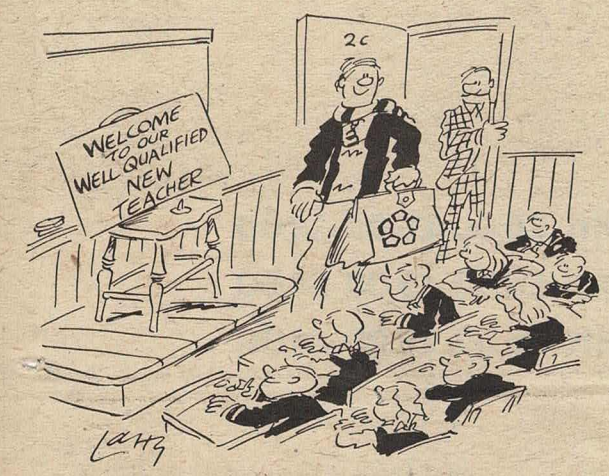

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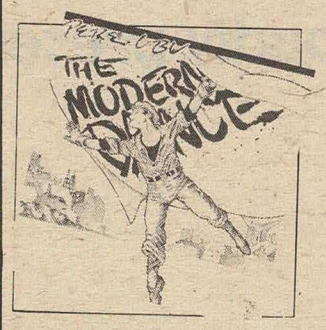


PERE UBU
The Modern Dance (Blank)

Every week a new version of the future, every other week a new soundtrack of the times. Seems like the race is on to see who can coin the most potent version of the world as we experience it now.

Each participant gets theoretically the same basic materials — a sea of possibilities and a blank slate. At stake is the cherished idea that music can do more than just enhance the ambience of your living room.

Yet whoever, if anybody, does walk away with the prize, the signs all say that their expression of the contemporary malaise will be harsh, brutal and in no way pleasant to behold.

Why it will be that way is, for the purpose of this review, irrelevant. What counts is that the document reflects the mood of the times in a way that relates to and that can paradoxically offer both relief from and instruction on those times.

Pere Ubu offer neither relief nor instruction (except perhaps in that it's oddly comforting to have your worst suspicions confirmed), they just simply experience things. They experience the human condition as it presently stands and, aside from a moment of Zen resolve in the final cut, find little or nothing to be joyful about. Their only escape comes, not surprisingly, when they're with a woman.

Those who would have us believe Ubu are playing the industrial hex blues are missing the point, and maybe making too much of the Cleveland factory-town-produces--machine-sound connection.

Crocus Behemoth sights personalised apocalypse ahead. *Pic: JIM JARMUSCH/New York Rocker Mag*

WRECK-LESS UBU:

Waiting For The End

And anyone with suicidal tendencies is hereby warned off this record, because Pere Ubu's music is about despair — which at least has more poetic edge than plain old boredom — and the black feeling that says life is just one big bucket of shit.

But they aren't dumb enough to think that sort of thing sells records, though of course it might, and so when the diamond hits the first side you hear the openly enticing "Non-Alignment Pact". No sense of foreboding here, just Ubu at their most approachable, showing their roots in Stooges city overdrive.

Start with side two though, and you find "Life Stinks", the lyrics of which go something like: *"Life stinks. I need a drink. I can't think."* The accompanying music is like a series of abruptly painful screeches linked together by guitar and drums trying to sound like chickens dancing.

Ubu get progressively less normal as they proceed, reaching the peak of their attempts to sound more like radio interference than a living, breathing rock band on "Sentimental Journey". Concrete music. A procession of abstract aural shapes that supposedly represents the humdrum existence we all call home. I hated it at first. Now it's almost pleasurable.

If this sounds horribly pretentious on paper then rest assured that it isn't on disc. It's a little indulgent perhaps, and also seems at times as though their powers of expression have yet to catch up with their ideas, but for the most part Ubu stay on their tightrope.

Only on "Real World" do they slip — David Thomas clanks on about living in real time to a suitably mechanised accompaniment, and you realise the urban industrial reality schtick could soon get very tedious.

But, as mentioned earlier, that's not really what Ubu are about. Despite their fondness for surreal landscapes of sound and slabs of blistering white noise and despite the odd lobotomized rhythm, Ubu have a heart — albeit a dark one.

And it's when that heart shows through — when they're on the track of the modern loneliness (post-industrial isolation, desolation and ways out of same, if you will) that they are most effective. This works for eight out of the ten songs.

David Thomas may not have much of a voice as far as rock vocals go, but he can articulate the sentiments of the songs with naked clarity. Same goes for the band; they may not yet have the instrumental capacity their music demands, but they play with total surrender.

When all this converges on a picture of a world where billions of lives can go down the drain in the cause of civilisation and we are still no closer to what makes it go round you have a delirious medicine.

There are many more things to be said about this band. Not least the striking images they use *("In the desert sand, a hot dog writhing in the sun"*— from "Laughing"); the possibility of pro-Red sentiments in "Chinese Radiation" (oddly one of the few moments of hope on the album) and maybe also "The Modern Dance"; and the sheer brilliance of "Over My Head", "Laughing" and "Humour Me".

But, most important, although Ubu aren't going to bust charts, break hearts and save rock 'n' roll, their mutant jack-hammer sound isn't as impenetrable as such descriptions suggest. Sometimes, even, it's almost friendly.

Paul Rambali

CHERIE CURRIE
Beauty's Only Skin Deep (Mercury Import)

THIS ALBUM is a rather disturbing document of one unfortunate artist's career being publicly sacrificed for the benefit of another, with the result that neither party comes off looking good in the process.

Kim Fowley, who must it seems take the full blame, has apparently chosen to use Cherie Currie's sales-potential to further advance his latest protege Steven T — a former member of Venus & The Razorblades. Of the ten thoroughly disposable cuts, Steven T wrote three single-handed, co-authored a couple with Fowley and another with Currie. The overwhelming crassness of the whole operation being brought into painful relief during the first verse of the title track — not The Temptaions classic, but an embarrassing slab of narcissism:

"I was born beautiful eighteen years ago, got the super silver smile, my hair it shines like gold/No one on earth has ever said to me, I read between the lines, you have a beautiful mind."

Yuck!

Having been ousted by The Runaways (I won't bother going into the details), this LP is crucial to Cherie's immediate survival and Fowley should have gathered up the best possible material around and, not only that, but gathered together a bunch of musicians who could have at least faked some semblance of enthusiasm.

Cherie Currie may pose with precocious intent on the sleeve, but the whole affair is the quickest short-cut to a welfare cheque I've encountered in ages.

Though it's not intended to appeal to Runaway fans, I'm at a loss to figure out just who this is aimed at. It's devoid of the necessary broken-hearted, little girl lost lip-gloss to act as a serious rival to the likes of Olivia Newton-John, Linda Ronstadt or even Marie Osmond.

Still, there's always Japan!

Roy Carr

PLAYER
Player (RSO)

PLAYER CARE about long hair. They wear flares! But I think they're brand new, if only for this edition.

Their first single "Baby Come Back" hit the top of the American charts. Los Angeles, Galveston and Liverpool boys produced by The Righteous Brothers/Four Tops team were born for it, weren't they? On the sleeve four XY chromosone owners, on the credits and press pic five (these boys sure breed quick), the addition brings Player's moustache quotient to two.

This apparently useless observation may sound like my usual whining trivia, but here's the root of Player's problem; the presentation of this record and the boys' awful faggy/macho looks will encourage you to smirk, walk on by and regard them as mere New Faces Heavy Pop filth, whereas they're pale pigmented soul recalling *decoiffure* Hall and Oates circa "She's Gone", back when they cared more about their girls than each other.

You can imagine how the radio should be. There's so little disposable genius handy these days. This is light, insubstantial music, love-in-a-mist with a hint of technology to make it so smooth. Never science gone screwy, never the hysterical hard sell. So cool, so warm, so wise. Player as victim with "Baby Come Back", "Goodbye —That's All I Ever Heard)", "Cancellation" — all exceptions to the cringing role.

Their strength lies partly in the root that they don't write all their own songs. Singers who never have a hand in what they emote are wets (c.f. Presley and Ronstadt), but singers who write *everything* they sing get to sound dreary, somewhere along the track.

Dwight Twilley, Tom Petty, Greg Kihn and all have quick minds, neat sleeves, pretty faces and chic labels but none of them have yet *learned.* Player have understood through inclination or necessity, that CLICHE IS PREFERABLE TO PRETENSION. Plastic soul, plastic shoes, plastic romance — Player are a brilliant plastic band.

Julie Burchill

WRECKLESS ERIC
Wreckless Eric (Stiff)

IT'S RATHER appropriate that you can buy a hideous dung-coloured version of Wreckless Eric's first album. Like the person who reminds you that the Queen defecates, Eric's an obsessive debunker, constantly pricking holes in the sanitised skin of life and pointing out the imperfections underneath. A twentieth-century Kaspar Hausar, in some respects.

It's a picture which doesn't come across on the singles, where Eric's somewhat twee, "untutored innocent" side is emphasised — although "Reconnez Cherie" does have that great balloon-bursting couplet *"Do you remember all those nights in my Zodiac/ playing with your dress underneath your pacamac?"*.

Even the cover to "Wreckless Eric" is disquieting: there's this circle bearing the legend "ONLY 69/11d", which serves as a frightening reminder that this album costs more than twice as much as, say, "John Wesley Harding" did when first released. And it's not a "removable" (ha ha) sticker — it's a *permanent* reminder.

The brown ten-inch version is for those mugs who place collectability over content, seeing as how they pay the same 69/11d and get two fewer tracks, these being the classic "Whole Wide World" and a captivating little tale called "Telephoning Home" about a teenage girl who leaves home, finds that The Big City ain't Canaan, tries to telephone her parents, and ends up committing suicide (or getting murdered?) by strangling herself with the telephone cord.

The ostensible reason for their non-inclusion is that they use different musicians to the other eight tracks, which all feature Eric on guitar and vocals, Davey Payne on saxes, Dave Lutton on drums, Charlie Hart on keyboards and Barry Payne of bass.

The album's highlights, for this listener at least, are the closing trio of "Personal Hygiene", "Brain Thieves" and "There Isn't Anything Else", the latter an apt closer worthy of single release and featuring a smart guitar part by Larry Wallis (who also produced the album).

"Personal Hygiene" is probably the best-realised piece on the record, a catalogue of cosmetic cover-ups culminating in the cautionary couplet *"Sluice yourself down in the bath, and pray God your souls keep clean"*, all set to a slow, melodramatic plod over which Davey Payne blows some appropriately dirty sax.

I suppose parallels could be drawn with the working-class obsessions of Ray Davies and Ian Dury but, unlike Davies, Wreckless Eric doesn't romanticise situations which are lacking in finery. Like the fool dangling faults in front of our faces, he peeks behind the finery to reveal those embarrassing understains — a similar process to some of Dury's work, but Eric employs a humour that's blacker and didactically nastier than Dury's. (Incidentally, the only non-original on "Wreckless Eric" is Dury's "Rough Kids").

It's the most eminently *quotable* album I've heard since Talking Heads "77" and Wire's "Pink Flag", and, like those, it's also sufficiently idoisyncratic musically to set it at a distance from all other albums. Of course it's flawed and rough in places: what would be the point of harping on about imperfection and then tarting it up in God's Own Arrangement?

As it is, it's got a reckless *(Ha, ha, Ed)* vitality reminiscent of the Kilburns, which may be due in part to the presence of Davey Payne, but which seems to stem from something deeper. It's *spirited* rather than spiritual.

It's an album which grows on you, but it's so initially off-putting (I hated it the first time round) that it'll probably be remaindered before long, to be hailed as a masterpiece in three years' time. Me, I reckon it's pretty important already, and I think it speaks volumes about the revitalised state of music in Britain that a genuine but unorthodox talent like Wreckless Eric can have the chance he deserves.

And even if you don't reckon his acute observation of imperfections is reason enough to buy the album then at least you've got to admit it goes some way towards explaining why he bites his nails as badly as I do. Are you satisfied with things?

Andy Gill

Eric sights public lavs ahead. *Pic: CHRIS GABRIN*

CROCUS ERIC:

Watching The Defectives

THE TEMPTATIONS
Hear To Tempt You (Atlantic)
DETROIT SPINNERS
Spinners 8 (Atlantic)
FOUR TOPS
The Show Must Go On (ABC)

NEW ALBUMS from The Temptations and The Spinners reaffirm that they were never Motown factory fodder. The Four Tops' latest sadly confirms their chronic dependency on their old label.

The Temptations' set is their first for Atlantic and, with the help of producers Norman Harris and Ron Baker, it's a memorable debut.

No silky-smooth Smokey schmaltz. No waves of Whitfield wah-wah. This is essentially a snappy dance album, which even eschews disco cliches. Messrs Harris and Baker have clearly realised that The Temps' greatest assets are their superb vocals. And so the solo instrumentalists don't compete against them, they work with them.

The result is music of the quality of The Temps' hey-day, which owes little to any old formulae. Two cuts, in particular, "In A Lifetime" and "She's All I Got", must become classics. If they don't move you, you're strictly geriatric.

The rejuvenating effects of a move to Atlantic have long been evident in the case of the Spinners. This is their first with new vocalist John Edwards, and his voice turns out to be remarkably like that of Philipe Wynne — though perhaps lacking a little of Wynne's evident humour.

But if producer Thom Bell appears to have flagged with recent albums, here he's again reasserting himself. His deftness of touch hasn't been this evident since "Pick of the Litter". The style is familiar enough. Cosy little ballads with insistent choruses — but served up with such charm and panache. Stand-outs are "Back in the Arms of Love", "(Love Is) One Step Away", and "Easy Come, Easy Go".

If Elton John creates anything half as classy from his collaboration with Bell, he'll have topped himself. And talking sadly of Tops . . . They're still on the way down. Lawrence Payton produces them. He and Renaldo Benson helped write half the songs.

The result is a dreary jumble of other peopel's ancient innovations, with the magnificent voice of Levi Stubbs fighting for survival. Not a potential hit single within earshot.

Bob Edmands

GORDON LIGHTFOOT
Endless Wire (Warner Brothers)

OUT to prove that there's more to the Canadian folk tradition than Neil Young and Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot has come up with an album which I found surprisingly refreshing. I say 'surprisingly' because Lightfoot was always just the bloke who wrote "Early Morning Rain" before.

It's not that "Endless Wire" offers any refreshing insights into the state of the society, relationships or man's future on this planet — but he's come up with ten songs in the grand troubadour tradition: strong melodies and an ability to write well about well-tried subjects with more than an iota of original observation, without ever lapsing into self-pity.

Patrick Humphries

IMPORTS

IT'S BEEN a long time since the last train to Hicksville rolled our way, but patient commuters will no doubt be chuffed to hear that **Dan Hicks,** that palm-tree bedecked loco driver, has recently checked in at most import termini with a vehicle known as "It Happened One Bite" (Warner Bros).

Purported to be a 1975 soundtrack to a visualised but never completed aminated movie, it features Hicks' usual amalgam of Hot Club De France and western swing licks, allied to an equally diverse line in vocals proffered by Maryanne Price and the ol' Charlatan himself — which is all that acredited Hicksters (a body that includes Robert Plant, who once demo'ed a Hicks track during an interview session) really need in order to fulfill their vision of cornucopia.

In 1977, the oracles at Harlequin's Dean Street bazaar decided it had to be Joe Ely's year, causing virtually every country-oriented ear in the industry to be bent in the direction of the Texan's superb debut album. And now they're off again, this time dragging in any passing journalist, musician or DJ to hear tracks from **Lee Clayton's** "Border Affair" (Capitol), as potent a piece of plastic as is likely to emanate from Nashville during '78.

Frankly, I hadn't heard Clayton before — though I know he did an album for MCA a few years back and also penned "Ladies Love Outlaws", a Waylon Jennings speciality — but the ex-jet pilot from Joshua State Park (where Gram Parsons' body got smoked) has emerged with an album that is lyrically, vocally and instrumentally impressive. So if you were ever turned on by "Shotgun Willie", the raunchy offering Arif Mardin produced for Willie Nelson, then "Border Affair should have you climbing right up the vymura. Try, buy and fly!

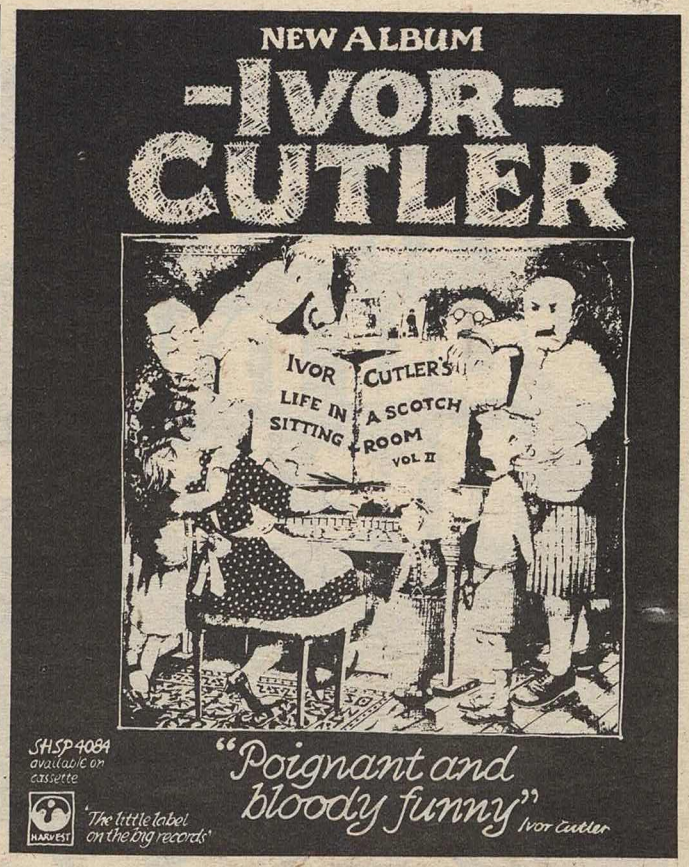
"Van Halen" (Warner Bros) possesses all the visual hallmarks of an archetypical fully-loaded Stuka attack. But don't be deceived, for though the **Van Halen** brothers are undeniably heavy metal, their album is a copybook exercise in the use of dynamics, aggression and power being utilised with an intelligence usually missing from such ferric forays — thanks, probably, to the employment of the excellent Ted Templeman as producer.

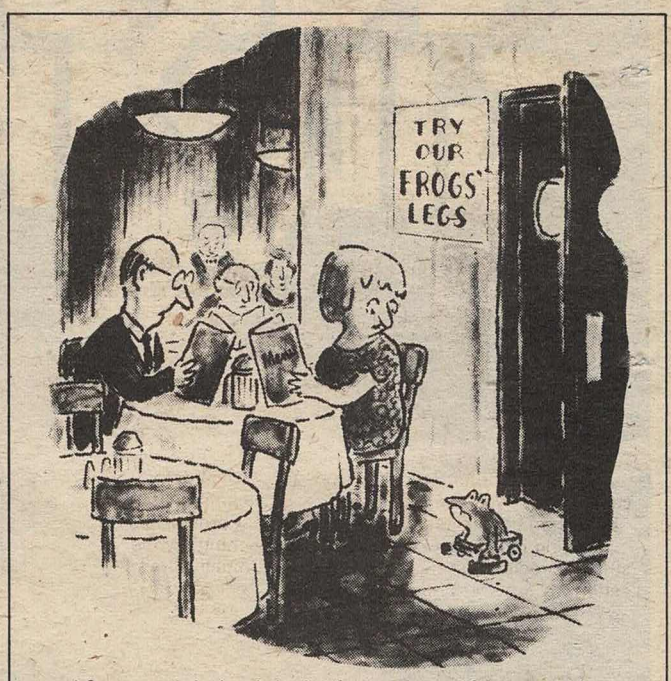
"We All Know Who We Are", **Cameo's** second album for Cecil Holmes' Chocolate City label, is a tasty-enough portion of whistle-blowing street funk fashioned by a nine piece headed by keyboardist-arranger Straps Johnson and drummer-guitarist-vocalist Larry Blackman; while on the folk front there can hardly be a better release around than "The Whistlebinkies" (Claddagh), an enchanting record by a Scottish band who play much in the Chieftains tradition. Standout item on this one is "Farewell To Nigg", an instrumental watercolour evoking the prophecy of one Brahan Seer, who foretold the coming of black rain and was subsequently boiled in oil for his predictions — just a few miles from Nigg, close to the North Sea oilfields.

Blue Cheer's "Vincebus Eruptium" (Philips), a Cream-influenced special from 1968, is now back in the shops once more, another blast-from-the-past being **John Mayall's** "So Many Roads" (Dutch Decca), a 12 track compilation that includes the band's "Rubber Duck" single.

Also around: **BTO's** "Street Action" (Mercury), **Eugene Record's** "Trying to Get To You" (Warner Bros), **Suicide Commandos** "Make A Record" (Blank), **Roy Ayers'** "Let's Do It" (Polydor).

Fred Dellar





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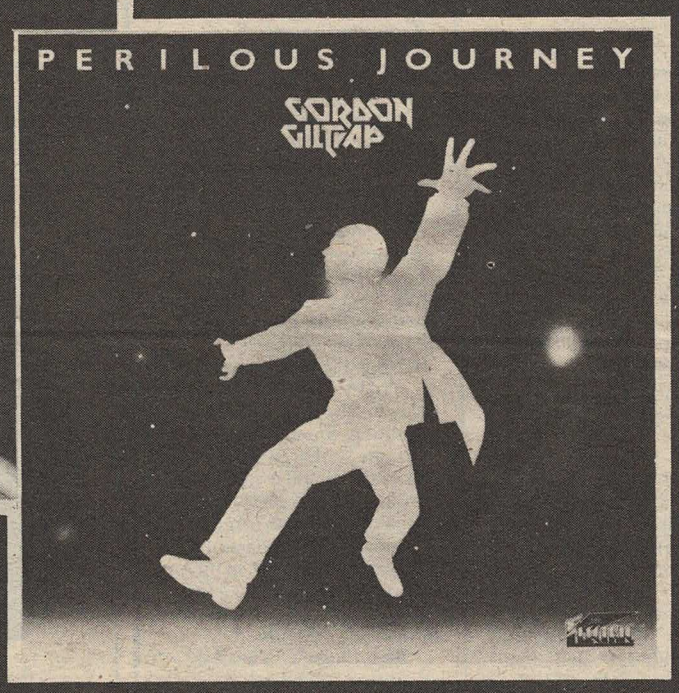

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ROBERTA FLACK
Blue Lights In The Basement (Atlantic)

TERRIBLY REFINED, of course, but this is a righteous entry to the American Top Thirty listings. In her scrupulously crafted art, Roberta Flack is virtually unrivalled.

In its unhistrionic fashion, "Blue Light In The Basement" is a work of complete integrity, one woman following the dictates of her heart/soul/art and if it sells that's a bonus. In this Ms Flack is rare among what used to be called soul singers. For every Millie Jackson or Denise Lasalle there are innumerable Melba Moores, Natalie Coles and Deniece Williams dancing (albeit willingly) to the strings of a Van McCoy, Marvin Yancy or Maurice White.

This is an album that yields its joys up slowly, each play reveals new subtleties. Yet despite the overwhelmingly cool stance, it's curiously memorable. The two most immediately enjoyable tracks, "Why Don't You Move In With Me" (disco swing) and "25th Of Last December" (which conjures up the rhythm of falling snow . . .), I discover implanted in my brain from the only other occasion on which I'm aware of having heard them — Flack's London concert of fifteen months ago.

From the deliberate (must be!) cross-references to "Killing Me Softly" in "25th Of Last December" to the sublime harmonies with Donny Hathaway on "The Closer I Get To You", this is the hippest easy listening album to come my way since Billy Joel's "The Stranger".

Phil McNeill

Pic: LEN HOOPER

BETHNAL'S NEXT

More Dangerous Visions

BETHNAL
Dangerous Times (Vertigo)

IT'D BE a shame if Bethnal became known only for their multi-racial lineup, the fact they're the first new wave group to use violin, and because they've done a magnificent version of Pete Townshend's "Baba O'Riley".

All this may make good copy but "Dangerous Times" is interesting for more than that. Even so, if a hasty description of the set had to be made, you might glibly suggest it was particularly kind of Bethnal to provide The Who with the natural follow-up to "Who's Next".

That's how it comes over, although I don't mean to be disparaging. For Bethnal The Who are a source of energy and inspiration and with that powerline to their music ensuring explosive dynamics and furious pace throughout the ten songs, this North London quartet go on to develop their own, original ideas.

Unlike The Jam, who have, I suspect, less than honourable motives, they're not a surrogate Who. With late '70s British rock styles in mind, Bethnal are hard to place. They don't sit comfortable with the brash disorderliness we've come to associate with punk, nor is their image or sound cleancut enough for the so-called powerpop faction.

Lyrically though, they're perfectly attuned to the frustrations of the present teenage generation, and voice their disenchantment with as much conviction as, say, Sham 69 with "Leaving Home", "Where Do We Stand" and "The Outcome".

Bethnal comprise two Greek Cypriots, a black Jamaican and one white Englishman, and so possess an obvious 'political' awareness — their misgivings and fears are expressed strongly in the title track, "Soldier Boy" and "Who We Gonna Blame".

Although these songs are simple word frames containing only the suggestion of images, their meaning is always clear, even if the lyrical economy of the three writers — George Csapo, Nick Nichaels and Everton Williams — occasionally leads to gross overstatement. For instance, the mass emigation portrayed in "Leaving Home" borders on the sensational.

In this context it's apparent that "We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place" (the single) and "Baba O'Riley" (misspelt O'Reilly on their sleeve) are included not as an indulgence in mid-'60s and early '70s nostalgia, but because they're bleak scenarios which in subject complement Bethnal's concerns. Only two songs, "Out In The Street" and "Bartok", lighten this grave pessimism, with the latter spinning off into a delightful reel with Csapo leading on violin.

In a way the lyrical intensity and sheer force of the music does Bethnal a disservice because their impact detracts from the subtlety they possess. With Williams on bass and Pete Dowling on drums there's a strong foundation to the band, reminiscent of Entwhistle and Moon, but all too often they work with guitarist Michaels as a heavy rock trio, leaving Csapo to concentrate on his excellent vocals.

Neither the obvious strength and success of this format can be questioned, except to say that producer Kenny Leguna (for some time associated with Beserkley acts like Jonathan Richman and Earthquake) tends to bury the brief organ, piano and lead guitar passages under the instrumental triumvirate, thus depriving the listener of any real contrast.

But it is a debut album and for all that a remakable recording. It's benefited from the group's decision to go in the studio only when they'd gained more playing experience and had a clearer view of what they wanted to state in their songs. Would that others were so wise.

Tony Stewart

Good Music By Any Other Name

SOFT MACHINE
Alive And Well (Harvest)
GONG
Expresso II (Virgin)

TIME WAS when Soft Machine and Gong had Daevid Allen and Canterbury in common.

A decade or so later and the ties that bind are different. Both bands have lost all their founder members, both are making music that deserves and demands a far wider audience than one dictated solely by past reputation and family tree.

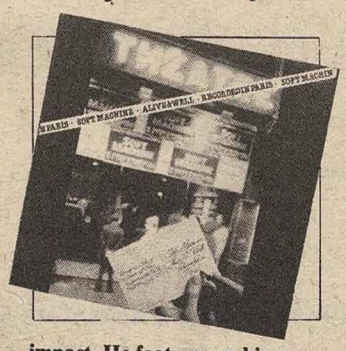
All new material, "Alive And Well" was recorded in Paris last summer and punchily produced by Roxy club and Wire soundman Mike Thorne.

Softs' anchorman is Karl Jenkins (keyboards and synthesisers). He joined for "Sixth" and has lately assumed much the same role as Josef Zawinul within Weather Report — player, composer and arranger in residence.

Side one is classic Jenkins, a long piece in seven sections. Majestic melody ("Eos" and "Sunbird") and resounding riff ("Puffin" and "Huffin"), forward flow ("White Kite") and febrile friction ("Bullets And Blades"), all are seamlessly counterbalanced and or combined.

Side two's "The Nodder" is more of same, a lingering toon slung to a hip-scuttling tempo. And that's your starter for 20. In Steve Cook (bass) and John Marshall (drums) Softs have an all-purpose rhythm section, in John Etheridge (guitars) and Ric Sanders (violin) two gifted soloists.

Given his tight brief in Softs, Etheridge is astounding, able to move fearfully fast yet maintain maximum emotional



impact. He features on his own with "Number Three", wry homage to Django Reinhardt, as does Sanders with "Surrounding Silence", angular improvisation over eerie tape loop.

Which leaves the stand-out "Soft Space", a studio tail sting. It's a mesmerising disco (yeah, you read right) mutation, Jenkins' serried synthesisers pulsing out a programme that makes the instrumental track of Donna Summer's "I Feel Love" seem like the work of a complete incompetent (which it wasn't).

Marshall's steady snares brace the juddering rhythm whilst Etheridge repeats a peal of bell-clear notes — the genius touch and, like the whole exercise, trebly effective for its sheer simplicity.

Should be a single, I thought, and it will be soon, Harvest permitting. The bulk of disco product I find pretty demoralising since it seems to echo only despair and the glib triumph of machine over man, but "Soft Space" abruptly turns the tables, tempers the technology and humanises the hardware. Simply sensational.

"Expresso II" is Gong's second shot along an all-instrumental vein. Pierre Moerlen (drums) still holds centrepoint as once again he, Benoit Moerlen and Mireille Bauer provide a bewildering range of percussive orchestrations.

Xylophone, glockenspiel, marimba, bells and more — Gong's use of them as rhythm and lead instruments is imaginative, absorbing and, though I speak as one who can't abide the saccharine sweetness of, say, Mr. Oldfield's tinkling timbres, never coy or cloying.

Hansford Rowe (bass) completes the full-time lineup, Allan Holdsworth (guitar) becoming part-time and mad reedsman Didier Malherbe swelling the ranks of the dear Gong departed.

John Wood produced, opting for upfront mass instead of the distant sheen Dennis Mackay applied to "Gazeuse!". Wood's touch is strong alchemy, especially on "Heavy Tune", a determined riff job with choice lead guitar from Mick (the same) Taylor.

Other guests include Darryl Way, who adds sparkling violin to the ironically titled "Sleepy" and "Boring", two of the most hyperactive pieces here. "Sleepy" also features some strangely throttled fretting from Holdsworth — an erratic technician at his best. Rowe meanwhile sounds firm and fresh throughout, refusing to peddle cliches.

All told "Expresso II" betters the unfairly maligned "Gazeuse!". The material is stronger, the playing more forceful and Moerlen's ambitious overall concept much more firmly based. There's jazz in the freedom for heady soloing, rock in the rhythms and Gong in the generosity of it all.

Never mind the names, here's good music.

Angus MacKinnon

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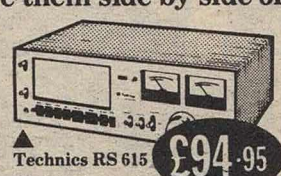

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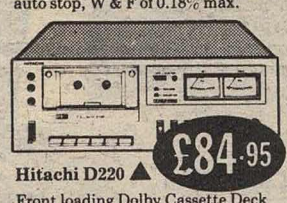

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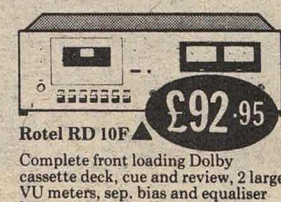

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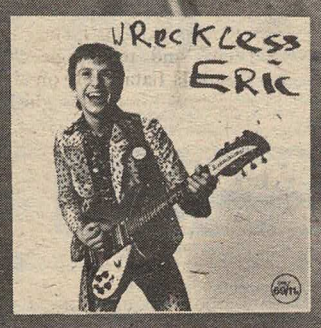

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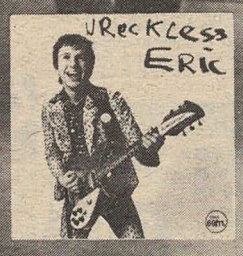


BROWN 10" SEEZ 6

SIX OF ONE AND HALF A DOZEN OF THE OTHER

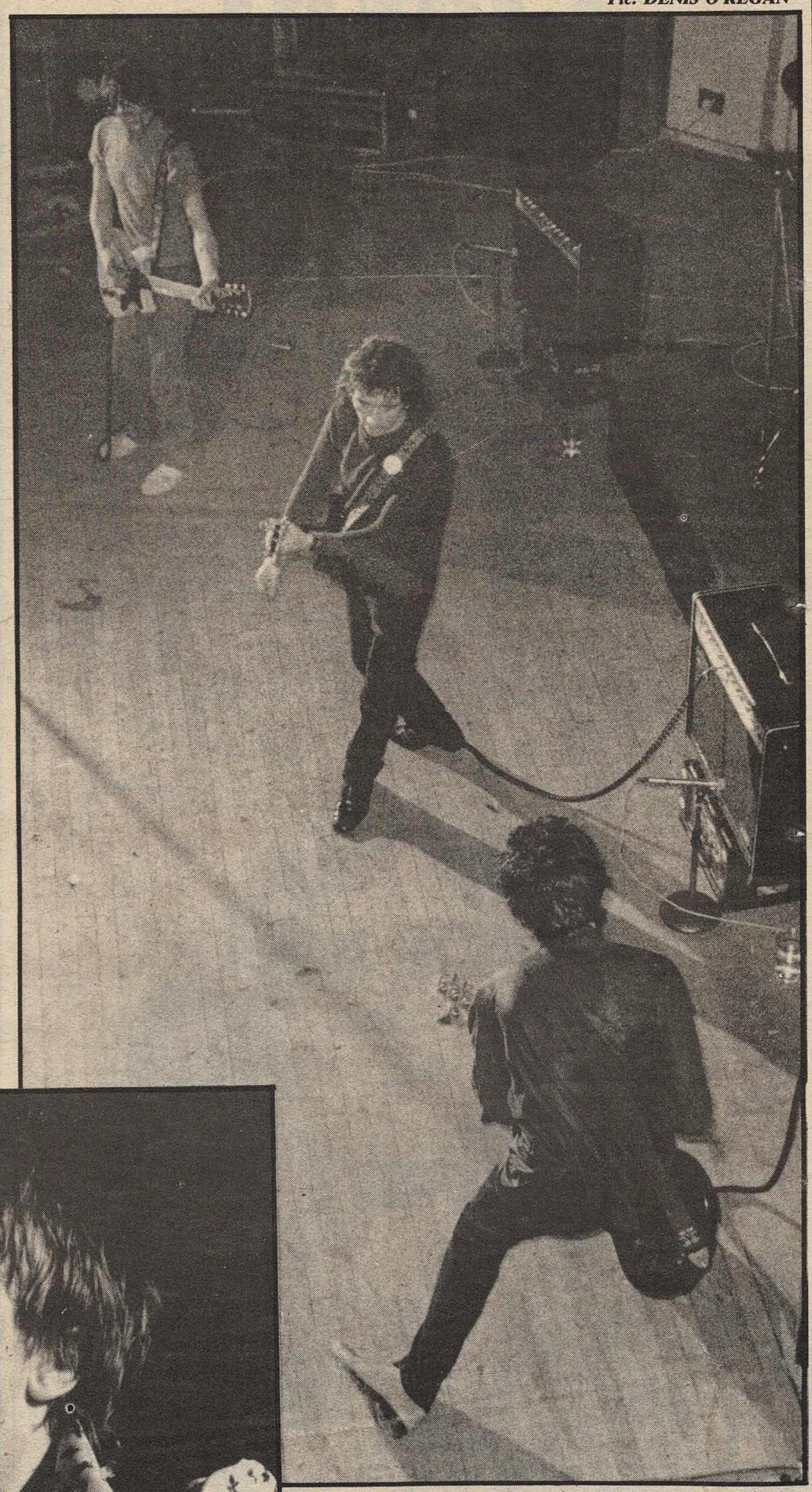
STIFF RECORDS
FOR THAT EXTRA YARD

ON THE TOWN

NICK KENT and ANDY GILL report on contrasting attitudes to today's game

Buzzcocks turn pro; Eric's still a Corinthian casual

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN



Buzzcocks
The Slits

WOOLWICH

THE LAST time I reviewed Buzzcocks it was, to say the least, not under the most propitious of circumstances.

They were one of the bands involved in Bernard Rhodes' one-off attempt to transform a Pakistani cinema in Harlesden into a viable new-wave venue, and were second-billed to The Clash and preceded by the Subway Sect and The Slits.

Back then, Pete Shelley had bleached blonde hair and, from a distance anyway, appeared like some effeminate elf complete with a high-pitched Northern accent redolent of yer 'we Georgie Wood' archetype, while the bass player was a veritable bullock of a fellow, po-faced, making the four-piece the most ridiculously incongruous-looking ensemble I'd encountered for ages.

That, coupled with my fairly brutal state of mental disorder, already prone to an — albeit irresponsible — penchant for crass cynicism, *plus* the absolutely *dire* P.A. system that would have probably destroyed any sparks of musical interest played that night anyway, moved me to pen a brusque snide critique of the event; the main thrust of which, as I recall, made out the band to be nothing more than a bunch of minimally competent surrogate Ramones.

Well, a year has elapsed since that little episode occurred and many changes have been wrought.

Shelley, for example, no longer has blonde hair but his own natural dark-brown tint and the bovine bassist Garth has been replaced by the more agreeably photogenic Steve Garvey.

More to the point, Buzzcocks have a record contract, an album just out and lots of positive support from most members of the rock press.

Even more to the point, the aforementioned has provided the band with the momentum and wherewithal to set out on a nationwide tour supported by The Slits.

Woolwich, way out there in the jungle-land of outer London suburbia, apparently doesn't get that many rock bands playing for its natives, which could well explain the not-inconsiderable quotient present at Thames Polytechnic for Saturday's gig.

To them, Buzzcocks' performance was a triumph, certainly, and was far as most bottom-line criteria go, that triumph was warranted.

Now blessed with a decent P.A. System and enough experience to sharpen up previous musical shortcomings and general sloppiness, the band present their wares with, dare I say, a professional authority.

Yet, the gig itself left me a touch bemused by it all — on the whole for reasons that I'm still not quite sure about.

Having been exposed to the album only very recently, I've still to reach a definite opinion, on the group's merits as a vinyl proposition anyway.

However, even at this stage, it's evident that an integral factor in Buzzcock's *raison d'etre* (sorry about that, just couldn't think of anything less flowery at the time) is Shelley's lyrics which provide so much of the substance.

At Woolwich, the latter's wry verses couldn't be heard properly so that ultimately the band's attraction lay solely in their adeptness as music-makers.

As a muscial unit, they keep to fairly conventional pop/rock basics with the odd twist here and there that, although it never veers into the clever-clever terrain of an XTC, say, never packs the truly individual punch that the group sometimes hit when they're on form.

There are moments, mind you, when the band do achieve something truly compelling, particularly guitarist Steve Diggle's "Autonomy" which was one high-spot; another purely instrumental piece featuring Shelley and Diggle's duelling guitars counterpointing sprightly melody-lines pointed at further ground-breaking.

Yet as a live band, Buzzcocks appear still to have to learn how to project the lyrics/music juxtaposition that makes their recorded work so appealing; either they'll work out how to integrate the two or else, as was the case at Woolwich, they'll remain as frustrating to listen to as they are occasionally invigorating. I await their Lyceum gigs with interest.

Meanwhile, The Slits supported and at least half the compulsion to travel out to

● Continued on page 61

The Wreck himself *Pic: GEORGE BODNAR*

Wreckless Eric

SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC

A YOUNG lady appears on the stage and proceeds to shout something about today being her birthday, saxist John Glyn accompanying her (less than diplomatic) efforts with a few well-chosen phrases.

I realise she is a trifle juiced, as Wreckless Eric takes the stage to an incongruous "hero's" welcome. He too is a trifle juiced.

All is as it should be.

For me, one of the most welcome surprises of the Stiff Package Tour's Sheffield gig was Wreckless Eric's slab of what could reasonably be called "Sloppy Rock".

Quirky in conception and anarchic in execution, the music matched his visual presence perfectly: a blend of the innocent and the slightly insane which contrasted neatly with the slick contrivances of the musical-old-lags-made-good who comprised the rest of the package.

The question is: does it succeed on its own, outside the balanced atmosphere of that tour?

The answer is: yes, if you let it . . .

This time around, he's replaced the pick-up band of the Stiff Tour with The New Rockets, a motley bunch comprising Dave Lutton (drums), Barry Payne (bass), John Glyn (sax) and Charlie Hart (keyboards), all of whom appear on the new album, with the Wreck himself on guitar.

"This isn't Elvis Costello and the Attractions, you know — I haven't written any new songs, so we can't do anything off the next album" mutters Wreckless cryptically as they launch (perhaps *lurch* would be more correct) into "Semaphore Signals", now afforded the dubious status of Collector's Item by dint of non-inclusion on the album.

The sound, to begin with, isn't as cohesively dense as it should be, the organ poking conspicuously through the mix on both "Semaphore Signals" and "Rough Kids".

Not, of course, that it matters much: he's an unknown quantity as yet, and the audience has no standards by which to judge the performance.

And Wreckless, well, he doesn't seem to be in a fit state to care, let alone judge.

Which, as I mentioned, is just as it should be: the guy down front who asks Eric to "pull himself together" after an appropriately rough-hewn version of "Rags And Tatters" (featuring a sterling burst of "Yakety Sax" from Glyn) is missing the point.

As with the almost-late-lamented Prefects, Wreckless Eric's music would decline in value if the veneer of amateurism were to wear off completely.

In fact, in many ways, his drunken dithering between songs and his occasional rhythmic lapses stand as a stoic, individualistic bastion against the pre-planned, programmed excesses of more populist rockers.

And what he lacks in style and execution, Wreckless Eric makes up for in imagination.

So if you condemn him for his amateurism, you're placing too great an emphasis on technique and ignoring completely his ideas. In other words, your musical values are in a mess, Jack.

You're also disregarding performances like tonight's versions of "Grown Ups" and "There Isn't Anything Else", the latter an obvious single, the former featuring an instrumental break which really cooks, in its own harsh, discordant manner, hinting at what Wreckless Eric and the new Rockets are quite capable of creating: a jazz-rock fusion which places emphasis more on a certain bohemian spirit than on prissy, pointless technical noodling.

The biggest problem he faces at present is brought neatly into focus by Wreckless when he responds to the obvious request late in the set:

"What do you want? Do you want me to to do 'Whole Wide World'?"

(Yes).

"Do you want me to ever do anything else?"

(Silence).

SUPPORT group Garbo's Celluloid Heroes are a six-piece (two guitars/keyboards/bass/drums/vocals) who look suspiciously like a bunch of old rockers who've wised up.

Nothing wrong with that, but their mixture of punk and boogie, overlaid with a few glammy elements, is pretty horrible.

The provide a convenient contrast with Wreckless Eric: the one slickly unadventurous, the other sloppy but interesting.

GCH appear to be the victims of an unfortunate and childish death-obsession, which they fail to carry off successfully.

Songs like "Won't You Come To My Funeral", "Down Among The Dead Men" and the single "Only Death Is Fatal" rely on absurd singalong hook-lines which are as embarrassingly contrived as the subject-matter and onstage posturing.

Ultimately, their death-obsession is all they have going for them; but if Adam Ant can get mileage out of cheap S/M references, I see no reason why Garbo's Celluloid Heroes shouldn't do the same with death refs.

Unless, of course, certain criteria change . . .

Andy Gill

David Coverdale coming in on the Northwinds.

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THE MONOS (northern version) Pic: LAURIE EVANS

The Stiffwick Expedition. . .

Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge

EDINBURGH

THE FOURTH Stiff-Chiswick expedition. Their mission: to find new bands, discover next month's thing, to boldly sit through more acts in one evening than any ears have withstood before.

There were eight hopefuls in all at Edinburgh's Clouds disco, and the bill wasn't varied enough to sustain interest throughout the night; seven of the bands were new wave, five were more or less straight punk.

Nevertheless, the objects of the mission were tackled bravely, and as there was no bar to retreat to, the bulk of young Scottish talent was subjected to scrutiny.

The Monos were the most entertaining because they were distinctly unusual. Not to be confused with the London-based combo of the same name, they boasted an interesting, close-cropped vocalist stepping slowly round the stage like a bionic Action Man. Throaty new wave calypsos, hummable tunes and plenty of contrasts.

Contrast is just what the local heroes, The Skids, lacked, providing awful, droning, heavy metal punk with interminable feedback wails from the super-macho guitarist.

The Subs were the event's main band, already signed to Stiff for their first single and far superior to their brother punks on the night, despite amp problems; a solid set of songs, with a similar young and jumpy feel to The Boys, and a commanding singer oblivious to the yelps of "Glasgow perverts!!" from a partisan crowd.

The group who could be the name to watch, however, were The Cuban Heels. Starting with a sharp, Feelgood-style instrumental they produced the most memorable songs of any of the groups, "Pablo Picasso" being especially good.

They seemed to know very little about putting them across to a large audience, however, and I wasn't consistently impressed with the vocalist's stage presence. But the potential was undeniable.

An honourable mention for The Freeze — the last act and, judging by their youth and energy, far better than they seemed at the time.

It was one of those strange evenings that seem much better in retrospect. A genuine crowd this time, rather than a gathering of the music business, and an unquestionably worthwhile venture. Rumour has it that larger companies intend following in Stiffwick's footsteps, so there might not be many more of the real thing.

Next stop Manchester.

Kim Davis

Roy Harper

GUILDFORD

THE BIG question about this tour, on which Harper is accompanied only by the excellent Andy Roberts, is how he can carry off a set on two acoustic guitars when for the last four years we have been used to him having a band.

How can we survive a show without "Referendum" or "Highway Blues"?

The answer is, Easily. The lack was only apparent on one song, significantly the newest. "Cherishing The Lonesome" gains dynamic power on "Bullinamingvase" from the band entering in full cry at *"O help me now, my long lost love"*. The limitations of the acoustic duo meant that its effect was pretty small, and moreover the break at the end on acoustic was no contrast.

Following on from that low point was the highlight, "The Game". First he recited it as a poem, which ten-minute process sounds as good a tranquiliser as any. But no. As he recited, the music ran through my head, and as that changed, I expected the sense of the words to divide at the same points. It does not, which explains some of the difficulties I have had in understanding it.

More surprisingly, it worked brilliantly on acoustic, especially when Andy Roberts added some fine ornaments near the end.

The strength of the set, though, was the return of songs which Harper has not sung live for years: "South Africa", "North Country", "One Man Rock'n'Roll", "12 Hours Of Sunset", and particularly "The Same Old Rock" and a blistering "White Man".

I dreaded this gig. I might have found a disappointed man bitter about his commercial failures. I got two hours of Roy Harper excitedly rediscovering himself, literally cherishing the lonesome.

Mike Holmans

Sweet

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

THESE POOR buggers can't win. Four or five years ago they got, 'ha! Pop schmock crap'; and now they get, 'well, it's okay, but why can't they make classic singles like they used to?' Oh, the irony of it all.

The lovably butch Bri, Mick, Andy and Steve (plus two slick guest musicians who seemed to Know Their Place) opened with "Action" and "Ballroom Blitz"; the sound was perfect, the band (and lighting) beautifully tight.

Creditably, they didn't do a set of Chinnichap's Greatest but concentrated on their newest material, assuming, I guess, that if the fans didn't know it by now, it's about time they did.

I didn't. However, the heavy numbers sound uninspired but intelligently put together, while the quasi-romantics, like "Lady Of The Lake", seem (hoho) wet.

The frontline shared the vocals (Scott high; Connelly, macho; Priest, burlesque) and harmonised accurately though predictably.

They proved very fond of harmony guitarwork too.

Over all Sweet showed more good points — Cale's "Cocaine", long version of "Oxygen", "Blitz" — than bad — "California Nights" with back-projection of *surfing* yet.

So how come they're not regarded as a 'respectable' class rock band? If they'd like that regard, I think maybe they're too late. On the other hand, with audience reaction like they got Friday why should they worry?

The support, Bob Williamson, was a sort of latterday George Formby, except that the level of his humour made ol' George look like Peter Ustinov. Maybe he'd have done better without the vociferous hecklers.

Mark Bastable

Turbines Transmitters

NOTTINGHAM BOAT CLUB

THE TRANSMITTERS have two delectable nubiles singing and saxing alongside a diminutive Ferry move-alike . . . and the first flash is latterday Roxy Music.

After ten minutes Deaf School seems more appropriate and by the end neither comparison suffices. Their sound is as yet too blurred to pin down.

Let's simply credit them with the potential to be very exciting indeed.

The Turbines have been together three months and not yet decided which direction to take.

At present, they have maybe four really good songs, of which "Total Personality Change" is the best.

In bassist Chris Joyce they have an obvious frontman, and should consider giving him the job. The others are about as visual as a box of spanners, and, while they play considerably more proficiently, they need to pay immediate attention to both vocals and timing.

Faults aside, when they do get burning, as during the extended encore, they rock with a conviction that evinces definite promise.

Stephen Gordon

WARNERS ALBUM RELEASE:

"HOPE & ANCHOR FRONT ROW FESTIVAL"

VARIOUS ARTISTS

CHAS DE COLLIS, propped up at the bar, reveals the full facts about the HOPE & ANCHOR FRONT ROW FESTIVAL

The release of 'Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival' must surely establish this North London landmark as Britain's most famous rock music pub. Situated at 207 Islington Upper Street, just a two minute walk from Highbury and Islington tube station on the Victoria line, the pub ranks as one of the first in London to run regular rock gigs.

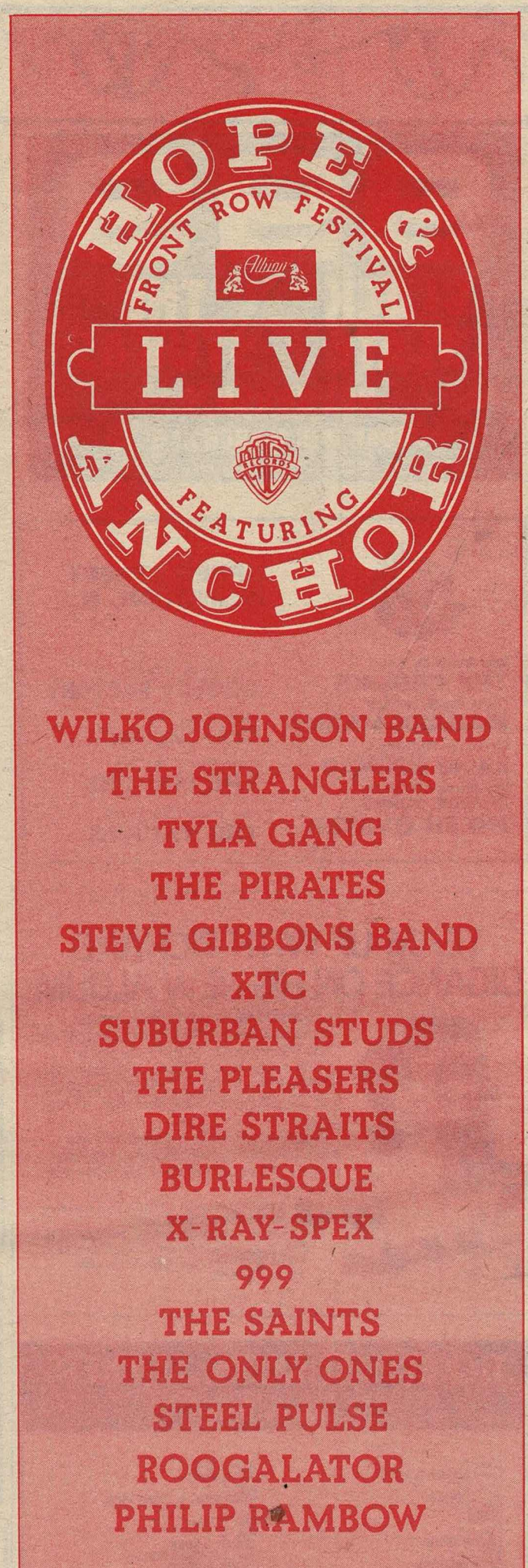
It was back in the early Seventies that people first started to talk about 'Pub Rock'. Of course, even at that time numerous pubs were featuring rock groups, but very few were emerging with any apparent aspirations towards greater success. The Tally Ho in Kentish Town was probably the first pub in London to specifically cater to a rock audience. Bands like Bees Make Honey and Brinsley Schwarz (with Nick Lowe) played regular gigs there, paving the way for Ducks Deluxe, Kilburn and The Highroads (fronted by Ian Dury), Ace and Chilli Willi, among others.

The Hope & Anchor was originally a jazz venue, but about this time started to feature rock bands on Fridays and Saturdays. When the Tally Ho changed landlords and discontinued rock in favour of Irish showbands the Hope quickly took over as North London's main pub rock attraction.

The rock policy was pulled into shape by Fred Grainger and Dave Robinson, who ran the pub on a shoestring not to mention a "devil-may-care" attitude.

The upstairs bar was dominated by at least the most interesting jukebox in London running a spectrum of sounds from Professor Longhair to Van Morrison to in-demand 'Pub Rock' singles.

Down in the cellar one could regularly catch The Stranglers, Graham Parker & The Rumour, Dr Feelgood, Steve Gibbons Band and The Kursaal Flyers, to list but a few. Why, the pub even installed its own recording studio, though this is now defunct.



As the years passed, Fred eventually quit the Hope to open a rock club in Brighton while Dave joined Jake Riviera in running Stiff Records. Albion Management and Agency took over the tenancy of the Hope in January of '76 under the auspices of bearded, genial landlord John Eichler. Since that time John has organised various benefits in order to keep the pub open in the light of numerous threats of closure from the brewery. The Front Row Festival grew from one of these ideas, with name bands returning to the pub and performing for only expenses. Ian Grant of Albion narrowed down a long list to a final 22 bands — all of which had played at the pub at one time or another. Then an "ideas meeting" was called.

It would surely have been crazy with such an amazing collection of bands not to arrange that the recording of the Festival be issued on a double album, and what an album! 17 Hope & Anchor bands live.

And so the Hope & Anchor continues with its policy of live rock, attracting a hard core of punters alongside the usual gaggle of A&R scouts. Latest news is that the upstairs restaurant to the pub is being converted into an after-hours membership club for tired record company execs, music biz hacks, DJ's and producers. And why not? Perhaps the best is yet to come.

The Hope & Anchor is situated on the corner of Upper Street and Islington Park Street in an up and never came part of North London. In the bowels of this establishment lies or rather lurks a black smoke-filled cellar of matey proportions.

This subterranic world's overlord is the bearded Fred Grainger, originally from good old Shoreham-On-Sea, a non commuter part of Sussex.

In the early years, jazz could be heard bubbling up through adjacent Islington drain pipes. Colds have been caught there by many, from the late Phil Seaman to Jo-Ann Kelly.

The Hope has been father to such as Brinsley Schwarz (should have made it), Chilli Willi, the Ducks, Ace and the Bees and in the words of lesser commercials 'many, many more'.

The then Brinsley's manager and most pleasant person Dave Robinson moved in upstairs and with Grainger formed Upper Street Music and have filled their clammy kingdom with the most exciting sounds around.

'Hope & Anchor Front Row Festival' is an excellent example of what wafts up from the lovable black hole of Islington.

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+ The Unwanted
Thursday March 16th at 7.30 pm
Tube: Finsbury Park, then W3 bus
Enquiries: 01-348 7304

THURSDAY 9th MARCH
JOHNNY "CALL ME BWANA" G
AT THE STAR & GARTER, PUTNEY BRIDGE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Art College: HENRY COW
ABERDEEN University: BETHNAL
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: THE CRABS
BARROW Maxim's: THE STUKAS
BASILDON Double Six: PEKOE ORANGE
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Golden Cockerel: ORPHAN
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: KEITH CHRISTMAS
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Crockers: NEW YORK JETS
BRISTOL Granary: STRIDER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: ADVERTISING
BRISTOL Tiffany's: WIRE
BRISTOL University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/THE FLYS
CANTERBURY Odeon: HOT CHOCOLATE
CARLISLE Flopps: THE DRONES
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: PENETRATION
COVENTRY Warwick University: RALPH McTELL
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: RENAISSANCE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: SHAM 69
EXETER Groucho's: THE PIGS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: GORDON GILTRAP
HARLOW Painted Lady: JERRY THE FERRET
HATFIELD The Forum: THE STRAWBS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: ROOGALATOR
HUDDERSFIELD Technical College: MUD
HULL University: THE DARTS
IFIELD Pelham Buckle: THE EDGE BAND
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: R.B.Q.
LEEDS Polytechnic: GENERATION X
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE BOYFRIENDS
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: EARTH TRANSIT
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: MOTORHEAD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE VIPERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: ALFALPHA
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemason's Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Folk Centre: KATY HEATH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON KENSINGTON Villiers Wine Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: U-BROWN & THE EQUATORS
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: FRANKIE REED BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: RIFF RAFF
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: THE HEARTDROPS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North East Polytechnic: METABOLIST
LONDON WARDOUR ST. Crackers: TRAPEZE RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAYING MANTIS
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: WHIRLWIND
LONDON W.11 Duke of Sussex: SWIFT
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: PANAMA RED
MANCHESTER Rafters: 999
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: WRECKLESS ERIC
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABRE JETS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Tiffany's: ZAL/THE NEXT BAND
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
NOTTINGHAM University: UNIVERS ZERO
OLDHAM Tower Club: THE ONLY ONES
OXFORD Cape of Good Hope: TROUT
OXFORD Polytechnic: SPUD
PENZANCE The Garden: TONIGHT
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE BOYS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: PACIFIC EARDRUM
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
PRESTON Polytechnic: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
READING Bones Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
READING Hexagon Theatre: THE SPINNERS
READING Target Club: STAGEFRIGHT
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
SHEFFIELD University: BERT JANSCH
SUTTON Red Lion: MICK RYAN & JOHN BURGE
SWANSEA Circle Club: THE PLEASERS
SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE ENID
TREFOREST Glamorgan Polytechnic: KRAZY KAT
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: RICHIE HAVENS-/JOSH WHITE JR.
WALSALL Coach & Horses: SKRATCH
WELLINGTON Town House: COCK SPARRER
WINSFORD Civic Hall: SAD CAFE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: STEELEYE SPAN

Friday

ABERTILLERY Leisure Centre: ACKER BILK BAND
ABERYSTWYTH University: LITTLE BOB STORY
BARNOLDSWICK Stork Majestic: STING
BATH Academy: ADAM & THE ANTS
BATH Pavilion: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRET/THE FLYS
BATH University: RENAISSANCE
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: 999
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM University: REGGAE REGULAR
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: WILF
BOGNOR Ocean Bars: EXODUS
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: YORKSHIRE RELISH
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BOYS

GENERATION X (above) begin their major British tour this week, opening at Leeds (Thursday), Liverpool (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Middlesbrough (Sunday), Doncaster (Monday) and Keighley (Tuesday). There's plenty more dates to follow next week.
DEVO (left), the highly rated U.S. outfit from Ohio, make their U.K. debut this week with gigs at Liverpool (Thursday) and Leeds (Friday). They then guest with the Albertos in concert at Manchester (Saturday) and London (Sunday), which sounds value for money.

BRIGHTON Sussex University: LIONHEART
BURTON 76 Club: ADVERTISING
CANTERBURY Kent University: TENNIS SHOES
CARDIFF University: RICHIE HAVENS/JOSH WHITE JR.
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
CHELTENHAM Pavilion Club: TROUT
CHESTERFIELD A.G.D. Club: DAGABAND
COLCHESTER Essex University: SPIRIT
COLWYN BAY Dixieland Showbar: THE ENID/AMSTERDAM
COVENTRY Ryton Bridge: RENO
COVENTRY Technical College: SCHOOL MEALS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: THE SPINNERS
DARTINGTON Civic Centre: PACIFIC EARDRUM
DERBY King's Hall: SHAM 69
DOUGLAS I.o.M Palace Lido: THE ONLY ONES
DUDLEY College of Education: THE PIRATES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: GLORIA MUNDI
DUNDEE Technical College: FIVE HAND REEL
DURHAM Technical College: THE CARPETTES
EAST GRINSTEAD Imberhorne School: EDGE BAND
EDINBURGH University: BETHNAL
EXETER University: ETRON FOU LELOUBLAN/SAMLA MAMMAS MANNA
GOSPORT John Peel: THIEVES LIKE US
GUILDFORD Surrey University: DEAF SCHOOL
HANLEY Victoria Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
HARROGATE P.G.'s Club: DAVID COVERDALE BAND
HATFIELD Polytechnic: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
HEREFORD College of Education: GONZALEZ
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: STEPPIN' OUT
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WIRE
KNARESBOROUGH Folk Club: SPREDTHICK
LANCASTER University: JOHN MILES BAND-/JOHNNY COUGAR
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Trinity & All Saints College: THE SNEAKERS
LEEDS University: DEVO/DAWNWEAVER/THE MEKONS
LEICESTER Pheonix Theatre: LANDSCAPE
LEICESTER Polytechnic: MUD
LEICESTER University: SPUD
LIVERPOOL Eric's: GENERATION X
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: TUBEWAY ARMY
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: SWIFT
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: WHIRLWIND/THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON EDMONTON The Cock: KESTRAL
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: COCK SPARRER
LONDON FULHAM The Volunteer: LOGARITHM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: GALLAGHER & LYLE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: SUBS
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: CADO BELLE
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: NEW HEARTS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: TRAPEZE
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: EXZIBITOR
LONDON Marquee Club: MEAL TICKET
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary's College: RALPH McTELL
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: REEL UNION
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: DAVID PARTON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JEBB AVENUE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
LONDON W.10 Acklam Hall: SONS OF JAH/CUC-KOO/HIGH TENSION/NIGHT FLIGHT
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: SOUNDER
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: SAD CAFE
MANCHESTER Staybridge The Commercial: ANY TROUBLE
MARGATE Dreamland: STAA MARX
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE STUKAS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE DARTS/THE YOUNG BUCKS
NEWPORT Village Club: RADIATORS FROM SPACE
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: THE SAINTS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
NOTTINGHAM University: SUPERCHARGE
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: PAM AYRES
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE PLEASERS
POOLE Technical College: JENNY HAAN'S LION
ROCHDALE Football Ground: MOTORHEAD
SALFORD University: STRAWBS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE MOVIES
SHEFFIELD K.G.B. Dance Centre: THE XTRAS/TEST TUBE BABIES
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: MUSCLES
SHEFFIELD University: BRITISH LIONS
SHEFFIELD Winnington Park Centre: KRAZY KAT
SLEAFORD Nags Head: THE NEXT BAND
SOUTHEND College of Technology: WILKO JOHNSON
SOUTHPORT Coronation Hotel: BOB STEWART
STAFFORD College of Further Education: SUBURBAN STUDS/THE DEPRIVED
STIRLING University: WRECKLESS ERIC
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
SWANSEA Cape Horner Hotel: SLEEVER
SWANSEA University: THE LURKERS
ULVERSTON Penny Farthing: GOBBLINZ
WEYMOUTH College of Education: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: ZAL
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
AYLESBURY Friars: MOTORHEAD / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: GONZALEZ
BANGOR University: THE PIRATES
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: BRUCE OGSTON
BATH Walcot Hall: BRONZE / THE INTERCEPTORS
BICESTER Nowhere Club: SAMSON
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NEW HEARTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: GRANNOCK
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE DARTS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Rock Club: SLEDGEHAMMER
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare & Hounds: 1812
BIRMINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: RENO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
BLAENAVON Lesuire Centre: DAYS OF GRACE
BOGNOR Technical College: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: FRANCHISE
BRADFORD Royal Standard: ORPHAN
BRADFORD University: STRAWBS
BRIGHTON New Regent: THE BRAKES
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: WARSAW PAKT / THE VAMP / THE TEAM
BRIGHTON Technical College: REGGAE REGULAR
BRISTOL Barton Hill Centre: COCK SPARRER
BRISTOL Brunel University: PACIFIC EARDRUM
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: LIZARD
BRISTOL Granary: WINDOW
BRISTOL Stonehouse Club: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: THE STUKAS
CANTERBURY Kent University: DEAF SCHOOL
COVENTRY College of Education: TONIGHT
COVENTRY Theatre: PAM AYERS
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: ROKOTTO
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Palace Lido: THE ONLY ONES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE REZILLOS
DURHAM University: FIVE HAND REEL
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THIEVES LIKE US
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: GOBBLINZ
EWELL Technical College: ZAL
FARNBOROUGH Technical College: THE ENID
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: RICHIE HAVENS / JOSH WHITE JR.
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: WRECKLESS ERIC
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: BETHNAL
HALIFAX The Good Mood: THE ACCELERATORS
HARROW Queen's Arms: PANAMA RED
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: DELROY WILLIAMS / SOUL EXPLOSION / MR SUPER BAD
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: SORE THROAT
KINGSTON The Dolphin: VISITOR 2035
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: PREACHERS DREAM
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: SAD CAFE
LIVERPOOL Eric's: 999
LIVERPOOL University: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS / RADIO STARS / SQUEEZE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SUBS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON CHELSEA College: EXZIBITOR / FOSTER BROTHERS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON EC1 City Arms: FRANKENSTEIN
LONDON EDMONTON Pymmes Park Inn: LOGARITHM
LONDON FOREST GATE Freemasons Tavern: KESTRAL
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RENAISSANCE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: MIKE ABSALOM
LONDON KENSINGTON Talbot Tabernacle: THE YOUNGSTERS / THE B.52s
LONDON Marquee Club: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON Queen Mary College: AFTER THE FIRE
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SPIRIT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Cecil Sharp House: GEOFF & PENNIE HARRIS
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: RALPH McTELL
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CHRIS HILL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DAVE LEWIS/CHARGE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE LURKERS
LONDON STRATFORD Cart & Horses: WARM JETS
LONDON WILLESDEN Apollo Club: MATUMBI
LOUGHBOROUGH University: MUD
LUTON Sands Club: SOUL DIRECTION
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS / DEVO
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: SUBWAY SECT / THE LOUS
MANCHESTER Rafters: GLORIA MUNDI
MARGATE Dreamland: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
NEWCASTLE University: GENERATION X
NORTHAMPTON Nene College: THE ROLL-UPS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: RACING CARS / BOWLES BROS
NOTTINGHAM Cotgrave Club: STAGE FRIGHT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM University: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT
OXFORD College of Further Education: SUPERCHARGE
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE PLEASERS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE VIBRATORS / THE CARPETTES
SCARBOROUGH Ollie's Club: WIRE
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: SHAM 69
SHEFFIELD University: JOHN MILES BAND / JOHNNY COUGAR
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: GALLAGHER & LYLE
SOUTHAMPTON University: THE BUZZCOCKS / SURPRISE SISTERS / JENNY HAAN'S LION
STOKE Etruria Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Green Dragon: JEVUTSHTA
SWANSEA Arts Centre: PATRICK FITZGERALD
TAMWORTH Chequers Club: DAGABAND
TAUNTON Odeon: THE SPINNERS
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: THE SAINTS
WALSALL Town Hall: MUSCLES
WATFORD Jasbirs Hall: KEV PARR & THE CROWBARS
WATFORD Wall Hall College: NO DICE
WIGAN Casino: LITTLE BOB STORY
WINCHESTER Students Union: THE FRESHLY LAYED BAND
WIGSHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOODHALL SPA Golf Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
WYE College: JOHN RENBOURN / STEFAN GROSSMAN / DAVEY GRAHAM / DUCK BAKER
YORK College of Ripon & York St. John: BULLETS
YSTRAD Rhondda Leisure Centre: ACKER BILK BAND

Sunday

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: TROUT
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: SON OF A BITCH
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: THE BOYFRIENDS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: GLORIA MUNDI
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
BRISTOL Locarno: SPIRIT
CARLISLE Border Terrier: ISIS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
CRAWLEY White Knight: SOUTHERN RYDA
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
CROYDON Greyhound: MOTORHEAD
EGREMONT Tow Bar Inn: THE STUKAS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
HANLEY Victoria Hall: LEGENDARY LONNIE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: STEELEYE SPAN
LEEDS Grand Theatre: PAM AYERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
LEICESTER Digby Hall: THE PLEASERS
LEICESTER Tiffany's: TONIGHT
LIVERPOOL Centre Hotel: BAND WITH NO NAME
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON BOUNDS GREEN Folk Club: JOHN RENBOURN/STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: ALBERTO Y LOST TRIOS PARANOIAS/DEVO
LONDON CHARING CROSS ROAD Astoria Ballroom: THE ALBION BAND
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: FESTIVAL OF PROGRESSIVE ROCK with HENRY COW (Britain) and four Continental bands.
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: LEE KOSMIN BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON FULHAM The Volunteer: PANAMA RED

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

LIVE

LEE KOSMIN

WITH LOOSE SHOES

AT

HOPE & ANCHOR..... FRI 10th March
and Tues 21st

ROCK GARDEN ..... Sat 11th

TORRINGTON ..... Sun 12th

MOVE IT ON UP

Polydor Records
2058 971

BANDS
in concert
IN KEIGHLEY
Tues., March 14th at
VICTORIA HALL, KEIGHLEY
GENERATION X
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Discount Records, Station Bridge, Keighley of Nikkers Club, 59 Cavendish St., Keighley, or £1.80 at door on night
(includes admission to Nikkers Club afterwards 10.30 pm to 2 am).
Tues., March 21st at
NIKKERS CLUB, KEIGHLEY
BUZZCOCKS
Admission £1.00 at door
Enquiries Tel. Keighley 602822 or write to Nikkers Club, 59 Cavendish St., Keighley

EAZIE
March 10th
Anglesey Hotel, Hednesford
March 11th
Coach & Horses, West Bromwich
March 12th
Nags Head, Little Bloxwich

LEICESTER ROCK FESTIVAL
Phoenix Theatre, Leicester
Fri. March 10, 10.45pm
LANDSCAPE
Mon March 13, 8.00pm
THE FLYS
plus Robin Banks & The Payrolls & The Wads, Disco Zombies & The Biggots
Tues March 14, 8.00pm
HENRY COW & STORMY SIX
Wed March 15, 8.00pm
THE DISTRAINERS, FOAMETTES, RAW DEAL, WENDY TUNES & DEAD FLY SYNDROME
Thurs March 16, 8pm
STEAM HEAT & JET OVERCOAT'S WILDEBEESTE
Fri March 17 8.00pm
TURNING POINT & INNER EAR
Sat 12 March 8.00 pm
CAFE JACQUES & STRATA LAB
LATE BAR EACH NIGHT
BOOKING (0533) 58832

STICK UP FOR.....
THIEVES LIKE US
MARCH
Fri 10th
John Peel, Gosport
Sat 11th
Cavalier, Eastbourne
Sun 12th
Portsea Rotary Club, Portsmouth
Mon 13th
Roundabout Hotel, Fareham
Wed 15th
Milton Arms, Fareham
Sun 19th
White Knight, Crawley
Wed 22nd
The Squire, Catford
Wed 29th
Target Club, Reading
The Band that STEALS the show

ORPHANS ORPHANS ORPHANS ORPHANS
Dingwalls tuesday march 14

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WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday March 18th at 8 pm
DEAF SCHOOL
+ Minotaur
Mary Jane Disco Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans, Tel: 64511, or available on door
Sat. March 25: **GENERATION X**
words words words words words words words words words words words words

THERE ARE MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGES 50 & 53. IF YOU WANT TO ADVERTISE YOUR GIG RING BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
BUZZCOCKS
+ The Slits
Thursday March 9 PORTSMOUTH LOCARNO
£1.50. Locarno, Arundel Street, Portsmouth. 0705 25491.
Tuesday March 14 SHEFFIELD TOP RANK
£1.50. Top Rank, Arundel Gate, Sheffield. 0742 21927.
Wilson Peck, Leopold Street, Sheffield. 0742 24123.
Thursday March 16 LANCASTER UNIVERSITY
£1.50. Lancaster University, Bailrigg, Lancaster. 0524 65201.
'Ear 'Ere Records, 14 Market Entrance, Lancaster. 0524 61400.
Saturday March 18 LEEDS UNIVERSITY
£1.25. Leeds University, University, Leeds. 0532 38071.
Wednesday March 22 NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
£1.50. Virgin Records, 10/12 High St., Eldon Square, Newcastle. 0632 612795.
On the night from Mayfair, Newgate Street, Newcastle upon Tyne. 0632 23109.
Friday March 24 BIRMINGHAM TOP RANK
£1.50. Top Rank, Dale End, Birmingham. 021-236 3226.
Cyclops Sounds, 8 Piccadilly Arcade, New Street, Birmingham. 021-643 2196.
Saturday March 25 MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER
£1.50 in advance.
Sunday March 26 MANCHESTER MAYFLOWER
£1.75 on the door.
with special guest

JOHN COOPER CLARKE
& other surprises . . .
Hime & Addison, 8 St. James Square, Manchester. 061-834 8019.
Paperchase, St. Annes Square, Manchester. 061-834 7992.
Pandemonium Records, 6 Lapwing Lane, West Didsbury, Manchester. 061-445 0655
Pandemonium Records, 214 Wilmslow Road, Fallowfield, Manchester. 061-224 2869.
Black Sedan, Unit 7, University Precinct, Oxford Road, Manchester. 061-273 6534.
and on the night from The Mayflower, Birch Street, off Hyde Road, nr Belle Vue, Manchester. 061-624 4963.
Thursday March 30 HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
£1.50. Mike Lloyd Music Shops:
23 High Street, Newcastle. 0782 610940.
5 Lamb Street, Hanley. 0782 24641.
109 High Street, Tunstall. 0782 84660.
and on the night from the Victoria Hall, Hanley.
and
Capital Radio 194 presents
MUMMY'S CONCERTS with
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ The Slits
Friday March 10 LONDON LYCEUM
£2.00. Lyceum, The Strand, London WC2. 01-836 3715.
Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, London W1. 01-629 3451.
and all usual agents.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE STRAWBS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON Marquee Club: ADVERTISING
LONDON N4 The Stapleton: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Palladium: THE DARTS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE ROLL-UPS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE BRAKES
MANCHESTER Rafters: TONIGHT
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: GENERATION X
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Katie's: THE LURKERS
NOTTINGHAM Commodore Rooms: THE SUPREMES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: GWAIHIR
OLDHAM Boundary Inn: JEVUTSHTA
OXFORD New Theatre: THE SPINNERS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: THIEVES LIKE US
READING Merry Maidens: DOUBLE XPOSURE
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOTPOINTS
SHREWSBURY Tiffany's: WIRE
SLOUGH Fulcrum Hall: JOHNNY NASH
SWANSEA Penlan Social Club: ACKER BILK BAND
SWANSEA Waun Wen Inn:SLEEVER
WATFORD Bailey's: TAVARES (for a week)
WORCESTER Royal Oak: RENO

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: JOHN MILES BAND-/JOHNNY COUGAR
AMPTHILL White Hart Stables: SONS OF ALE
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: TONIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: STAGE FRIGHT
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: COLD COMFORT
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: THE SAINTS
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: WIRE
BRIDLINGTON 3B's Theatre Bar: R.B.Q.
BRISTOL Crockers: CORKSCREW (for three days)
BRISTOL Stonehouse Club: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURY Crystal Ballroom: COCK SPARRER-/DAWNBREAKER
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: THE INDEX
DONCASTER Outlook Club: GENERATION X
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: WRECKLESS ERIC
EXETER University: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
FAREHAM Roundabout Hotel: THIEVES LIKE US
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Yeadon Peacock Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: ROBIN BANKS & THE PAYROLLS/DISCO ZOMBIES
LEICESTER Scamps: DAGABAND
LEICESTER University: DEAF SCHOOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: EXZIBITOR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NO DICE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: LOOSE CHANGE/BABY GRAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SLY FOX
LONDON KENSINGTON Imperial College: £42 CHEQUE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ADVERTISING
LONDON Marquee Club: THE ONLY ONES
LONDON North Polytechnic: JOHN MARTYN/MARTIN CARTHY/BOB DAVENPORT
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: ED SIMPSON
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON Palladium: MANHATTAN TRANSFER (for a week)
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DICK GAUGHAN
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: VIRUS/THE ZIPPS
LONDON STREATHAM Cobblestones: SOUTHSIDE RHYTHM & BLUES BAND
LONDON WILLESDEN The Cavern. THE DEPRESSIONS/WARM JETS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STEFAN GROSSMAN/JOHN RENBOURN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
LONDON W.1. Speakeasy: DOPPELGANGER
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: OVERLOAD/THE SNEAKERS
MANCHESTER Golden Garter: THE THREE DEGREES (for a week)
MANCHESTER rafters: SUPERCHARGE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE DARTS/THE YOUNG BUCKS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM University: STORMY SIX
OXFORD Polytechnic: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
PLYMOUTH Castaways: GLORIA MUNDI
PRESTON Charter Theatre: PAM AYERS
REDDITCH Tracey's: RAW DEAL
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: MUD
STAFFORD Stychfield Hall: SHAM 69
STOKE Jollees: THE SUPREMES (for a week)
SWANSEA Circles Club: 999
SWANSEA Nutz Club: SAD CAFE
SWINDON The Affair: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
TODDINGTON The Sow & Pigs: THE GRAFFITI SHOW

Tuesday

BELFAST King's Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE ALBION DANCE BAND
BURNTISLAND Half Circle: WRECKLESS ERIC
CARDIFF Top Rank: MOTORHEAD
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: SCHOOL MEALS
DURHAM Coach & Eight: THE CARPETTES
KEIGHLEY Victoria Hall: GENERATION X
LEICESTER Digby Hall: THE PLEASERS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: HENRY COW/STORMY SIX
LEICESTER University: SUBWAY SECT/THE LOUS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: STREET BAND/ THE FEATURES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GOBBLINZ

MANHATTAN TRANSFER open their week-long season at the London Palladium on Monday. Provincial concerts follow in April.

LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: PEKOE ORANGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE BOYFRIENDS/THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON Marquee Club: DIRE STRAITS
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubadour: DUCK BAKER
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: SORE THROAT/THE STUKAS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JOHNNY WARMAN
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: WHIRLWIND
LONDON WOOLWICH Trams: RUSH HOUR / PIRAMID
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: BETHNAL
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: GORDON GILTRAP
MANCHESTER Rafters: TONIGHT
NEWCASTLE University: THE LURKERS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
PLYMOUTH Hoe Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
PLYMOUTH Metro: NO DICE
PRESTON Clouds: DEAF SCHOOL
SHEFFIELD City Hall: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILLIP GOODHAND-TAIT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
SHEFFIELD University: THE DARTS/THE YOUNG BUCKS
SLOUGH College: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD Golden Diamond: THE ROLL-UPS
WICKHAMBROOK The Cloak: THE GRAFFITI SHOW

Wednesday

BELFAST King's Hall: GALLAGHER & LYLE
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE SAINTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Blackthorne F.C.: ARMPIT JUG BAND
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: VARDIS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: EAZIE
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRADFORD University: DEAF SCHOOL
BRIGHTON Conference Centre: SHIRLEY BASSEY/NEW SEEKERS
BRIGHTON Dome: GORDON GILTRAP
BRISTOL Tiffany's: THE BUZZCOCKS/THE SLITS
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Focus Cinema: JOHN MILES BAND/JOHNNY COUGAR
CAMBERLEY Lakeside Country Club: FRANKIE LAINE (for four days)
CHELMSFORD Odeon: THE DARTS/THE YOUNG BUCKS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: POACHER BROWN
CHELTENHAM Technical College: SUPERCHARGE
EDINBURGH Leith Town Hall: THE REZILLOS
FAREHAM Milton Arms: THIEVES LIKE US
GREAT YARMOUTH Star & Garter: COCK SPARRER
HALIFAX Tiffany's: THE SNEAKERS
ILFORD Oscars: PLUMMET AIRLINES
KEELE University: BETHNAL
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: RAW DEAL
LEICESTER Polytechnic: SAD CAFE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: CHRIS DE BURGH/PHILIP GOODHAND-TAIT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: THE PLEASERS
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON BELLINGHAM Saxon Tavern: JENNY HAAN'S LION
LONDON BRIXTON Telegraph: MARABOU
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LITTLE BOB STORY
LONDON CHELSEA School of Art: EXZIBITOR
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RUMBLE STRIPS/LATE SHOW
LONDON DEPTFORD Albany Empire: REGGAE REGULAR
LONDON FORREST HILL St. Germain's Hotel: BABY GRAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: THE BRAKES
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HOT LINE
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SALISBURY Technical College: THE BOYFRIENDS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel: JOHN RENBOURN / STEFAN GROSSMAN/DAVEY GRAHAM/DUCK BAKER
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Top Rank: EDDIE & THE HOT RODS/RADIO STARS/SQUEEZE
TIVERTON The Motel: HEAVY METAL KIDS
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Sun March 12th
Mon March 13th **GYGAFO**

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Saturday March 11th
REDNITE
Sunday March 12th
I.O.U.
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8th Bridge House, Canning Town
10th John Bull, Chiswick
11th Cart & Horses, Stratford
13th The Cavern, Willesden
14th White Hart, Acton
15th Tam O'Shanter, Chatham
17th Cart & Horses, Stratford
18th John Bull, Chiswick
22nd Tam O'Shanter, Chatham
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30th Speakeasy, W1
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Sunday March 12th 30p
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Monday March 13th 30p
FILTHY McNASTY
Tuesday March 14th
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Wednesday March 15th
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Sunday March 12th 8 pm - 11 pm
SPUD
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+ Levi & The Rockats
Saturday March 11th at 8pm
Triad Southmill Road Bishops Stortford (56333)
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53, 63—some guys boogie for life

(So don't knock Methuselah Rock)

Muddy Waters

BOTTOM LINE NEW YORK

THE BADGE I'm proudly sporting this evening has a mug-shot of Muddy Waters on it and the warning "I'm Ready", and you best believe it ma'an!

See, Muddy Waters might well be 63 years old come April, but he is not only ready as he'll ever be, but more than capable of whipping the ass off anyone.

The passing of time doesn't appear to have dissipated his energies one iota; if anything he continues to gain strength with maturity. When, during "Hoochie Coochie Man", he snarls "I can make pretty women jump and shout" there ain't anyone in the audience who would contest his claim.

Let's get something straight. Unlike Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard (fill in your own list), Muddy Waters ain't some relic of a bygone era just going through the motions; this man possesses a quality very few artists ever manage to attain — dignity.

However, dignity isn't Muddy Waters' only virtue or saving grace.

As an artist, he's lost none of the vital blues power that made him a bona fide legend in his own lifetime.

Tonight, the date-sheet might read New York's prestigious music-biz showcase, The Bottom Line, but the way Muddy and his men shake the action, it could just as well be Teresa's back home in the Windy City.

First of all, the nucleus of the "I'm Ready" album band take the stage.

Drummer Willie "Big Eves" Smith sets the pace, Pine-Top Perkins jangles the ivories, Jerry Portnoy blows harp and two guitarists and a bass player set the mood for the next hour or more.

After three numbers have been filed, The Man himself strolls onstage, straps a Telecaster across his barrel-chest, perches on a stool, grins and lurches into a lascivious "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl".

Magic!

As it transpires, the soundman isn't the only person who's got his shit well and truly together this evening.

The inter-band balance is so exquisitely defined that not only do Muddy's vocals come through fine on things like "Baby, Please Don't Go", "Hoochie Coochie Man", "I'm Ready" and "Kansas City", but it's possible to hear (and enjoy) each and every instrument the way it's supposed to sound.

No ego audio overkill for these guys — give that soundman a taste!

Whether hollering the blues, slashing out nimble guitar breaks or indulging in some greased slide work, Muddy's work is so imaginative that he persistently draws spontaneous applause from an audience who haven't braved a blizzard for the sole purpose of being seen to be seen, but who (like your reviewer) are so enthralled in the proceedings as to almost be brought to the brink of tears by the sheer joy of the occasion.

As a preface to performing material from "I'm Ready", Muddy informs the congregation, "The album's so good, I think I'll buy me one".

If only I could find a store open at this late hour I'd buy *everyone* a copy.

Gigs as good as this are, I'm sad to say, few and far between.

Tonight, like most nights, Muddy Waters is playing to an all-white audience whilst way Uptown blacks are struttin' their stuff to The Bee Gees and Baccara's "Yes Sir, I Can Boogie", and discussing the blues as "Down" music.

Obviously, they ain't ever heard Muddy. Pity.

Roy Carr

Magnificent Muddy *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

Roy Brown

NEW LONDON THEATRE

HALFWAY through, this chaotic gig had all the makings of one of the Great Disasters Of Our Time.

By the end it was little short of a triumph, thanks, and thanks only to the man that mattered — the vital chunk of R&B history that is Roy Brown.

With a marvellously agile voice that doesn't seem to have changed since he first recorded in the late '40s, energy that belied his 53 years, a warm and jovial personality that endeared him to everyone, and a seasoned professional's gift for overcoming mere trifles like half-assed accompaniment, Brown finally ensured that there *was* good rockin' this night.

As I heard someone remark afterwards, "Blimey, think what he must have been like when he was young and had his own band."

Without wishing to dwell too long on the game but ultimately inadequate crew who are in the Tequila Brown R&B Revue, it must be said they're not completely hopeless.

Their leader/singer/guitarist Andy, their bassist and one of the saxmen, coped proficiently in both their own set and their supporting role to Roy Brown.

I'd even be generous enough to say that for three numbers in their own set ("I'm Ready", "Fannie Mae" and "Greenback Dollar Bills)" the whole band started to pull together.

Bevond that, though, they were as ragged as a pair of castoff knickers and it's going to take a lot of fine stitching to make them serviceable.

Passing quickly over the miserable interlude when a squat little nutter joined them on stage to clown his way through "St. Louis Blues" (at which point the p.a. mercifully packed up and the more sensitive among us retired hurt to the bar — thereby missing a set by a pianist who stayed around to accompany Roy Brown), we come to star time.

Resplendent in a maroon suit and shiny black pumps, 'The Mighty Man' immediately turned the show on its head by opening not with a traditional rave-up but his biggest blues hit, "Hard Luck Blues."

"Let's turn back the clock," he suggested. "Yurrrhhh!!!," we agreed enthusiastically.

Suddenly, there it was: Southern R&B of the late '40s and early '50s, right before our very eyes and ears.

Interviewed by Charlie Gillett on Radio London's *Honky Tonk* earlier in the day, Brown had modestly disclaimed his supposed influence on successors, saying that many of his unknown contemporaries could cut him dead when it came to singing.

Possibly. But then they remained unknown.

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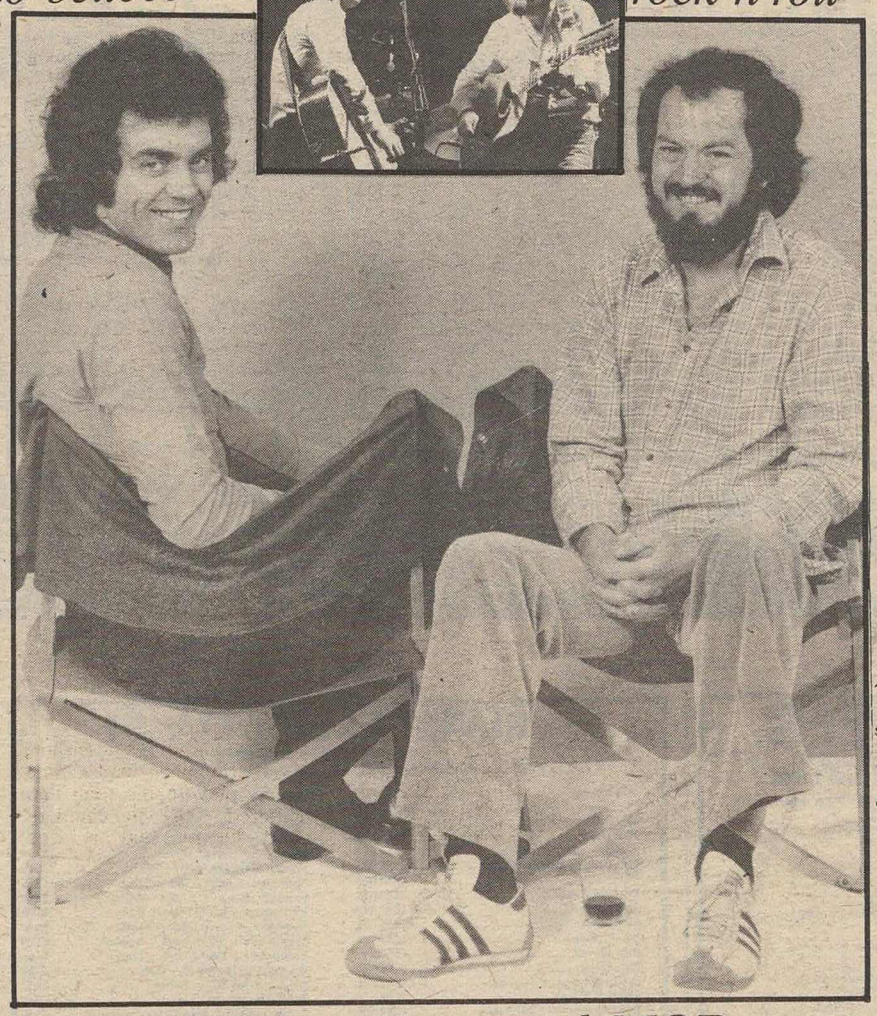
We used to believe . . .

. . . in rock'n'roll



Pix: LFI: Steve Emberton (inset)

. . . Until we discovered MOR

The effect was mellowing

During his hour or so on stage I was more than convinced that Brown's general presentation and exciting vocal range — from mellow huskiness to gospel-based cryin' n' wailing — was the basis for all sorts of later developments, including the exaggerations of James Brown and the vocal pyrotechnics of Jackie Wilson.

Fighting his way through the background mess (including, as an added bonus, saxman Dick Heckstall-Smith, who was surprisingly lame, not to say out of his element) Brown led us through several historic encounters, "Let The Four Winds Blow", "Letter From Home", "Boogie At Midnight", "Love Don't Love Nobody", interspersed with a lot of genial rapping, much of it as entertaining as the music.

Short on rehearsed material, he came close to blowing a good thing when he performed one of his new recordings, "The Clock", twice, but we were all more than happy with two lots of "Good Rockin' Tonight", an ad-lib jump blues vaguely based on shouted requests, "Miss Fannie Brown" and "Up Jumped The Devil".

And for an encore? Werl, 'e started the whole show again, din 'e. Stands to reason.

When I had to leave he was still on stage, signing autographs, beaming happily, and probably wondering why he'd never been asked to visit Britain before now.

It's thanks to promoter John Steadman that he made it at all, and John has already got more aces ready to tumble out of his sleeve, including Professor Longhair, Jimmy McCracklin and Bo Diddley.

(See News, page 4)

Keep your eye on the New London Theatre; the joint is jumping. **Cliff White**

Gallagher & Lyle

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

I'VE SEEN a lot of audiences in a decade of gig-going, but nothing like this.

Never before have I been literally *terrified* by the bland politeness of so many people.

I suppose it's known in the biz as a "crossover" audience, which means it's a suitable gig for the grey-haired businessman in front of me to take his blonde yummy secretary to.

It's like finding yourself in the middle of an Osmond family get-together, the smiles of simplicity perfectly matching the onstage bonhomie of the Gallagher & Lyle band. I'm reminded of those televised Spinners concerts where everyone looks joyously happy as four misfits play penny-whistles.

On these disconcerting foundations was built an evening of increasing paranoia, as I realise I'm the only one in the hall who doesn't applaud (politely, of course) the opening bars of "Breakaway." Who doesn't applaud *anything*, in fact.

Well, there's not really anything *worth* applauding.

Gallagher & Lyle's sound is characterised by its almost complete lack of high, piercing sounds, all sacrificed, it seems, to the god of mellow M.O.R.

Jeez, even The Eagles have a greater dynamic range than this lot!

"This lot" are Gallagher on bass, guitar and piano, Lyle on guitar, Billy Livesay on keyboards, Ray Duffy on drums, plus another keyboard player, another bassist and a two-man horn section.

Towards the end of the show, they're augmented by Bryn Haworth on slide guitar, to very little avail.

Livesay provides most of the humour quotient, Gallagher & Lyle being likeable but a trifle too *nice*, y'know? Still, they are engaged in making *nice* music, I suppose.

They do a fair selection of stuff from the new "Showdown" album, including "You're The One", "Throwaway Heart" and the title-track. All are received with polite thanks.

There's a song about meeting a former girlfriend after several years apart, which doesn't hold a candle to David Ackles' "Down River" (now *there's* a songwriter!), and there's something called "The Runaway", which is of interst only in that it's another title with "away" in it.

"I Want To Stay With You" and "Heart On My Sleeve" are saved — surprise, surprise — for encores, which is just as well, since they've what everyone's come to hear. And when they've heard them, they file out of the hall in Pavlovian satisfaction. What fun.

Bryn Haworth warmed everyone up to the level of tepid expectation necessary to undergo the Gallagher & Lyle experience, with a brand of pleasant, innocuous country funk with fittingly pointless lyrics.

A few of the songs, like the title-track of his new album "The Grand Arrival", were religious, and it's difficult to get more pointless than that. Careful, mate, your vestments are showing.

He's a good guitarist, but predictable to the point where you can take bets on what his next phrase'll be; his group — former Ace members Bam King, Tex Comer and Fran Byrne on guitar, bass and drums respectively, and Mick Weaver (formerly Wynder K. Fnurg) on keyboards — play with the kind of immaculate tastefulness you'd expect from such old hands, but there's nothing, really nothing to turn off, if you see what I mean.

"This is a song about just enjoying being alive", says Haworth, introducing a dreadful wimp ballad called "Moments".

No, no, man — I want MORE!

Andy Gill

NEWS

THE NEWS DEBUT SINGLE

BLUE THRU

GT221

The News are about to make the headlines. They are a young band with an original brand of music that's both energetic and melodic, yeah that's right, melodic. They've a debut single 'Blue Thru' that says it all . . . and a nationwide tour with Roy Wood.

Making The News are:

Sam Smith, lead guitarist and vocalist. Formed the nucleus of the band with old friends: Graham Culpin, bass player and co-writer. Lindsay Elliott, ex-Cockney Rebel percussionist followed. He couldn't wait to get behind the drum kit. Michael Taylor, keyboards, came next. The old man of the band at 23! Finally, Alan Richards, a second guitarist (the idea being to give Sam more freedom to take the stage) joined them straight from an ad in the music press.

The News debut single is 'Blue Thru'– produced by Barry Blue and written by Sam and Graham.

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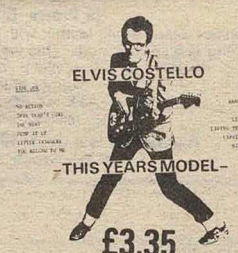

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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS
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With enough visual interest in the frontline of electric sax and trombone, they hurtled through some intriguing numbers like "U 2X Me IX 2 Much", and "Gotham City".

Their unusual five-piece line-up draws from a number of different musical influences, and features such talents as John Walters (sax), and Kaptin Whorlix (bass).

They've gained a lot more confidence since I last saw them a month ago, and played an impressive and original set.

Apart from those who tried vainly to dance — knotting their knee-caps to those academic rhythm changes — they were received with confused appreciation.

But it was no great triumph for The Rich Kids.

The strain of it being their 35th gig, (and last on this tour), showed itself in some rather abrasvie vocals, sung with far more command by Midge Ure than by Glen Matlock.

They still played competently, with Matlock and Rusty Egan (drums) pumping out the underlying cardiac barrage. The bass sound was more than obvious — it could warp floorboards at a hundred yards. Also some attacking guitar solos by Steve New reached my withering ears.

But the bulk of the music, such numbers as "Put You In The Picture" and "Lovers And Fools", all seemed too similar.

I was left with a blurred impression of a series of verse/chorus tunes with no individual characterisitics to distinguish them.

The band's image of dry-cleaned determination was powered by nothing but a monumental blast.

Even the new version of "Pretty Vacant", with its rock 'n' roll instrumental section, and the dynamic "Rich Kids", weren't enough to earn them an encore.

The combination of two such different bands did make one thing obvious.

Landscape are in the position of gradually gaining recognition, while remaining totally independent of 'fashionable' music.

But The Rich Kids, no matter how much they reject their 'power pop' tag, would never have been launched with such a tidal wave of press attention if they hadn't been directly influenced by the current trend. And their tour, in the space of just two months, now seems like a self-defeating expedition in which, after covering some very important ground, they arrive back at square one to find themselves outdated.

If, once again, they can inject their creative energy into the slightly flagging mass of New Wave music, and produce something radically different then they'll pass the survival test.

Mark Ellen

JAZZ DIARY

UP-COMING EVENT of the month has to be Jazz Centre Society's presentation of the Don Pullen Quartet and Howard Riley at Old Theatre, London School of Economics on 10th March.

At Riverdale Hall, Lewisham Centre, there's a recital of Scott Joplin Rags played by Mimi Daniel and Russell Quaye on 14th March.

Dean Street's Pizza Express now has pianist Fred Hunt in residence with various guests. The Phoenix, Cavendish Square, has the Tommy Chase Quartet on 15th and the 7 Dials has the great Dick Morrissey-Jim Mullen Band on 16th.

Cobblestones in Streatham High Road has given a Monday residency to Southside, an R&B outfit with Geraint Watkins, Roger Sutton, James Roche and Dick Lovejoy.

The Communist Party are featuring two bands at Camden Centre on 16th — Red Brass and an Italian-folk based septet called Stormy Six.

The Dublin Castle, Parkway, Camden Town has a Wednesday residency for the jazz-rock outfit, OK; kick-off at 9.

Stan Tracey's Quartet will be playing down the 100 Club on 13th March.

That blistering night's music at the Royal Festival Hall has been recorded by Steam, which will give the startled a second crack at Art Themen's convoluted entances. Steam has also acquired "TNT", the celebrated and almost unobtainable duet between Stan and Keith Tippett, which was on Emanem.

Vynyl Records are releasing a new Talisker album, "The Last Battle", recorded in February, while Talisker are making a European tour in the summer and a British TV film.

The Shandar catalogue, now obtainable from Projection Records, includes a boxed set of Cecil Taylor's great concert, the two Albert Aylers, two Sun Ras, a Francois Tusques with Sunny Murray, as well as albums by the straight avant-garde, Terry Riley, Stockhausen, Steve Reich and Philip Glass.

Big package of releases from Pablo this month: "Soul Fusion" by Milt Jackson and the Monty Alexander Trio; "Snatch And Josh Again" by Oscar and the Count; "If I'm Lucky" by Zoot Sims and Jimmy Rowles; two volumes of the Tatum Group Masterpieces featuring Tatum, Benny Carter and Louis Bellson, and one with Tatum and De Franco. The excellent Lee Lambert label of British Jazz Artists is now up to number 3, "The Martin Drew Band", and it's a cracker.

Brian Case

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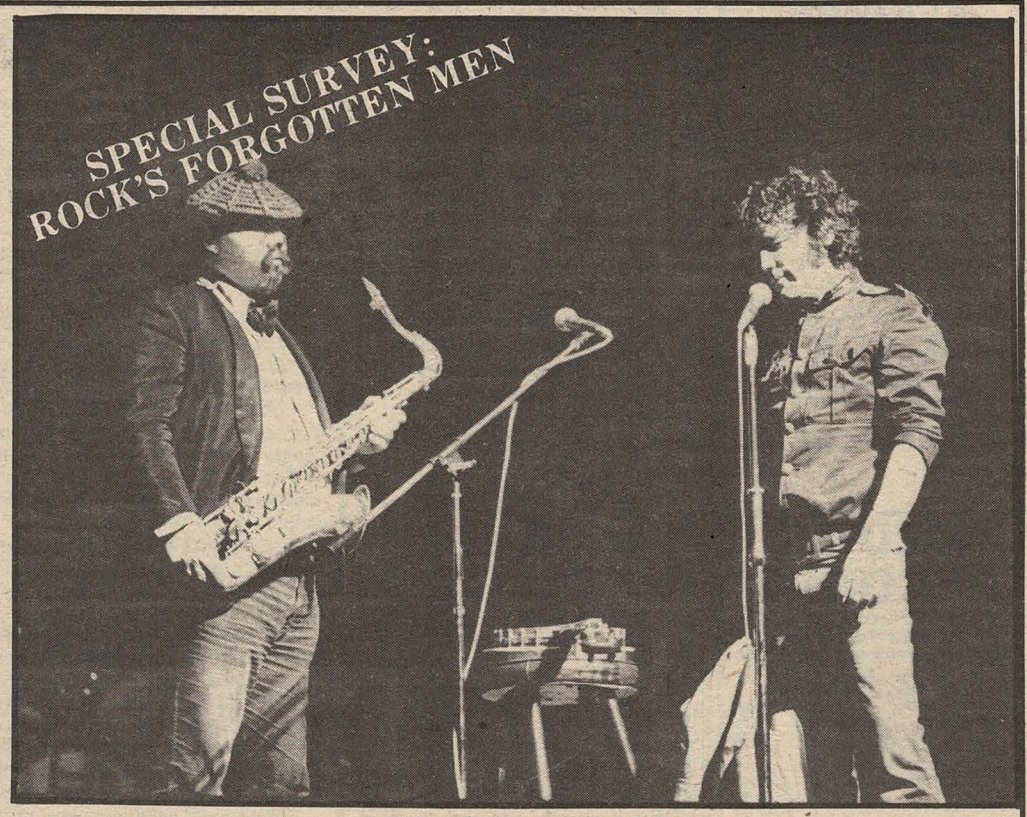

Meeting the challenge of '78: Alex Harvey (above, right) hired an orchestra, a pipe and drum band, Perry Como'ed his way through "Anarchy In The U.K." and blew it; Budgie's Burke Shelley (below) maintained mobility, and helped the band to conquer their own diffidence. Pics: PENNIE SMITH (top); FIN COSTELLO (below).

How the old wave is coming to terms with post-"77 existence

Alex Harvey

LONDON PALLADIUM

THE THOUGHT of Alex Harvey at the Palladium filled me with trepidation.

Maybe he was going to emerge from his traditional crustaceous self, a born-again balladeer, a new slicked-down Englebert or Tom Jones, right there on the stage of the Palladium. On Sunday night as well.

But he didn't do that. He just blew it.

Admittedly Mountain Management did slap a writ on him forbidding him to perform any new material and so we didn't get to hear the much-rumoured "Vibrania".

He should have cancelled the show. Instead, he almost cancelled his career.

It's pretty hard to go away for a year, make a triumphal return before an audience of hard-core fans and then blow it with just one concert. But he did.

He did it in style too — complete with an orchestra, dancing girls and a Scots pipe and drum band all shuffling round stage. It was tragic.

He wandered on stage looking oddly like Gary Glitter in a black velvet Captain Cook jacket:

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Behind his band, which included Suzie the guitarist — shy but good — was an orchestra, horns and everything. They were all good players, but the overall sound was muddy compared to the crisp sharp sounds the Surprise Sisters, who had opened the show, had obtained from their backing group.

If Harvey isn't going to sing he should stay out of sight. Instead he wandered about the stage looking like Colombo, re-arranging people like a janitor.

It must be terribly annoying, if you're trying to solo, to have someone come and pull at your cuff and drag you to some other stage position. The Johnny Otis Show it was not.

So then he sat on stage to sing. Now Iggy does this, but Alex is not Iggy. Whereas his ego is probably still big enough to refloat the Titanic, his stage energy would not have powered a vibrator. It was a sag.

He had paid for a big orchestra and damn, if he wasn't gonna get his money's worth. He had them play the theme tune from "King Kong" of all things. The kids sat looking glum, power salutes frozen in their arms.

I don't need to see Harvey stumble through "Cheek To Cheek". I don't need to see his embarrassing unrehearsed attempts to pull down the knickers of the various chorus girls he habitually fills his stage with.

The first time it happened it was merely cringe-worthy, the second time it was pathetic — the girl shoulda kicked him in the balls.

He did a couple of reasonable numbers: "Framed", which used the horn-power of his orchestra to good effect, and Muddy Waters' classic "Just Wanna Make Love To You".

Normally the last-but-one-number in a show should really sit the audience back on its collective ass.

Harvey chose to do — you won't believe this — "Anarchy In The UK". The mention of The Sex Pistols brought roars of approval from the stalls. Then the band started playing.

At first people didn't recognise the chord changes and then a discernable groan went up as it became obvious that he was going to do a straight very-very slow ballad version of "Anarchy . . .".

He sat on a stool. just like Perry Como, and delivered a flat, energyless version of the song. He even got the goddam words wrong! No-one could believe it.

The symbolism was so obvious. Harvey trying to catch up on what was happening while he was away. It wasn't done as a joke, you see. He was serious.

Now Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias do a slow doo-wop version of "Anarchy" which is hilarious, but this was like seeing your dad come in from the pub with a "Complete Control" button on.

The audience, collectively, wised up. In attempting to keep up to date he smashed his own credibility in one number.

The Palladium show was held on Alex's 43rd birthday. He summed up the show himself, announcing from the stage: "You know the problem, I've been in the business too long."

For God's sake, Alex, why did you do it?

Miles

"Wallbanger", their final song, says more than a review ever can.

Budgie, on the other hand, are actually quite good. Not as HM as you might think, and displaying a tight grip on dynamics and the self-control lacking in many of their contemporaries.

Even so, it's a bad gig because the band themselves seem unable to muster any real enthusiasm, an attitude which quickly transmits to the audience, who respond in like manner.

Only Burke Shelley achieves any kind of mobility, and he steers well clear of the other side of the large stage where Myf Isaac and Tony Bourge disperse a deluge of riffs and licks with almost studious precision.

The overall result is that old favourites like "Tyrefitter" and "House Rules" receive little more than the restraint which greets the songs from the new album.

Musically they're doing just fine, but this sluggish atmosphere throws everything into a stilted perspective.

Head-shaking and hand-clapping are both minimal and perfunctory until "Zoom Club", when at last both band and audience shift into gear and begin motoring.

Encores of "Pyramids" and "Breadfan" bring the set to a surging but frustrating close.

So it took Budgie 90 minutes to achieve a rapport they should have had in ten, an ominous sign.

Having finally had their appetites whetted, the punters now have to trundle home in the drizzle; as I leave I reflect that Budgie have already reached a lofty status; the only question now is whether they have the ability to hold on.

Stephen Gordon

Budgie Nutz

KING'S HALL, DERBY

BANDS LIKE Nutz always remind me of those optical illusion staircases; regardless of gigs played or albums sold, they always wind up back at point A.

Not that Nutz deserve any better, mind; in the course of their set they trundle out almost every creaking cliche in the book, with a terryifying lack of originality.

Vocalist Dave Lloyd wanders off stage at regular intervals allowing the others to indulge in their particular guitar/keyboards/drums hero poses, and seems more interested in chatting to roadies than fronting this gang of brash-rock diehards.

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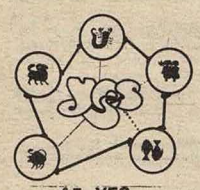

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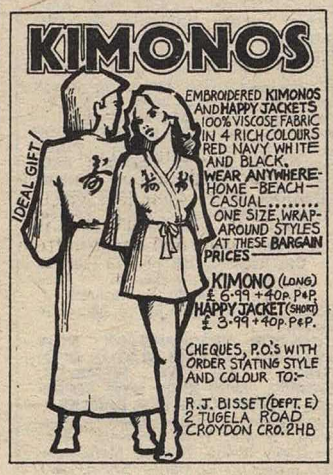
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BASS, DRUMS, keyboards wanted to form working band with two guitarists/singers/writers for gigs, recording. Skilled lunatics — Tim — 01-981 4883.

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DRUMS, LEAD, bass players needed! Young sax and keyboard players forming rock, jazz, punk band. North London, Karen — 01-883 1883 evenings.

WANT TO work with prankster? Aspiring amateur or semi pro bass and drums for rehearsing band. Work waiting. Rob — 01-567 4049.

BASS/KEYBOARDS for new group. Influences — Bowie, Bolan, punk, Gabriel. Ring 01-673 6659 after 6pm. Adrian.

DEMENTED ECCENTRIC musical mind seeks experimental and electronic soundmakers (gear essential). Serious committed radicals only. Peter — 01-959 4615 after 6.30 pm.

DRUMMER AND bass wanted by good guitarist to form heavy band. Views to go pro, when ready. Phone Terry 01-549 7256.

DRUMMER WANTED, aged 15-19 to play Quo, Purple, etc, and own material soon. No experienced necessary. Shane — 01-539 3452 after 6 pm.

PRANKSTER BASS and drummer for soft rock band hard rehearsal. Gigs and residency when ready. Enthusiasm essential. Ian — 01-866 6823.

GUITARIST NO good but O.K. into new wave R&B wants band or to form band Farnham area. Guy — Farnham 4251.

PUNK DRUMMER and bass guitarist needed for mad group forming in Tunbridge Wells area. Phone Tunbridge Wells 0892 28734 after 6 pm.

DRUMMER — SOLID, reliable, determined to succeed for new wave band with own material. Phone Manny 01-228 1526 after 6 pm.

PIANIST/SINGER to put music to and bring my brilliant lyrics to life. Rock and romantic. Peter 01-340 6679. 5-7 pm.

GENUINE MUSICIANS wanted. Drummer and keyboards, must have good equipment and live locally. Band going for the top. Woking 64360.

KEYBOARDS REQUIRED for young talented rock band. Talent/professionalism essential. Experience unessential. This band are moving fast. Phone 0476-67240 anytime.

FEMALE MUSICIANS —wanna join/help form band? I sing and wanna get places — don't you? You do? Lets talk... — 01-455 8258.

DRUMMER SEEKS band or musicians into punk with serious outlook and lots of energy. Phone Rab — 01-673 5888.

KEYBOARDS ENTHUSIASM preferred to ability for young band gigging Guildford area. Guitarists as well. We need you. John — Worplesdon 3561.

RADIO STARS! no-one like that in Surrey? Blasto alors! tight pop guitarist / vocalist up fo' grabs. Noel, evenings 01-546 4890.

BRILLIANT WRITER/singer wants drums, bass, keyboards, lead guitarist. Phone Allen, room 6, 01-735 7539.

TWO GUITARS and vocals wanted to form "Priest" type band. East London. Phone Roy — 01-980 2270.

YOUNG ROCK/beat group urgently requires tight loony drummer. Must be totally committed. Transport — vocals preferred. Phone Rich — Gosport 83106.

MANIAC DRUMMER wanted for Fulham based punk band. No pros or call girls. Phone George Deformby — 01-385 8105 after Crossroads.

HEAVY BASS and drummer wanted by good lead guitarist, to form new band. Into UFO, Lizzy, Mark Farner. Terry — 01-549 7256.

PUNKS NEED drums. Lead guitar to form band into Banshees, Buzzcocks. M/F (14-16½). Must have own gear. Andy 01-889 8618.

NEW NEWAVE band requires lead guitarist and bass, (vocals) must be crazy but excellent and have theatre heads. Margo — 01-969 5151.

COMPETENT GUITARIST (21), vocals mandolin into all music seeks loonies to form band. Ilford area. Dave — 01-599 3198 6-8 pm.

SEVENTIES OVER almost! Quick! rock poet/singer seeks dancers, musicians, worldchangers for songs. Gigs soon before it's all too late. Ferenc, 188 Brooke Road, Clapton E5.

KEYBOARDS (electric) required. Fast for band gigging soon. Funky/jazz/reggae/afro rock. Peace & love. Ben: 01-348 0443. Jah live!

BASS, DRUMS to form band with two singer/guitarists. Own p.a. Chuck Berry, Beatles, blues, punk, reggae. Allen 01-531 4517.

LEAD GUITARIST needed by name punk group aged 16-18. Ambition preferred to experience. Ring (044 27) 2750.

HELP DRUMMER wanted for group into 60's type music, Who, Kinks, Beatles, etc, and own songs. Ring Wayne 01-249 0832 evenings.

FUTURE MUSIC! young musicians into Slits/Banshees/Bowie to form band immediately. Ring 01-606 9741 (before 4.15) Andy! (or leave number).

MUSICIANS WANTED

10p per word

RICHARD SYNTHI please contact Clive 01-733 3711.

ENTHUSIASTIC MODERN guitarist wanted to joine vocalist and bassist with enough material for a set. No stereotypes. Phone 01-858 2361.

HARMONY VOCALIST 28 seeks semi pro working band. North London. 10 years exp, double on drums, congas, etc. 01-499 6393 ext 211.

SINGER, ACTOR, poet, dancer (politician) seeks group. Heavy Metal band (preferably 2 hot guitars, keyboards, bass, drums) to open new doors. Mike Hobbs — Bramley (048 647) 3626.

HUMAN BEINGS! cum an' join a punk r'nr' band — I sing. O.K. u must have gear! Ring Ted 01-607 0414.

GUITARIST SEEKS to join/form rock band. Telephone Steve: Upper Warlingham 5155. (nr. Croydon, Surrey).

BASS/RHYTHM guitarist wants gigging band, power pop, melodic, vocals. Watford area. Martin, Watford 25433 before 6 pm. No punks!

BLOODY HELL the Bar-Stewards are still looking for a good drummer and bass. Ring 01-361 1014. (The band for '78).

SUE VIOLINIST will you phone Clive 01-733 3711 a.s.a.p.

IMAGINATIVE VOCALIST seeks musicians into Bowie/Banshees/Slits to form band. Dedication and youth necessary. Ring Andy — 01-606 9741 weekdays 9-4.

MUSICIANS WANTED. Not necessarily brilliant. Dedicated, sincere band starting. I sing, write, play guitar. Write to Sean, 1 Grand Avenue, N10.

VICE NEED a good hard drummer now. We have gigs. Will be big, no ties. Tell you no lies. Ollie, 01-904 4138.

URGENT BASS player needed into everything. Phone Martin 01-749 2377.

DRUMMER WANTED to complete new wave band, gigging soon. Elliot — 01-994 2879 evenings.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER and bass player required for band into Iggy/Bowie and weird music in general. Must have own equipment. Ring John immediately on 01-874 0977, anyday from 12-8 pm.

VOCALIST FOR young (19) excellent rock band. Work waiting. We are ambitious band based in Epsom. Phone Bookham 58417 — 6 pm.

YOUNG'N'ACE, shit hot, sharp dudes for '78 stardom. Bass, drums (own gear). 01-373 9472 (flat 8) after 6.15. Success! Be good.

VERSATILE PIANIST/backing vocalist to complete five piece band with own material. Must have own gear. Phone Duggy on 01-348 2162.

BASSIST (20), influences included J. B. Sparks, Foxton, wants amateur power pop combo in New Malden area. Rickenbacker/CS. Steve 01-330 1877 H.I.G.O.

13/17? Organist/singer, possibly guitar wanted, harmonies, humour essential. Santana, Quo, Radio Stars, Albertos influenced. organ provided. Marlow 4847.

MANIAC DRUMMER for Fulham based punk band, must have Pink Floyd. Must be mad, must not be pro. 01-385 8105 evenings.

COMPETENT GUITARIST (21) vocals, mandolin, seek loonies to form band, Jam, gig. Any style. Ilford area. Dave 01-599 3198 6-8 pm.

FORMING POLITICAL images. Content over technique. Need high energy drummer. Can you help? Tony — 01-703 9111/4 ext 6.

WANTED TO form theatrical, funk-/jazz, semi-drag rock band — lead guitarist, rhythm guitarist, drummer, bass, electric piano, saxophone/flute. Age 22-40. Ring 01-286 1423 Mon-Thurs eve 7-9.15.

GUY 23 seeks talented guys to start group. No punks or junkies, just hard work to move up. 01-567 5966

FEMALE OR male vocalist with lungs and something to amplify them with, raw punk band starting in Croydon. 01-654 2253.

DRUMMER, DRUMMER wanted now for Bowie, new wave original band. Ambition before experience or talent. Phone 01-941 0355 — today.

ENO, KATE Bush, Clones, sought to form electronic magic band. Lunacy essential. Ring Le Bruce, Medway 44892 between time.

SCHOOL BOY (bass) seeks punks to play and gig with in the holidays. Phone Walton-On-Thames 25475. Will answer.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer wanted for a female vocals band. Equipment and transport preferable. Yours in anticipation, Pat — Dartford 20217.

S.O.S. DRUMMER urgently wanted for semi-pro rock band. Playing Etham Sidcup area. Original material. Tony 01-302 1321.

EASILY INFLUENCED bassist and lead guitarist to play music to be influenced by. Ring Derm — Harlow 0279 32238 after 6.30 pm.

DRUMMER, ROMFORD area, eager amateur, late teens, own material. View to gigs when sussed. Phone John 01-637 5951 day.

GUITARIST WANTED for new wave reggae band. N. London. Phone 01-539 3831 daytime.

PIANIST SINGER to put music to and bring to life my brilliant lyrics. Rock and romantic. Peter 01-340 6679 between 5-7 pm.

GUITARIST WANTED for band into Doobies, Eagles, Rush, Lizzy. Equipment, enthusiasm, transport essential. Vocals — big asset. John — Haddenham (Bucks) 291294.

BASSIST URGENT equipment necessary for high energy musak. Vulture — 01-435 9951 after 5. No Cankers or Sloaths. N.W. London.

GUITARIST OR vocalist required for different new wave band. Ring Tony — 01-673 4341 after 6.30 or 01-262 4699 ext 8 daytime.

PUNK POP group need bassist and drummer. Even if you're not sure, don't hesitate to ring. Punky image? 01-597 5368.

WORK WANTED

10p per word

LONDON & SE

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER seeks working musical band. Ring Trevor, 01 690 3116 (eves).

VOCALISTS WANTED

10p per word

SOUTH WEST

RECENTLY FORMED rock band need male singer. Experience or equipment not necessary. — Ring Ali, Clevedon 874482 evenings.

The Slits

● *From page 47*

Woolwich was to see how that idiosyncratic crowd of female banshees are shaping up currently.

Always great as a concept, The Slits' live performances have more often than not been unagreeably anarchic experiences, degenerating into puerile chaos that marks the worst form of amateurism in action.

They'd apparently been spending the last few months singlemindedly improving their stage act, boning up on the musical adeptness slant in an attempt to shrug off the novelty appeal exhibitionism.

Their performance at Woolwich, however, didn't honestly display much improvement on any level.

As musicians, both guitarist Viv Albertine and drummer Palmolive have improved immeasurably since I last saw them, but the gig itself brought forth ugly memories of the Sex Pistols at their most indolent.

Singer Ari-Up still insists on portraying the band's chief character and is still their biggest drawback, "showing off" in a puerile fashion instead of performing, much like Sid Vicious apparently did (if reports on those last Pistols U.S. gigs are accurate) and similarly detracting from the group's real potential.

Even more disturbing was the fact that barring one new song, their repertoire has remained exactly the same since their virtual inception with "Vaseline", "No.1 Enemy", "Do The Split", and "New Town" (still their best song) all present and correct as usual.

That new song, by the way, was actually a non-original — Lou Reed's "Femme Fatale" — granting Ari the chance to display her most noxious babyish posturing.

The set lasted exactly 20 minutes and proved only that The Slits are still their own worst enemies.

Just what the world needs — yet another band who emulate not only a band's finest qualities but also its grossest errors.

Nick Kent

Krazy Kat

MARQUEE

WHAT IS going on?

The Marquee is full of long-haired young people grooving gleefully to the sweet, soporific rhythms of an efficient, polished rock group.

Nothing wrong with that I suppose, but I think I'm in the wrong place.

I know the group are competent musicians, there's nothing too objectionable about the songs (except the length) but the whole atmosphere of the concert is insidious MOR.

Dull. The members of Krazy Kat have been in the business for a long time, the nucleus of the group being leftovers from Capability Brown.

They've amassed ponderous heaps of equipment, a throbbingly mellow light show and a selection of lengthy songs with no distinctive features whatsoever.

Apart from a strange dirge called "How Now Salvador Dali", the material remains a blur on my memory.

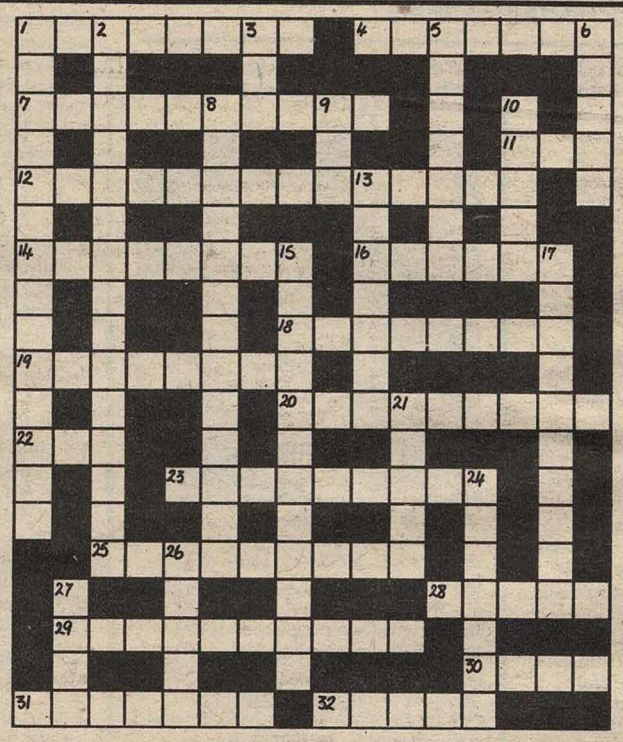
The band probably pride themselves on their mellow, tuneful, laidback approach, but there's more to harmonies than everyone singing at once and there's more to melody that wistful tedium.

It is, however, fair to say that what they do, they do very well; if you like peaceful soft-rock you could do worse than Krazy Kat. The audience and the group were getting on like old buddies and that probably makes my commentary irrelevant.

I'm just saying that it's high time this sort of music finally severed its tenuous connections with the modern world and found its own cosy cushioned cabaret circuit.

It means no more to me than Beethoven or Vera Lynn: even if it was excellently played I wouldn't appreciate it. My generation doesn't need it.

Kim Davies



ACROSS

1 Manhattan Transfer elpee
4 For which the Hope & Anchor has been one of the premier venues (3-4)
7 Free classic, going round for its second time out (7,3)
11 & 31 Daltrey's co-star in "Tommy"
12 A hit for B.Holly's Crickets/A movie vehicle for D.Essex (6,2,3,3)
14 "Da Doo Ron Ron" was one of their contributions to the Phil Spector Hall Of Fame
16 Musicians for the Modern World (3,3)
18 Doyen of JA producers, and writer of "Punky Reggae Party" (3,5)
19 '60s beat comobo of "Telstar" fame — the thin, weedy beat yesterday's kids went for!
20 Operating out of the W.Coast of the US of A, prototype independent record label
22 Operating out of Manchester Square, big deal large scale record corporation of the kind 20 across was set up to counter!
23 Defunct C&W crooner, went to the big record plant in the sky via a plane crash (3,6)
25 Slightly later '60s beat combo, their first big hit was with "Sweets For My Sweet"
28 See 6
29 Casanova in Dreadlocks — Bob Marley goes romantic (2,4,4)
30 See 3
31 See 11
32 "Come Back My Love" combo

DOWN

1 As in "Dear Mom . . . Yours vinyl-ly, Debbie"! (7,7)
2 Queen 45 . . . or an instruction to Paul McCartney?! (6,4,5)
3 & 30 From 1971, Bolan's first No. 1
5 Star, or stars, of 1 down
6 & 28 Faces drummer as was
8 Two thirds (Brian and Lamont) of Motown's solid gold writing/production team (7,6)
9 See 24
10 Slowhand classic from his Derek & The Dominoes period
13 A hit for R.Stewart/A forerunner of 10cc (3,4)
15 Peter Gabriel hit (8,4)
17 From way back when (1955 for history freaks), Chuck Berry's first-ever U.S. hit
21 The association between Shakin' Stevens and Jim Proby
24 & 9 A 1972 No. 1 for Alice Cooper
26 Peter, ex-patriate producer
27 Ike's ex

ACROSS: 1 "Wuthering (Heights)"; 6 Peter (Green); 7 The Motors; 8 Ritchie (Blackmore); 10 Eagles; 11 "The Idiot"; 12 Adverts; 14 "Denis"; 15 Tom Rush; 18 The Ramones; 20 Chicago; 21 Radio (Stars); 23 Nick Mason; 25 Vinnie (Poncia); 26 Green; 27 (Radio) Stars. **DOWN:** 1 "Watchin' The Detectives"; 2 The Drones; 3 Rat Scabies; 4 Lee Brilleaux; 5 "(Wuthering) Heights"; 9 "I Get Around"; 13 Tim Rice; 16 (George) Harrison; 17 "Imagine"; 19 (Joe) Strummer; 22 Anna (McGarrigle); 24 (Racing) Cars.

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— G Mitchell, Cheshire

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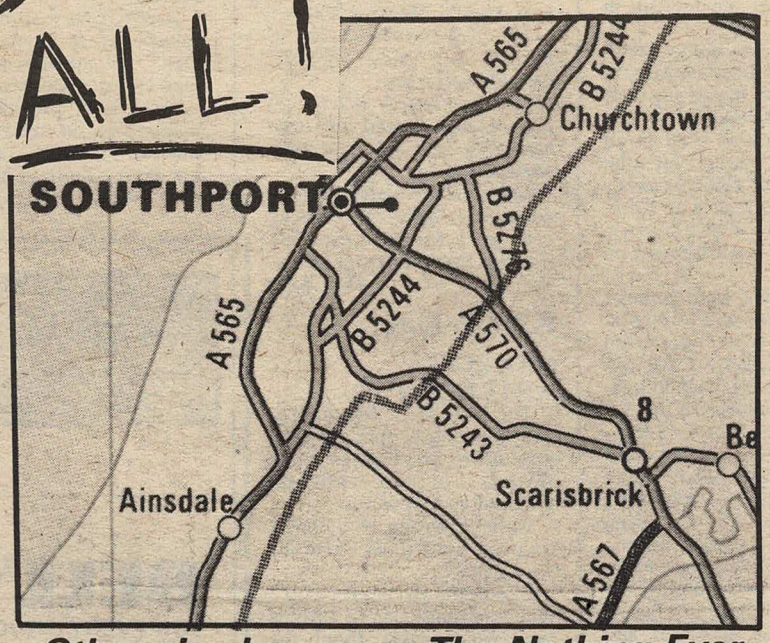
Q. WHAT 'AVE WE GOT? A. BAG ALL!



Otherwise known as The Nothing-Ever-Happens-In-Southport-Bag

CONGRATULATIONS on the worst interview I have ever read in any of the three main music papers. I refer of course to the "Rush" interview.

As Rush are one of my favourite groups I eagerly began to read the interview expecting the usual interesting format of a concert description, anecdotes of the past, earlier recordings, discussion of the latest album and plans for future recordings and tours. However you had other ideas. Obviously knowing little about the band's history or anything else, you decided to spend two pages turning the whole thing into a political lecture with nothing to do with their music whatsoever, and forcing an old hag called Ayn Rand down our throats.

Okay, I didn't realise Rush were right-wing extremists, but does this stop left-wingers or anyone else enjoying their music? . . .

Of course not!

Miles gives the impression Rush's only purpose is to somhow transmit their personal ideas over to the Heavy Metal fans via their music. I can see little real evidence of this, only exciting music and lyrics based on science fiction, Tolkien-type fantasy etc . . . unless of course the likes of "Bytor and the Snow Dog" is really symbolic of the fight between left or right or that "Cygnus X-I" shows how Communism can suck up freedom and opposition like a black hole. That may seem ridiculous, but that is what Miles is saying.

The fact that if you look into any song deep enough looking for a particular idea of philosophy, you'll find it. "ZIIZ" could easily just as well be about a left-winger fighting against the tyranny of a fascist dictatorship as well as an Ayn Rand against a Communist government.

Rush fans like Rush because of the music they play, not their political leanings, and although I also find their philosophy quite disturbing, I'll still play their records and see their concerts because when you boil down to it, it's the music that counts.

You don't hear the House of Commons talking about rock music because it doesn't really concern them. So why do you need to fill up your MUSIC paper with politics?
DAVE EDWARDS, Chester.

I ADMIRE the Rush article in last week's *NME*. The rejuvenation of HM is obviously happening at the expense of Punk. This may be good or bad. Why have you altered your stance against HM from loud and open to sly and underhand?

Admittedly Rush's political views are totally wrong and naive, and should be brought to the notice of the general public and the interview itself considerably altered my estimation of them and prevented my buying their current album. But why place so much emphasis on their political views? It is their music, surely, that is most important.
SOCIALIST HM (AND PUNK) FAN, Stoke

If the music really is the most important thing, Soc HM & Punk Fan, why didn't you buy Rush's album? Clearly how you react to people and their music depends to some extent on what you know about their intentions. That's one reason why we published the Rush piece. If you're a real Rush fan, Dave Edwards, surely you're interested in the views that they hold so very strongly and which help from their music — whether it's lyrics or music actual notes, chord sequences, riffs etc. Anyway, I don't think you can isolate 'music' from the group's overall stance and style, though I'm not out to stop Rush fans going and enjoying their faves — unlike some of the people this week's *Gasbag* correspondents complain about later on. — N.S.

THE ATTEMPT by Miles to characterise Rush as inheritors of the mantle of the Third Reich *(2/3/78)* is typical of the nauseating double standards you bozos employ.

NME welcomes politics in rock when the views expressed are from the left, but let anyone dare to express a contrary view and the knives are out.

I can well imagine your whimpering rage if a right wing daily had done a similar piece in TRB or the Clash.
THE EMPEROR HORACE, Bramhall, Cheshire

Hey, I got news for you. Right wing — and liberal — dailies *do* comparable pieces on TRB and the punk movement. And it's not double standards to have ideals — N.S.

MUCH AS I loath HM music such as that played by the likes of Rush, I was staggered to see the criticism of their philosophy put forward by Miles.

If he can't see that socialism represents the complete and utter end of the individual then there's just no hope for him and his kind. I'd just ask him to think for a minute whether Elvis, Dylan, the Beatles or the Pistols would have emerged from his bountiful worryless collective state.

Finally, regarding his comment "fighting against socialism, I just couldn't believe what I was hearing" related to the Pistols. What the hell does he think "Anarchy" is about? Particularly the almost subliminal line "or just another council tenancy"?

It's complete loathing for the very state of being that fools like Miles think would be so great.
ALAN, Southborough, Kent

Dunno about that. More likely the line's just against *any* repressive system, whether it be so-called 'left' or 'right'. After all the chop's pretty much the same whether you get it from Franco or Stalin. I think our next writer has a better view of things — N.S.

LIBERTARIANISM advocates *less* government, and goes with Nazism like apple pie and mustard. You know very well that Fascists are fundamentally opposed to a free market, which they regard as decadent as a free society. You also know that libertarians are, by definition, not racialists.

Please — and I ask this gently — could you consider representing others' views fairly and letting their strengths and weaknesses come out freely, so they can be argued about? If your opinion is correct, there is no need to sub-edit Neil Peart's so venomously.
STEVE ROGERS, London NW1.

Right you are guv. At least you Rush fans know who you're dealing with now. Bit like the Ku Klux Klan getting let in isn't it? — N.S.

IF I say the music of Blondie is a reflection of the tension which is a part of a modern industrial society etc. etc.; will this give you another excuse to print a picture of Debbie Harry?
A BLOND FETISHIST.

You got the cool pants and trumpet on page 11 didn't you? I'm sure you'll agree it's only fair if we give the Rush fans something to pin above their beds. — N.S.

Blondie greets UK fans

WE HAVE decided to write to you because Geography lesson is boring. We thought you would like to know that at least two people out of the many millions who buy your paper actually enjoy reading it. Why is the majority of *Gasbag* complaints? Because we don't enjoy reading why some people have an aversion to other people's opinions.

There is just one complaint. Could you try to find something good about The Stranglers and for once give them a good write-up. Could we possibly have a few more nude pictures of them as that was the most interesting bit of the paper.
TWO NEARLY CONTENTED NUBILES, Somerset.

So many complaints . . . well, it gets boring sitting around reading how wonderful you are. I'm sure rock bands agree (heh heh). Something good about The Stranglers . . . oh, they support the movement for prisoner's rights. The rest you can look after yourselves. Now for the real heavy roots stuff — N.S.

LAST NIGHT I paid £1.20 to see The Rich Kids at Newcastle. I did *not* pay to see: (a) A boring support band (b) Lots of hairies dancing to Led Zeppelin and Blackmore's Rainbow records. (c) 20 minutes of The Rich Kids. (d) Midge Ure get his head split open by a flying glass.

If you're reading and you're one of the cretins who were throwing glasses, I hope you're squirming. I managed to get backstage and Midge was sitting on the floor as white as a sheet. What harm did he do? The band just wanted to play — lots of people wanted to hear them.

If you don't like the band why didn't you stay away? The Mayfair will probably ban all new wave bands — The Guildhall is already considering it. It ain't our (the fans') fault and we can't do anything about it. One more point. When it was announced over the p.a. that Midge Ure would have to go to hospital and have stitches the cretins cheered.

It's not tough or clever to stand in the shadows and hurl missiles at people who are only trying to have a good time. Of recent weeks this problem has got worse at various venues in Newcastle. It won't be long before bands refuse to come here at all.
DEBORAH WOOD, Scrap Metal *Fanzine, Ponteland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

It's amazing the number of letters we get in complaining about. . .

A WORD to the moronic skinheads who were at the Adverts gig at Croydon Greyhound last Sunday. Does it make you feel big having nice new check shirts and braces and 'Sham 69' in not-yet-dry paint on your jackets?

One of you dumb sods was cracking heads by wielding a heavy walking stick like an axe. Wow, what a man! You didn't quite spoil the evening for us completely though. Tim Smith's got more guts that the whole flock of you sheep. Instead of intimidating him, you had exactly the opposite effect: "Yeah. I know there's more of you than there is of me, but fuck off!" he said, and we ended up with the best set I've ever seen the band play, even if we were banned from pogoing.

What did you thickics with the big boots and the tiny minds get apart from a few sick kicks?
AN ADVERTS FAN, Kent.

the sick behaviour of various groups of fans, who should know better . . .

I AM just writing this letter to apologise to Eater who replaced The Lurkers at the last minute at Lincoln Technical College on Friday 24th February. There were a few of us there who wanted to see them play, but many soul fans arrived just looking for trouble.

As soon as the band appeared on stage they were subject to immense gobbing and glass throwing. After warnings from Andy Blade, the band left the stage after two numbers under a shower of abuse and two fingered gestures from soul fans. The band re-appeared minutes later after scuffles in the crowd to continue their set. After pleas from other members of the band for the abuse to cease, the soul fans provoked other members of the audience by 'accidentally' kicking them, etc. I and many others thought Eater did a tremendous job on stage. Credit also to the bouncers who kept their cool. I once again apologise for the animal-like behaviour of some of the audience.
PUNK FANS, Lincoln

. . . than to take out their frustrations. . .

I WAS wondering if you have ever visited the pleasant, scenic, picturesque coastal town of Southport. If you have, you will realise it is really an enormous over 70's Conservative Bridge Club.

It also the city of the half dead, the half dead being the pea-brained, under-sexed, Newcastle Brown shandy drinking bikers, commonly known at Smellies or Nebs. These suped up F.S.I.E. riders dominate the music scene and freak out nearly every night to Sabbath, Quo and Hawkwind (wow, groovy, wild, zappo, and dig-it man etc).

When Bethnal appeared last year they got about as much response as the Des O'Connor show. Punk is non-existent further north of Liverpool due to groups not playing at Southport. We hope that the various small groups of punks in Southport will stop hiding away and join together to give any punk bands in future their support.
MAX BYGRAVES, Mother of two, Southport.

. . . on people who aren't their enemies . . .and who should support the people who are still concerned . . .

STUDENTS UNIONS don't just discriminate against punks, they hate everybody.

The planet Gong are shortly going on tour as "The Floating Anarchy Tour" — it's free and anybody is welcome.

Well this weekend Here & Now (with whom Daevid Allen & Gilli Smythe make up the Planet Gong) did a warm-up at Kingston Polytechnic so lots of us near and how fans turned up to be there. Unfortunately, a large tough looking item on the door was doing his best to be a wall.

Large item — "Are you students?"

Us — "No, but we know the band."

Large item — "Sorry, students only."

Us — "But you just let in 3 people who aren't students."

Large item — "Sorry, but I must draw the line somewhere."

Us — "But you lose money by turning us away."

Large item — "Sorry but I'm only doing my job."

Etc., etc.

Anyway, we got in through the windows opened by the band plus the lucky few who passed the guardian of the door.

Beware of counterfeits. Just because it's dressed like a revolution, don't mean it's one. Dammit, you can even pogo to Here & Now, and there they are; riding around in a communal bus, playing for free, looking like the much maligned archetypal hippie — yet re-iterrating Johnny Rotten's superb one-liner "Anarchy — it's the only way to be."
MIKE DUDLEY, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

to make the world a better place. And how's that for 'Anarchy', Alan of Southborough? — N.S.

I GET the feeling that Bob Edmands was probably engrossed in a plateful of curried *Daily Mirrors* when he attempted to review Wreckless Eric's single. The suggestion that Wreck, a Yorkshire lad, should turn Cockney is preposterous. How about a mention for the swe-e-e-et accordion and the oh-so-sleazy sax? It's a chartbahnd sahnd, me auld lad. Getting Radio One daytime airplay too, despite the inclusion of the public bog in Wreck's reminiscences. Buy-buy.
FRANKLIN D. ROUSTABOUT, Accrington, Lancashire.

DEAR JIM, Could you please fix it for me to do a commando-style raid on the *NME* offices?
THE PAINLESS KILLER, Bristol.

OK guys and gals, been meaning to do that for a long time. — Nick Logan. Oops, sorry — Jimmy Savile.

WOT A pity the G in your post-code isn't a C, 'cos then you could say "NME is WIV IPC" — geddit? Ah well, a big hi to Paul, Sheila and Roisin anyway.
PETE THE OWENS, London N8, Co. Dublin.

Geddit? We wish we could get rid of it. — N.S.

Letters Edited By NEIL SPENCER

Cartoon: KIPPER WILLIAMS

t-zers

A WEEKLY REFUTATION

THIS DAY, Basher joins the Olympians: getting to hob his nob with no other than ageing U.S. waxwork Andy Williams, no less, and all thanks to the glorious coincidence that placed them both on the same edition of *Top Of The Pops*. Is Nick Lowe telling Andy about this great new song he's got that Andy should record instantaneously if he wants to get as rich and famous as Dave Edmunds? Or — on the other hand — is he reminding Andy of the days when the latter, for some odd reason, invested $5,000 in Brinsley Schwarz back in the days when Brinsley Schwarz was the name of a group which featured Nick Lowe instead of just being the name of one of The Rumour's guitarists?

The answers to all these questions — not to mention a whole bunch of even more confusing new questions — can be found in these pages in the near future when we bring you "Springtime For Basher", live from New York.

Classic snap: CHALKIE DAVIS

BLINK! BLINK! The high bright March sun sears mercilessly into the glutinous orbs which once were eyes — but now they're AA road maps. It's 3.10 pm, the pubs are closing and another day dawns for your trepid *T-Zer*. Another day in the year two sevens clash. Thought that was all over, did you? Not so. Down Jamaica way, the Rasta new year doesn't begin till Spring, which may explain why no sooner had **Bob Marley** arrived back after a 15 month absence than the island experienced a sizeable earth tremor. Since Marley is there to play a benefit concert for the newly founded Peace Movement (see Thrills story page 18) this was taken as a weighty omen by many Jamaicans, most of whom are out writing songs about it at this very moment . . .

Still in Jamaica, Virgin supremo **Richard Branson** apparently engaged in "An orgy of signing" according to the despatch from our man in the tropics. Among reggae acts signed: **Culture, Tapper Zukie, The Abyssinians, The Twinkle Brothers, and Ranking Trevor .**

Other Rasta men and West Indians, too, still give **Eric Clapton** strange looks following the part-time guitarist's notorious Birmingham outburst against immigrants. In a *Creem* interview, Slowhand recalls that it was the upsurge of Arab money in London which provoked his **Powellian** excesses. "It's a shame because there's nothing I can do," says EC. "I keep saying 'No, man, it was a joke. I was drunk.' And that doesn't help, because they don't like people who drink either . . ."

Outside in the real world, we should all be touched by Mr. **Justice Parker's** deep concern for the people of Cumbria. His report recommending the go-ahead for the proposed nuclear 'dustbin' plant at Windscale stated that there would be "additional exposure to local inhabitants" though the risks appeared to be so small "that this fact cannot outweigh the advantages." Labour MP **Leo Abse,** supporting the Friends of the Earth conservation group, warned in the Commons on Monday: "The next generation could be the last generation." In a week when Labour is planning to launch a scheme to outlaw blood sports, let's hope the MPs set to debate the obscene Windscale scheme give similar consideration to the humans living in Cumbria. Not to mention the rest of us . . .

Back in tinsel land, Virgin brightened the week by taking out a full page ad in trade paper *Music Week* with an announcement reading "A brand new way of fixing this month's chart entries" above a list of their March releases. They also sent official-looking "Payola Application Forms" to the press. We here at *T-Zers* are ignoring the holidays abroad, straight cash and sex bribes but wouldn't half mind the sherbert fountains, plastic cats and stamp albums . . .

The Jam hoping to cull a live EP from their recent bout of London club dates. "Not like **Tom Robinson's",** says **Paul Weller,** "But more like they used to 'ave 'em . . ." What, going out for ten bob, you mean . . .?

Department of Instant Credibility: The day after his band's Edinburgh Stiff Test appearance (see *On The Town),* fab **Skids** guitarist **Stuart Anderson** seen being ordered to down his carry-oot of demon alcohol by the local rozzers before being allowed onto the footer terraces in his native Dunfermline . . .

Joe Strummer settled for a copy of Kerouac's *Visions Of Cody* when he made an appearance at Camden Town's Compendium Books last Friday. He looked like **Gene Vincent's** cousin, confessed to feeling great and asked for (and got) a discount on the book. So Joe's all better is he, fully recovered from his recent hospitalisation for hepatitis? "Yeah, well, he was only in for a few days," says ever-affable **Bernard Rhodes.** "He wasn't having a sex change or anything." But what about all this guff circulating that **Mick Jones** hates Joe's guts? "There's no fighting in the group," blurts Bernie down the blower, "I wish there was hypodermic needle stuff, then I might get some press in the *Daily Mirror.* Unfortunately, we're working very hard, lots of ideas, the first album's coming out in America, everything's great." Click . . .

Still and all, **Paul Simenon** has apparently been helping out **John Rotten** in the studio this last week . . .

More naughty dealings in the Biz. Radar's latest wheeze is to seal press review copies of **Elvis Costello's** "This Year's Model" album with the new slimline pound note of the realm (this year's model, geddit?). Since the quid has been stuck down with Uhu, the only way to get your greasy palms on the record is to tear the monarch in half . . .

Meanwhile, American CBS — who are releasing **Nick Lowe's** project in the land of striped toothpaste — have objected to the title of Basher's "Jesus Of Cool" album, which now seems set to go out as "Pure Pop For Now People" . . .

Record company moves: **Paul Simon** to WEA (bet that cost 'em a bob or three) and **Ringo** to CBS subsidiary Portrait, probably on a free transfer . . .

Ian Dury to make US debut in two weeks time, supporting **Lou Reed.** *T-Zers* thinks the Prince of Sleaze will be hard put to follow the Duke of Dossers. The Yanks, incidentally, have had "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" added to the "New Boots And Panties!!" album. And Dury's benefit gig for one parent families raised £1500 last week at Dingwalls.

Veronica, who organised the event, would like to thank **Roger, Tony** and the Dingwall staff, **Peter Jenner** and wife **Sumi,** Blackhill's **Andrew King,** Stiff's **Paul Conroy** and **Ralph** and **Tig** from the PA company. And **T-Zers** for trotting this lot out . . .

Potential aggro between rival Lincoln City and Portsmouth fans at Lincoln Tech gig last Saturday defused when **Eater** played the accompaniment for both teams' songs. Gig proceeded without further incident, your honour . . .

Credit where credit's due: Last week's **Blondie** snap was by **Anton Corbijn,** who also took the **Johnny Rotten** flying-goggles pic in *Thrills* a while back . . .

Tony Benyon flogging original Lone Groover strips (all hand drawn, it says here) at £10 a piece. Contact **Dave Smart** at Extremely Limited, The Glass House, 11 Lettice St. London SW6 and help beat the gallery system . . .

Punk is alive and kicking, official: When Birmingham housewife **Joyce Smith** took her dog **Bill** for walkies the other day she thought it was "Really nice to see such tough-looking youths making a fuss of Bill". But what they were actually doing was nicking his dog collar. "I hope it chokes them," said Joyce as Mr. Policeman explained: "It is fashionable for these punks to wear dog collars round their neck. Money saved by stealing them, about one pound, can be used to buy the latest punk disc." . . .

And 68-year-old pensioner **Cyril Carley** was fined £25 this week for gobbing at the referee after the Barnsley-Doncaster game last Saturday. Don't know what the older generation is coming to . . .

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	last week		
Cult figure, Modern World, T.V. Tube, HEART, 30p	1	(4)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS
Flamin' Groovies, Don't F - - -	2	(7)	BLONDIE
With The Million, Dick Envy,	3	(10)	SHAM 69
Jesus Of Cool, Bernie Torme,	4	(—)	X.T.C.
Rush(x4), Seen, 25p	5	(—)	BUZZCOCKS
Magazine "Both Sides"	6	(1)	ANARCHY
Clash City Rockers	7	(—)	F - - - OFF
Zappa, 20p	8	(3)	GOD SAVE THE QUEEN
	9	(—)	CLASH POLICE
	10	(5)	RAMONES EAGLE

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Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., S.E.1. Printed in England by Northamptonshire Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd. Publishers.

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